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A VIRGINIAN  
VILLAGE

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E. S. NADAL



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## A VIRGINIAN VILLAGE



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TORONTO

# A VIRGINIAN VILLAGE

## AND OTHER PAPERS

TOGETHER WITH SOME AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL  
NOTES

BY  
E. S. NADAL

New York  
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1917

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES . . . . .	I
A VIRGINIAN MOUNTAIN VILLAGE . . . . .	68
SOUTHERN LITERATURE . . . . .	88
A HORSE-FAIR PILGRIMAGE . . . . .	100
IMPRESSIONS OF LINCOLN . . . . .	120
IMPRESSIONS OF LOWELL . . . . .	148
LONDON RECOLLECTIONS OF LOWELL . . . . .	162
A VIRGINIAN JOURNEY . . . . .	184
CONTRASTS OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SCENERY . . . . .	212
CUMBERLAND GAP . . . . .	218
TYPES OF KENTUCKY SADDLE-HORSES . . . . .	220
TEXAN SCENERY . . . . .	234
LINCOLN AND STANTON . . . . .	246
WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN . . . . .	251
LINCOLN AND FORESIGHT . . . . .	259
VIRGINIA WOMEN . . . . .	264



## A VIRGINIAN VILLAGE

The "Autobiographical Notes" in this volume are printed for the first time. The other papers have appeared in periodicals. The author wishes to thank the editors of *Scribner's*, the *Century*, *Harper's* and the *Nineteenth Century Magazines*, and of *The Outlook*, *The Independent*, and the *New York Evening Post*, for permission to reprint them here.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

**M**Y publishers think that I should preface this book with some account of myself. They say the book represents me as being in so many places and doing so many things that the effect upon the reader is confusing. I once many years ago happened to open a copy of *Puck* and saw upon the editorial page a poem upon myself. My name was at the head of it. It was written by the editor, Mr. H. C. Bunner. The first three stanzas were upon some literary efforts of mine which had not met with the poet's approval. The concluding couplet was as follows:

Tell us, tell us, tell us, pray,  
Who is Nadal any way?

It is this inquiry which my publishers desire that I should answer, and they have requested that the reply should take the form of a brief autobiographical sketch.

I was born in Greenbrier County, Virginia. It was Virginia when I was born there. It is West Virginia now and has been since the establishment of that state, which was done during the Civil War. It is on the eastern boundary line of the state and is much more like old Virginia than West Virginia. In population it is just like the Valley of Virginia, from which it was largely peopled, its population being chiefly Scotch-Irish. My father was the min-

ister of the Methodist Church in Lewisburg, the county town, when I was born there. He had there married my mother, who was a native of the county. A Methodist minister in those days remained only two years at each church, which accounts for the wandering life I led as a boy. It thus happened that I had lived in Virginia, in Baltimore, and in Pennsylvania, up to the time I was eleven years old. My father then became a professor of English Literature in a college at Greencastle in Indiana, which is now De Pauw University, where he remained three years, until I was fourteen. From that time he preached in Virginia, Washington and Brooklyn. All this was very bad for my schooling. I was in the preparatory school of De Pauw University, and was afterwards at Roanoke College, Salem, Virginia, and at Columbian College, Washington. I was a Freshman and Sophomore at Columbia College, New York, and a Junior and Senior at Yale, where I was graduated in 1864. This wandering life seemed to suit my father, if it was not good for me. I have heard him say that there was a little Freshman in one of his classes at De Pauw University, who once read a composition on "The Elsewhere." The boy's idea was that, wherever you were, you always wanted to be somewhere else. That composition made a great impression on my father. I have often heard him speak of it. He was of a restless and roving disposition himself, which I have in some degree inherited.

The year after leaving Yale I taught in a co-educational institution on the Susquehanna. After that I was a teacher or a government clerk until 1870, when I was appointed a secretary of lega-

tion in London. I was there a year and a half and then returned to this country and lived in New York, where I was a writer and journalist until 1877, when I was again appointed to the London legation. I remained at the London legation until 1884 and have since lived in New York, where I have been a writer and journalist. For twenty years past, however, my chief occupation has been with saddle and harness horses.

My grandfather came to this country from the south of France when he was a boy. Of his people there I know very little. I have indeed seen letters to him from a sister of his, written when she was an elderly woman in which she says: "Do you remember that when you ran away and bade me 'good-bye' at the end of the garden, you promised that, when you came back, you would bring me some of those little biscuits?" (describing the biscuits). She adds:—"I have waited forty years for those biscuits." My father was half a Frenchman by blood, and I think a good deal more than that in mind and character, and I believe he has transmitted his Gallic traits to his children. I never read a French book but I feel that I belong to that country. My father had the strong French social characteristics, and I feel them in me. I have the consciousness of having come from people, who went about drinking sugar and water with one another, and whom you could not have kept at home with a ball and chain. Like every Frenchman, my father was a passionate politician. He was before the war an old line Whig, a devoted admirer of Clay and Webster, whose names he always spoke with the prefix "Mr." One of my early impressions is of his walking up and down the floor of his study

weeping at the time of the death of Henry Clay. No statesman of that day was so loved as Clay. I daresay my father thought Webster the greater intellect, but he had more affection for Clay. No one else quite typified the idea of the Union as Clay did, not even Webster or Jackson. Clay was a border statesman, and I doubt if any other men in the country loved the Union quite as the border-state men did. That may seem a queer opinion in view of the fact that many of these men became secessionists during the Civil War, but I believe it to be true. My father told me that he attended the debates in the Senate in 1851 on the compromise measures. His expression about Webster, when speaking, was that he "floundered about like a great mass of mind." He told me of hearing the following from Clay in the Senate. Clay had said that Mason, of Virginia, afterwards Confederate Agent in London, had been conferring with certain Senators with intentions unfriendly to the Union. Mason got up and said it was true that he had been in consultation with certain gentlemen with a view to defending "the dignity, the honor and the welfare of the South." "And I too," said Clay, "have been in consultation with certain gentlemen with the view to defending the dignity, the honor and the welfare, not of the South, nor of any other portion of the country, but of the whole Union"—words spoken by the old patriot with a passion that went to everybody's finger tips.

My father was never happier than when he could make Thanksgiving or some other event an occasion or an excuse for a political sermon. I saw lately one of these sermons advertised to be sold at an auction at Anderson's in Fortieth Street, New York, and I



went to the sale and bid on it and had to pay eight dollars to get it, and I know it was not run up on me. It was delivered in Washington not long after the war and was a statement of a carefully thought out and vigorously uttered plan of Reconstruction. My father would have been greatly surprised to learn that one of his little paper-covered sermons should bring eight dollars.

Of the many things I have read about Lincoln, I don't think anything had quite such natural tenderness as the sermon which he preached about him in Washington, the Sunday after Lincoln's death. He had always been a great believer in him. He had had no personal acquaintance with him until the last year of the war, but from the time Lincoln became President, his name was never mentioned in our house but with the sincerest respect and with a degree of affection. Certain perfectly honest people had been calling him "a fool brayed in the mortar," and "a first-rate, second-rate man," and there were other better mannered persons of the superior-shallow kind who, without using such strong language, had a condescending way of speaking of him. But such expressions did not in the least affect our way of regarding him.

About a year before Lincoln's death, my father became the clergyman of a church in Washington and while there got to know Lincoln well and became very fond of him. He preached his sermon about him the Sunday morning following his death, which had taken place on the previous Friday night. On that Sunday morning I suppose there was scarcely a pulpit throughout the whole North in which the event was not at any rate spoken of. But my father

had been his personal friend. The body of Lincoln was lying only a short distance from where my father was speaking. Some violence of feeling and of language under the circumstances might have been expected from him, but this does not appear in the sermon. There are indeed such expressions as the following: That when he first heard the news, his feeling was "that he had rather the swift bullet of the battlefield had struck down his first born,"—and there seems to be an involuntary cry of pain in this exclamation concerning the assassin: "I think of him only as some venomous insect that has stung the noble President to death." But the sermon is in the main in a quiet tone of deep and tender feeling and is a sober consideration of the effect of Lincoln's death upon the task of restoration and pacification.

As we were two years at each church, my father's sermons were preached over again pretty often, and we of the family got to know these sermons well. I remember particularly one on the Transfiguration, which was very popular. Christ took with him into the Mountain Peter and James and John. "John was taken," said my father, "because he was the beloved disciple." Peter was selected because he was one of those vigorous characters who, whether for good or evil, are always to the fore in human affairs. But why should James have been selected? My father could think of but one reason for the selection of James, which was that he was John's brother. "And my brethren," he would continue, "if there be nothing strained or fanciful in this suggestion, there is to my mind something infinitely touching in this recognition of a human tie by the incarnate God." He would then have something to say upon

the fraternal relationship, and he would mention a brother of his own, between whom and himself there was a strong affection. His sermons were perhaps rather more personal than would suit the classical or conventional idea of such compositions. In this connection he would quote the well-known lines of Goldsmith beginning, "Remote, unfriended," giving with especial feeling the concluding couplet:—

Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,  
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

He had a kind of spirituality and simplicity that was Latin rather than Saxon.

My father was for a year the minister of a Presbyterian church in Baltimore, during the illness of the regular minister, Dr. Duncan, a preacher noted for his eloquence. The people who had the pew in front of us were the Jerome Bonapartes. Jerome Bonaparte was the nephew of the great Napoleon, being the son of his brother Jerome, the King of Westphalia, who had married Miss Patterson. His resemblance to pictures of the great Napoleon, which I daresay he cultivated, was astonishing. This church had separated from the Presbyterian body on some point of doctrine. There had been a contest for the possession of the church between the majority of the congregation, who were supporters of Dr. Duncan, and the minority who opposed him, and the dispute between the two parties got into the courts. William Wirt of Baltimore, one of the greatest advocates and orators in the country, defended Dr. Duncan. Wirt, a man of imposing presence, with a fine voice, in his argument on behalf of the minister, with an affectionate gesture of

his hand in the direction of Dr. Duncan, repeated to the jury the lines in Macbeth concerning another Duncan, Duncan the Meek.

Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking off.

The verdict was for Dr. Duncan.

My father went to Europe in 1853 with T. Buchanan Read, a poet and painter. Read was a good poet, but I fancy not so good a painter. He was the author of "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies," a poem about the Susquehanna, of which I remember only these words. Some scene is described as "bound afar by billowy mountains rolling in the blue." I suppose Read may be considered the poet of the Susquehanna. Campbell, of course, never saw it. He wrote also a beautiful poem "Drifting" and one better known, but I think not so good, "Sheridan's Ride." They had rooms in Vigo Street, London, which I tried afterwards unsuccessfully to identify. Read was an inveterate punster. He was a friend of Rossetti, then a young man quite unknown to fame. One day Rossetti was at their lodgings, and he, Read and my father were having some kind of hot drink together, probably hot Scotch. Rossetti's name was Gabriel, his full name Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Rossetti complained that his drink was too hot, when Read said "Gabriel, *blow* your horn." Was that actually said at the moment, or did Read afterwards tell my father that he had thought of saying it and would have said it, but refrained from

doing so because he feared that my father, as a clergyman, might consider the allusion profane? In the latter case, I fear we cannot credit him with the pun as an impromptu. It was altogether too good. If he had really thought of it at the moment, he would probably have risked the chances of my father's displeasure.

My father had a great gift for speaking to children. He made us a speech in the Sunday School, when he came back from his travels in Europe. I remember especially what he told us about the boys he had seen fishing in the London parks. My father had always been a fisherman and gave up fishing only toward the end of his life, because he thought it cruel. The Baltimore boys all fished. There was not a boy in the Sunday School, who did not know that any rainy afternoon of a spring day, in any of the waters running into the Chesapeake, you could pull up a good string of sun-fish, perch and cat-fish, in half an hour. The little red or bright blue corks were always bobbing. Accordingly they were much surprised by what my father told them about the luck of the boys who fished in the London parks. He said he had never seen a boy in London catch anything, and he excited the amusement and the derision of his juvenile audience by declaring that a London boy was very proud indeed, when he went home after a day's fishing, to be able to report "not a decided bite, but even a glorious nibble."

The children of a minister no doubt receive from people more kindness than most other people's children get. There were a number of people who were very kind to us when we were children. I am

now thinking of the four or five years we lived in Baltimore. Among them was a Mrs. Jarrett who rather oddly, for such a good Methodist woman, was the mother of the Jarrett, a well-known theatrical manager of forty years ago, whom I knew. Mrs. Jarrett's husband had a store in Baltimore Street. The Jarretts lived over this store, but the rooms which I remember best, and in which they chiefly lived, were back of the store. You could get into them from the store, and they opened on a back yard, where I used to play. These living rooms on the ground floor I remember as the home of kindness. Mrs. Jarrett was a large and rather stout woman, and she had a face of infinite kindness and friendliness. Her large, round countenance, upon which there was a pair of spectacles, looked like a deep dish apple pie and had a promise of good things to eat. She gave us sponge cake. Mrs. Jarrett had a wonderfully clever green parrot, upon which she bestowed a good deal of that affection of which she had so much to give away. Just behind Mrs. Jarrett's back yard, and, as I remember it, about two hundred yards away, was a round brick shot tower of infinite height, higher, I should say, than the Tower of Babel. Everyone remembers the disposition of childhood to make pictures of everything. When I read or heard read in Matthew that the Devil had taken Christ up to a "pinnacle," where else, I thought, could he have taken him but to the top of that shot tower? Nor had I any doubt that when the colloquy recorded in the scriptures took place between these two great characters in the history of our Universe, they were looking over the battlements of the old Baltimore Shot Tower, and

down upon Mrs. Jarrett's back yard and her green pollparrot and her sponge cake.

For two years I was sent to a school where there were about a hundred girls and I was the only boy. It was partly a boarding school, and the boarders came in a procession to our church on Sunday mornings. I remember the first time my mother took me to see the master of this school. He asked me what the weather was like at the North Pole. I said "Very cold." And what was it like at the South Pole? I said "Very hot." I can remember perfectly well the laugh that passed at this between the schoolmaster and my mother, an extremely pretty young woman of about twenty-eight. I should think few children of seven years old would be so ignorant as that. But I don't think I ever had a very good head for science. I came across lately a letter written by my father somewhere about that time to my mother. He was in Baltimore and I was with my mother in Virginia. He tells her that he has received a letter from me, in which I told him that I had just seen for the first time the egg of a goose and that I had described it as "of a greenish color and about the size of a crocodile's egg,"—my father much amused at such parade of erudition and such great familiarity with crocodiles' eggs. I seem not to have many recollections of that school. I recall this incident, however. It was at recess and the hundred girls were down in the garden, when it occurred to me that I could produce a sensation by sitting on the sill of a window on the top story (the fourth, or fifth) of the house, with my legs hanging out. In an instant all of the hundred girls were in a great state of excitement and were calling frantically to the teachers

on the top floor to take me in. A tall blond young woman whom I thought handsome, one of the teachers, came and pulled me in and led me away, giving me at the same time,—Oh! unspeakable indignity!—a spank with her open hand on the seat of my trousers. I thought a great deal of my dignity; I would do such things as this, and yet would be greatly offended when I was treated as any other child would have been for similar offenses.

Children have a keener sense of dignity than is commonly supposed, of which fact the following is an illustration. My father had a great friend, a much loved and respected citizen of Baltimore, Mr. Charles R. Coleman, after whom my brother Charles is named, who lived in a part of Baltimore a good way from where we lived at this time. My father was a man of strong and tenacious friendships; "Charley Coleman" was one of his religions. I often went to stay with the Colemans. I had never been allowed to go there alone, but was always taken by the Colemans or someone of our family, or by a servant. One evening when I was staying at the Colemans, the family wished to go to a prayer meeting, and I had to be disposed of in some way. Accordingly Mrs. Coleman wanted to put me to bed. Now at home I was in the habit of being put to bed about dark, and, though I hated it, still I supposed it was part of the necessary order of things and acquiesced in it. But when I went off to pay a visit, I thought I should be allowed to sit up. Accordingly I made as much resistance to Mrs. Coleman's proposition as I was capable of. But she carried me upstairs and was proceeding to undress me when, in order to avoid the humiliation of being undressed, I consented to



undress myself, and to get into bed. A daring idea had occurred to me, which was to get up and to find my way across Baltimore to our house as soon as the Colemans had gone to the prayer meeting. I was in a large four-posted bed in the big back room on the second floor. I lay there, waiting to hear the front door close, when suddenly I opened my eyes, and it was about half past six in the morning, the room full of the bright sunshine of a summer morning. I had had that great felicity of childhood, eleven hours of solid dreamless sleep. My fell purpose immediately returned to my mind and I got up and dressed myself and crept downstairs and opened the front door. I was rather disconcerted to find a maid servant washing off the front pavement and was afraid she might read the purpose I had in mind. So I gave her a wide berth and, when I reached the other side of the street, from which point of vantage I knew that nothing in petticoats could catch me, for I was a good runner, I explained to her my intention and started for home. They were at breakfast when I arrived home and I was at once a great hero. In the course of the morning the Colemans sent over to see if I had arrived. In the evening they came to see us. I had been put to bed, but I could hear their talk from my bedroom, as the doors of the house were open. It is well over sixty years since that night, but I can hear the laughter of those people as if it were yesterday. No, not as if it were yesterday; the sounds rather murmur faintly in some silent medium that is very far away.

Most little boys like to show off, especially before girls. Not long ago I met in the billiard room of the Century Club a man from Baltimore named

James Reynolds. I asked him if he were not the Jim Reynolds I used to go to school with in Baltimore. I found that he was. He remembered me and said, "You were a bad boy," which I don't think I was at all. I at once recalled an incident about Jim Reynolds. The school was kept by a Mrs. Rozzell, the widow of a Methodist minister, who used to whip us on the hand, not very hard, with a razor strop, which had, I suppose, been the property of her deceased husband. Mrs. Rozzell's sister, Miss Becky Bosley, assisted her with the school. I used to think that Miss Becky Bosley was handsome. She sometimes wore what was called a "sham," i. e., something like a man's shirt front. One morning I had a quarrel with Jim Reynolds, who sat next to me, and I told him that I was going to have it out with him after school. I was nine years old at the time. I was not a quarrelsome boy, nor fond of fighting, and not at all likely to attack anybody I thought could whip me. When afternoon school was out, I saw Jim Reynolds on the front door of his house, which was near the school. At the same moment there was standing at the top of the steps of a high stoop house nearby, a girl perhaps a year older than I was, of whom I was somewhat enamored, who also went to Mrs. Rozzell's school. She was rather tall and large for her age, and she had a great profusion of long dark curls which came down her back. She wore "paddies," such as my sister wore, which were linen coverings for the legs. They were much pleated and had ruffles at the end, which came down over the ankles. When I caught sight of this girl and reflected that she would be looking on, I was fired with the ambition to attack Jim Reynolds,

which I thought I could safely do. It was a case of Helen standing on the Wall. I was holding Jim Reynolds against the front door of his house and pummeling him, when his mother, hearing the noise, came to the door and opened it, with the result that we fell into the hall at her feet, with me on top. She uttered a cry of horror, raising her hands in consternation, as if I were the greatest malefactor since Cain, which no doubt at the moment she thought I was, and I thought so too. I don't think I scored in the least with the little girl, whose countenance wore a scornful expression, which plainly showed what she thought of such silliness and vulgarity.

The following is an illustration of the way in which a child's mind works. "Bleak House" was then coming out in "Harper's Magazine" and my father and mother were in the habit of speaking of me as "Mr. Guppy," because I was thought to look like Mr. Guppy in the illustrations of that novel. I didn't know who Mr. Guppy was, but I believed him to be the author of McGuffey's "Second Reader."

My publishers have asked me to tell the reader how I came to be interested in horses. It is with me, as I have no doubt it is with everybody who really likes horses; I was born with a taste for them. Until I first began to look at a girl, I never saw anything but a horse. The horseman is born, not made, or rather he is both born and made. I came on my mother's side from people who made their living by raising horses and cattle. I never had anything to do with horses until I was six years old. Although born in Greenbrier, I was not there to stay for any length of time until I was six years old. The earliest

equine impression of which I have any recollection dates from the time I was about three years old. It was that of the head of a horse looking over the fence of a yard in Baltimore near our house. I thought it pleasant that a horse should be in a yard of the same size as that I played in. I became much interested in horses when we went to live in Carlisle, Penna., when I was four years old. My father was the minister of the Methodist Church there, and was also chaplain of Dickinson College, which is in that town. There was a U. S. barracks there in that day. The well-known Indian school was not there then. The Commander of the barracks was Colonel May, who had led a celebrated Cavalry charge at the battle of Resaca de La Palma during the Mexican war. He is the "dashing May" of "My Maryland."

With Watson's blood at Monterey,  
With fearless Lowe and dashing May.

The war was at that time just over. Opposite our parsonage there was a hotel. I can remember Colonel May carrying me on his shoulder down the steps to a barroom, which was underneath the hotel. He had a pair of black ponies, which he kept at the stable behind the hotel. What a hold those ponies must have taken of me is evident from this incident, which is told by my Aunt Agnes, who was living with us at that time. She was an unmarried sister of my mother's, younger than my mother, and a very pretty young woman. It is odd that anybody should be able to tell me incidents about myself when I was four or five years old. But she is still living, past ninety years of age. She was much

darker than my mother, and she says that when I got angry with her I would call her "Black Aggie." She tells me that on one occasion my mother went out and left her in charge of me and the other children. She says that on this occasion I misbehaved and she slapped me and I became very indignant, and, retreating into a corner of the room, exclaimed in a highly dramatic manner: "You're black—you're black as Colonel May's ponies."

I don't remember that incident, but I do remember the following. At the stable behind the hotel there was an omnibus, which was pulled by four cream-colored horses. I got permission from my father and mother to have this omnibus and the four cream-colored horses come to the house on a certain afternoon, with the understanding that I should drive myself. Of course, it was a joke on their part, but I did not at all understand that. I went to the stable, in front of which a man was washing a hind foot of one of the four horses. He was squatting on his hunkers and had the horse's foot in his lap. He had a sponge in his hand, and a bucket by the side of him. I told him to send the horses around to the house after dinner and that it would not be necessary to have the man who brought the horses remain with them, as I should drive them. I can remember perfectly well the quizzical expression of the man's face, as he stopped his work for a moment and looked at me, still holding the sponge in his hand. I was in such a fever of expectation during dinner that I could not eat anything. My parents seemed to adopt my view of the matter, but my aunt said:—"Don't you believe them: they're fooling you." But I would not entertain such an idea for a moment.

After dinner I went out on the sidewalk in front of the house and waited for the omnibus, fully expecting that it would drive up any minute. I don't know how long it took me to face the truth that the horses were not coming at all. A boy should not be treated in that way. I think my disappointment at the failure of the horses to appear was as keen as that of a grown man at failing to realize some expectation of his. Of course, it does not last quite so long. "The tear forgot as soon as shed," says the poet, and that is no doubt true. But the disappointment is as keen while it lasts.

One of the most important of the *dramatis personæ* of our household was Susie. She was with us from first to last not far from seventy years. She came to us as a girl of perhaps sixteen when my brother, next younger than myself, was a few months old, and remained with us until her death a few years ago, at eighty-six. She could never get away from us. There was always a new baby to enchain and fix her affections anew, and the succession continued until there had been nine of them. Nor did any of us lose our hold upon her. She was fonder of me, for instance, when I was near seventy, than she had been when I was a child. I was the only child who had not been through her hands, and was thus always at a little disadvantage with her as compared to the others. She got no pay, but simply continued to live with us. She must have had a great influence upon us all. Her opinion upon the simplest matters always very much impressed me, I know. I remember her once walking out with me in Carlisle, Pa., when I was four or five years old, and we saw a boy on stilts. She said that she did

not approve of stilts, because they were an intimation to the Almighty that those old wooden legs were better than the flesh ones with which he had provided us. That made a great impression upon me, and even now I cannot see a boy on stilts—one does still see it sometimes though rarely—without a feeling that there is an impiety and a profanity in the action. It was to her we always had recourse when we were in any kind of trouble and we never got over the habit. Once in a London lodging house when about to start upon a journey, I being a grown man at the time, a cab was at the door and I was late for a train. I was packing a portmanteau and in great distress of mind, because I was unable to find some necessary article of dress. I went to the top of the stairs and shouted her name in a loud voice, although she was three thousand miles away, and I had not seen her in years.

She could not read or write, but you would rarely meet with anyone whose conversation was more marked by good sense, judgment and humor than hers was. It was not only when she spoke of family matters that this was true, but when she spoke of other subjects as well.

A sister of mine met in California an old friend of ours, Charles Nordhoff. Nordhoff had lived next door to us in Indiana, and thus had had a good opportunity of observing Susie. He wished to know if she were still living, and being a Methodist, and familiar with the phraseology of that denomination, asked: "Has Susie yet taken her place at the right hand of the Throne?"

In the spring of 1854 we went to Greenbrier Co., Va., for the summer. We spent the summer with

my grandmother. There was a yard of perhaps an acre about her house, with a garden back of that. I was confined to this yard, in which there was an apple tree with the branches, or rather with the twigs, of which I was occasionally switched. It was just as well that I was kept there, for my cousins, who could run about as they pleased, were pretty bad little boys; their illicit relations with the colored girls began at an early age. The characters of that house, besides my mother and my brother and sisters, and Susie, who of course was with us, were my grandmother and my mother's unmarried sister and their black mammy, Aunt Harriet, and her numerous children, and her husband, Uncle Davie, who was a shoemaker and did not belong to my grandmother, but to a cousin of ours. Harriet's daughter, Betty, a good-looking mulatto girl about 17, had just had a baby. After the birth of her child, she became temporarily insane, as sometimes happens after childbirth. I remember this incident, which will give an idea of what slavery was with us. Betty was in bed in a room in the basement of the house—a small boy will stick himself anywhere with impunity—and my uncle, who was a doctor, was sitting on the side of the bed and trying to do something with her hands. She was quite out of her head and she fought with him. He was an irascible person, and he struck her with the palm of his hand a very slight tap, which could not have hurt her in the least. Aunt Harriet, her mother, was standing by, and said, "That won't do, you mustn't do that." Betty was before long able to sit out in the yard in a chair, although she still continued insane. Teasing her was one of the few means by which I was able



to support the intolerable boredom of confinement within the precincts of that yard. I had always been good at throwing stones. Never a bit fond of actual fisticuffs, I could throw stones with any boy and was very good at dodging the stones that were thrown at me. Of course I was not such a little beast as to throw stones at Betty, but I would tease her until she would throw them at me. It was astonishing the way that girl could throw. I am quite sure she could not have thrown in that way if she had been in her right senses. A girl will usually hold her arm vertically over her head, when she throws, and will often jump up at the same time. Betty did not do that at all, but remained on the ground and threw with a horizontal arm. The stones described no parabolas but would whiz past my ears in a perfectly straight line. Clever as I was at dodging and ducking, it required all the skill I had acquired in stone battles to keep out of the way of those projectiles.

There was one other way of amusing myself, but that resource I had only on court days. On court days the farmers would tie their horses to the fence at the end of my grandmother's garden, which was on a hill above the village. As soon as the owners of the horses were out of sight, I would mount the animals, one by one, and ride them up and down the back lane. I rode all sorts. Sometimes it would be a mare followed by a colt, sometimes a mule and sometimes a half-broken filly, but I never got kicked or thrown or run away with. It is rarely that anything happens to a boy.

There was an old negro woman whom my grandfather had bought for some very small price out of a

drove of slaves that came through our village. He pitied the wretched condition of the poor woman and bought her chiefly to give her a home. She turned out a wonderful cook. That is, she could cook, if she would, but she didn't always choose to do her best. She was very jealous of Aunt Harriet. She used to call her our "lady." If she was asked to do anything and didn't happen to be in a humor for it, she would say:—"Get your leddy to do it."

I had three great-uncles in Greenbrier, who, starting with little or nothing, accumulated, it was said, \$100,000 to \$300,000, which was before the war a good deal of money anywhere in the country, and was certainly a great deal to be got out of, or rather off, the ground, for they were graziers and stockmen rather than farmers. The one I remember best was my Uncle Sam who was known in the county as the Colonel; he was a colonel of militia I believe, Col. Sam McClung, he was called. He had prodigious farms in the Richlands, a verdant circular valley of rolling blue-grass pasture, six miles across, just west of the village, which is seen to best advantage late in the day, when it appears, with the grave light of approaching sundown upon it, as a big green stain, surrounded by mountains. It is sometimes called the Big Levels to distinguish it from the Little Levels, a smaller valley in Pocahontas, the county north of us. But I remember him chiefly because he was so good to boys. He used to keep the black sheepskins for us to ride on. One of these, strapped on with a surcingle, made a comfortable saddle for a boy. He was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, but he did not mind doing anybody in a horse trade and telling about it afterwards. My grandmother's

family—he was her brother—were noted horse traders. I went into a drug store once in Staunton, which is a hundred miles from Greenbrier, and found that the druggist, who was himself a horseman, knew all about the McClungs. He began speaking of Greenbrier, and said that there was in the western part of that county a family of the name of McClung, who were wonderful horse traders. (I had not told him that I was one of them.) He said that a friend of his, who rather fancied himself as a horse trader, wanted to try what he could do with the McClungs, of whom he had heard a great deal. Accordingly he went to the White Sulphur Springs, which is the eastern part of the county, taking with him a thoroughbred mare. He got on his mare and started westward for the McClung country and began trading. He was gone for two or three weeks. When he found himself back at the White Sulphur, he had his old horse back, he had lost one horse, and he was two hundred dollars to the bad. My Uncle Sam was an adept at this business. He thought it an understood game of skill.

In 1854 when I was eleven years old my father was appointed Professor of English Literature in a college in Indiana. He was extremely well suited for this work. He was not in the least like a modern instructor in English; he knew nothing of Anglo-Saxon or Italian; but he knew English literature, especially English poetry, very well, and he had a good knowledge of German and of German literature, and he was one of the few people who really love poetry. By means of his strong social qualities he was able to make his interest in literature contagious. He was on that account a very successful teacher.

I have a notion that he had some claim to be considered a founder of what is known as the "Indiana School." He was extremely sympathetic; with plenty of discrimination and without being at all gullible or over-impressible, he was eager to perceive, and quick to respond to, indications of ability and intelligence in his students. Such a quality in an instructor is extremely delightful to a young fellow and very encouraging. It is one of the most important qualities a teacher can have. He should be the discoverer of the qualities of the young men under him, instead of being, as I believe he often is, occupied chiefly with the contemplation of his own surprising genius.

My father had in those boys an eager lot of scholars. I don't think I have ever seen such an eager lot of youths as they were. The middle west, as it is now called, was then just beginning to come to itself. A generation or two earlier the people had left the hard-favored farms of the Eastern states and had travelled westward until they found a country which could produce eighty bushels of corn and thirty bushels of wheat to the acre. That was true of certain parts of Indiana and truer still of Illinois. If the reader has ever attended any of the Old Settlers' Days of that country he must have heard the old men, who could remember that immigration, tell as specimens of the tales told them in the east about the fertility of the western lands stories, many of which, though they were not aware of it, may be found in Munchausen. This would be one of them. A new-comer to the country planted a cucumber seed, which, before he could get away, sprouted and wound itself around his leg. The man put his hand

in his pocket to get a knife to cut himself loose and found there a cucumber gone to seed. Regarding the mud which the rains made in the deep black loam of the prairies, it was said that a man saw a hat in the road and picking it up, found a man's head under it; he asked the man what he could do for him, but the man said he was all right, that he had a good horse under him. The late R. R. Hitt told me that he had known a mule to be drowned in a mud puddle in Springfield, Ill. I have heard old settlers, speaking of the farms they had left in the east say that these farms, which were often nearly at right angles to the horizon, had this advantage, that when you had plowed a field on one side, you could turn it over and plow it on the other.

After a generation or two spent in this new country, the girls began to take music lessons and the boys to go to college. That was what they were doing in the three years, from 1854 to 1857, when I lived there. Lately in reading John Hay's life, who was one of these prairie boys, I was much struck by his resemblance to the youths I had known in that country in the fifties. How keen he was, not only for fame and external success, but to make the most of himself in every way, in culture, in manners and accomplishments. He had the eagerness and the ardor of those boys whom I knew and who were the products of that renaissance of hog and hominy of which Hay was a result, and from which I profited to some extent. I wish Hay had given us some account of those boys and girls at Warsaw with whom he was brought up. I have no doubt they were much like the young men and women I knew. Warsaw was on the river, and it was said that the soil

of the river bottoms was forty feet deep. Of course that meant wealth and music lessons and college educations. A number of these pupils of my father came to be pretty well known afterwards. One of them, I think, was Edward Eggleston, the writer. Another was R. R. Hitt, the diplomatist and member of Congress who was the son of a Methodist minister. Another was Springer, whom I well remember, and who was the leader of the Democratic Minority in the House of Representatives, and in that capacity was such a thorn in the side of Czar Reed, the autocratic Speaker. He was a little fellow, in odd physical contrast to the gigantic Reed. He had parliamentary practice at his fingers' ends and was a source of infinite bother to Reed. When the Spanish dancer, Carmencita, was in New York, it was the custom to have her dance at the studios of artists about midnight, after her performances at Coster & Bial's were over. Reed attended one of these parties and was asked what he thought of her and replied:—"I like her very much; I prefer her to the Congressional Springer."

These young men were very fond of my father, as indeed were all the people connected with the college. At an alumni supper his health was proposed as follows:

If Webster and Worcester in battle should fall,  
We'll drop all discussion and appeal to Nadal.

I have a gold-headed cane which the young men gave him when he left, on which are inscribed these words:—"Presented to Professor B. H. Nadal by his students as a token of respect." It is a pretty

smart-looking stick still and when I wish to be fine, I like to have it in my hand, perhaps from a feeling that it brings me luck. I lately showed it to a jeweller and asked him the value of it. He said that the value of it, when it was made, which was in 1857, would have been about fifty dollars. As some of those boys were living on about a dollar a week, fifty dollars was a great deal for the students to pay.

I think children suffer a great deal from ennui. Boys of from twelve to fourteen suffer especially from it. When I was thirteen years of age, we were still living in Indiana. We had a little place of fifteen acres, which was on the outskirts of a village. There was some pretty woodland and a peach orchard, of which the yield was prodigious, and a field, which we usually had in corn. But my associations with the place chiefly concern a yard and garden, which were near the house. In the summer vacations what was there for a boy to do? At least I had trouble in finding anything to do. I would get so bored that I would poke with a stick down into a bumble bee's nest, which was under a stump on the edge of the wood, until the bees would come out and pursue me. They would get in under my collar or in my pockets or up my legs under my trousers. Then if for some minutes I suffered, it was not from ennui. One distraction was to arrange a battle between two cocks in our back yard under these circumstances. We had a yellow cock, who had been lord of the barnyard until we got a big red Shanghai. The big Shanghai quickly put the yellow cock to flight. At almost any hour you could see him chasing the yellow rooster about the place. I would

catch the yellow cock and take him to the top of a little hill near the hen house and hold him there. The big Shanghai, amazed and enraged to see the little fellow apparently holding his ground, would charge up the hill at him. I would put my foot under the Shanghai and give him a toss, and he would roll down the hill. Very much astonished he would get up and indulge in a moment's reflection. It was surprising that anything so small as the eye and head of a chicken could express so much thought. "Could that dirty little yellow rooster have done that?" But as soon as he caught sight of the yellow cock still held by me at the top of the little hill, he would, in a sudden access of rage, charge up the hill, to be rolled down again in the same manner. Once when I was so employed, the Shanghai struck me on the cap of my knee with his spur, which may have been poisonous, and I was lame for some days in consequence.

I got some amusement from teasing a certain yellow hen. This hen had a history. One night an opossum got into our hen house and, besides committing other depredations, ate off the hinder part of this hen, that is, all back of her legs. My father heard the noise in the hen house in the middle of the night, got up, and going to the hen house, hit the opossum on the head with a stick, and he rolled over as if dead. My father should have known better, but he really thought he was dead, and left the hen house for a minute. When he returned the opossum was gone. This hen recovered, and raised many broods of chickens and lived long afterwards, but with a disposition hopelessly soured. As a result of the calamity from which she had suffered, she had



a curious bobtailed expression, which was in itself ill-tempered and of sinister and evil import. If you came anywhere near her chickens, she would fly right in your face. She could fly a hundred yards, mounting in the air like any other bird.

I had a double-barrelled shotgun out of which I got a certain amount of amusement. It was too heavy for me, however. It was all right when I could get a rest over a stump or a fence rail, but when I did not have this advantage, I would raise the gun above the mark I wished to hit and let it drop gradually until I judged the barrel to be in line with the mark, when I would pull the trigger, so that if the bird was not on the wing, the gun was. A red-headed woodpecker, or a yellow-hammer on the side of a tree, made a pretty mark. I was very ambitious to shoot a squirrel, but I shot many woodpeckers and meadow larks before I got one. My first squirrel I got in this way. I was out with another boy shooting, when he shot a squirrel and gave it to me. I had a charge left in my gun and on the way home I put the dead squirrel on a fence and fired the charge into it and told them at home that I had shot it.

We had some sweet corn for roasting in our garden. The cows would sometimes throw down the fence rails and get in and eat the corn. Somebody said that one way to cure the cows of this habit was to drive them up to the place in the fence where they had broken through and shoot them with dried kernels of corn. My father said that I might do this, and you may be sure that a cruel little boy, hard put to to amuse himself, was quick to take advantage of this suggestion. It was delightful to see the antics of the cows when they were peppered with the corn

from the double-barrelled shotgun. I was once in the kitchen loading the gun with the corn, when one of the barrels went off. At this my brother next younger to myself, who was standing near the mouth of the gun, clapped his hands on his stomach and ran out of the kitchen. I supposed I had fired the whole charge into him, and I started in pursuit of him. He was an uncommonly active dead boy, for I had to chase him almost twice around the house before I could catch him. He was not hurt, or at any rate not badly hurt. I suppose the charge had struck the wall and had rebounded against him and stung him.

In Indiana I became a strong Republican. The Republicans of that day were a happy lot of people; they had such a consciousness of virtue. I believe I thought that all Republicans were good, and I was not far from thinking that all Democrats were bad. The word "Republican," as I saw it on the printed page, looked decent and superior. There was on the other hand something wicked in the appearance of the word "Democrat." That "D" and the "cr" had a sinister look. That had certainly not been the feeling of the Democrats of Jackson's time. I have heard, when a boy, from older men who had been Democrats in their young days what a consciousness of virtue they then had. They thought they were more honest than other men. That was the notion of Jackson himself. When it was said in Jackson's company on one occasion that some foreign visitor to this country had remarked that all the culture and refinement in the country seemed to be on the side of the Whigs, Jackson said, "You should have told him that all the virtue and honesty in the

country were upon our side." In the years from 1856 to 1861, we thought that all the good qualities were on the side of the Republicans. I remember how surprised I was to read that a Republican member of Congress, whom I believed to be both handsome and good, had done something wrong. I thought all Republican leaders were good looking. The photograph of Sumner, which after the Brooks assault went all over the country, was our notion of the way a Republican looked. I once heard a man say to a person of benevolent and prepossessing appearance: "What a head you've got for a philanthropist to walk through Five Points with." I thought all Republicans looked like that.

I have a very distinct recollection of two campaign celebrations in 1856. They were the celebrations of the two parties. The Republicans had theirs first. Their procession was a rather slender company of men, who looked very worthy, and marched through the streets, two by two. I was disposed to think this display fairly adequate, although I did have a feeling that it was somewhat slight. But when the Democrats had their procession, the streets were black with people. The whole county came into the town. Their procession left the other nowhere. There were crowds of men marching, and innumerable wagons followed, filled with families of women and children, carrying banners and transparencies. I saw it all from the plank sidewalk. I was true to my party, but what boy can resist a procession and a brass band? I looked on with something of that unwilling sympathy and admiration with which the poet Milton watches the marching of the hosts of Hell:

Anon they moved  
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders, such as raised  
To height of noblest temper heroes old  
Arming to battle.

I followed, of course, and went with the procession to a pretty grove which was not far from our house, where they held a barbecue and slaughtered an ox, and distributed other kinds of food. I daresay I ate some of it, and was in no way distinguishable from the Democratic little boys. In five or six years from that time those Democratic little boys were at the front.

I had only one gift when I was at school in which I was better than other boys, or at least than most other boys. I was a good declaimer or reciter. My first speech was made in the Sunday School in my father's church in Baltimore, when I was nine years old and was in part written by him. He had adapted "You'd scarce expect one of my age" to the exigencies of the particular occasion on which it was to be delivered and had so altered the piece as to bring in many topical allusions, as they are called, that is, allusions to matters and persons connected with the Sunday School. One of these I call to mind. The reader will remember the original lines:

If I should chance to fall below  
Demosthenes or Cicero—  
Don't view me with a critic's eye  
But pass my imperfections by.

There were two young men named Armstrong and Coe, who were teachers in the Sunday School and

were preparing for the ministry. My father altered the lines to read as follows:

If I should chance to fall below  
Mister Armstrong or Mister Coe.

That point was very successful. I remember the immoderate laughter of the Sunday School Superintendent, and I have perfectly before me the countenance of my father, in which parental affection and the pride of authorship were curiously blended.

At first I used to take my father's suggestions as to pieces to speak. One of the first pieces he had me learn was the character of the parson in "The Deserted Village," "Near yonder copse," etc. But I soon came to know what pieces would suit me and did not always take my father's advice. He wanted me to memorize Paul's speech before Agrippa, but I did not think I could make anything of it. I found in a two-volume life of Henry Clay in my father's library his speech on the Expunging Resolution; I committed to memory the concluding part of that speech, and it was a standby with me for years. Of course, I was fond of "Hohenlinden" and some other pieces, which are in favor with boys who like to recite. I have heard my father relate this incident, from which it would appear that I must have done "Hohenlinden" pretty well. I had repeated "Hohenlinden" in the class for declamation at Greencastle, when my father, who had come into the class as a looker-on, got up and volunteered some criticisms of my manner of doing it. Years afterwards he told me that the Methodist clergyman of the town, who was present, said to him:—"The idea of your having the presumption to criticise

that boy, when you know perfectly well you couldn't do it yourself to save your soul from perdition." I doubt if any grown man could do it as a boy twelve years, who has this gift, can do it. He has not a boy's faith. It is perhaps true also that, in a sense, men are not as clever as boys. It has been said that the brain of a boy twelve years old is physiologically a better instrument than it ever is afterwards. It is of course certain that a grown man has not a boy's facility in memorizing. Some years after this, when I was a Sophomore at Columbia College, I once learned by heart in one afternoon, and repeated word for word the next day in Nairne's room, the whole of the chapter in Irving's "History of New York" about the battle between the Swedes and the Dutch. Of course I could not do that now, but even if I knew it by heart, I could not recite it now as I did it then. I should not have the faith in the fun of it I had then. I had a mighty good time doing that. As my father used to say after preaching a good sermon, "I enjoyed peculiar liberty." It took me twenty minutes to a half hour to repeat it, but during the whole of that time the laughter of the boys was uproarious. Nairne was exceedingly kind and sympathetic. When in describing the encounter between Peter Stuyvesant and the Swedish Chief I would throw myself into an attitude, Nairne would throw himself into an attitude. The noise was such that the President, Charles King, sent down to know what it was about.

It was surprising what an amount of talent of that kind there was in our class at Columbia. Horatio Potter, a son of the Bishop of that name, had a very marked gift for graceful and spirited declamation.

He was a very nice fellow, but was, I believe, rather wild, and died early. But the most extraordinary gift in that way which I have ever known any young fellow to have was possessed by a youth named Arthur Sturges in our class. I should have thought he had the making of a great melodramatic actor. He was serious, gentle and extremely nice. He became a clergyman and died early.

In 1857 my father left his Indiana professorship and went to the Valley of Virginia. We went first to Louisville, from there taking one of the fine boats, which at that time ran between New Orleans and the headwaters of the Ohio. There was a family of New Orleans people on the boat. The boat stopped for an hour or so at the wharf at Cincinnati. One of the gentlemen of this family was leaning over the railing of the upper deck, where he could see the gang plank on the deck below, over which anyone leaving the boat would have to pass. The New Orleans family had with them a mulatto, a tall, good looking fellow, who belonged to them. The gentleman looking over the rail told me that he was watching to see whether this man might not take it into his head to leave the boat. He said he was quite sure he would not do it, but that the "underground railroad" had their agents, whose business it was to help slaves to run away. I am quite sure that the man could have got away, if he had wished to do so.

At Point Pleasant, where the Kanawha comes into the Ohio, we took a boat that went up the Kanawha as far as Charleston, and from there took the stage to my little mountain village, Lewisburg, in Greenbrier County, Va. The distance from Charleston to Lewisburg was only 100 miles, but we had to stop

twice for the night in hotels on the way. How jolly and social those stage rides were. You were always going up or going down a mountain. On the way up, the people would often get out and walk. The stages went very slowly up hill and had to make time going down. They would go down a five-mile mountain almost at a gallop. You can imagine how hard it must have been on the fore legs of the horses. The horses got very quickly what was known as "shoulder jamb," and it was a common saying that no horse was of any account until he had "shoulder jamb." In the winter when most of the stages were laid by—there was of course no travel to the Virginia Springs at that season—they used to do with the horses what they call "freezing" them. They would turn them out in a field, in which there was a stack of hay and through which a stream of water ran. They left them there with the ice and snow till the spring when they came out all right, or at least all right as stage horses.

There were two or three persons whom I remember on that stage ride. There was a delightful young fellow, named Vick, from Vicksburg, the grandson of the founder of that town. This youth was not long afterwards killed in a duel. There was also on the stage one of the most remarkable looking persons I ever saw. He was a negro who had committed some crime of violence, and was on his way to Norfolk, in charge of a constable, to be sent to Cuba. I have scarcely ever seen a more impressive figure of a man than he was. He was jet black, some six feet two or three inches in height, very erect and of almost perfect proportions,—with a deep chest, broad shoulders, slight waist and narrow flanks. His head



seemed rather small, perhaps by contrast with the breadth of his shoulders. His features were somewhat African in character, but not very much so. His face had not in the least the amiability of an American-African countenance, but expressed sternness and force. I thought he must have been some African King. Indeed that would not have been impossible. Up to the time of the Civil War the slave trade was in full operation and slaves were landed on our southern shores. The late Sir Thomas Powell Buxton, by inheritance a friend of the negro, resented the character of the African as exhibited in the negro minstrel shows. He told me that it did not exist in Africa. Certainly this man had none of it. He was most of the time handcuffed and the constable was careful, when he removed the handcuffs, to have his revolver ready,—a proper precaution, no doubt, for the man could easily have cleaned out the whole stage. I was unable to ride inside because I got ill with the motion, but was usually on top of the stage with the driver and the constable and the African King. The driver and the constable and the other men on the seat with the driver did not, however, care to have me with them. As a small boy, I may have been a restraint upon the freedom of their conversation. If the seats by the driver were in demand, they had an excuse for banishing me to the top of the stage with the mail bags and the African King. How we held on going down those mountains I don't understand. We did it, no doubt, by grasping the low railing that ran round the top of the stage. But still even with that help, when going at a gallop over the thank-you-marms, as they are called in New England, holding on could not have been

so easy, certainly not for the handcuffed African King.

We stayed in my native Virginia village two or three days. Leaving the rest of his family there, my father took me with him to the Valley of Virginia, where he had been appointed a Presiding Elder, which means that he had charge of the Methodist churches in a certain "district," as it is called. His district was that part of the Valley which extends from Montgomery County to Augusta County, perhaps a hundred miles. The Valley of Virginia lies between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies and is one of the most beautiful regions in the world. Up and down this valley he and I would drive in a buggy. If we had to go into the mountains, where the roads were too rough to permit of travelling on wheels, we would go on horseback. We stayed on the way at people's houses, where we were treated with great kindness and hospitality.

My father, during the summer of 1857, had two public discussions with a minister of the Southern Methodist Church, the Rev. Dr. Rosser. The Methodist Church South had seceded from the rest of the church in 1844. Slavery was of course the cause. But a certain amount of slave territory remained with the old church. The Valley of Virginia, where we were, was part of this territory. The Methodists east of the Blue Ridge were in the Southern church. The Southern Methodists sent some of their best speakers into the Valley to persuade the people of the Valley that the Northern Church was an abolition body. My father, in his speeches had to defend the Northern Church from this charge. At the same time he had to admit that the Northern Church was anti-

Slavery in principle. Considering what the condition of public feeling in the South was in 1857, which was but four years before the war, I am surprised that he should have had the boldness to do this. Nearly all the substantial and respectable people of the community in all the religious denominations were on his side.

We lived in Salem, in Roanoke County. I recall this incident. They were building a parsonage next to the church. I was looking on at the work one day, when an overseer began beating with a cowhide a little boy, who was carrying mortar. In Baltimore and in my own Virginia country, I had never seen a slave struck with a whip. In Indiana I had been reading about such cruelty in the "Semi-Weekly Tribune" for a year or more, and here I was face to face with it. I picked up half a brick, and started for the man. But whether I was afraid to throw it—I was only fourteen and small of my age—or whether I reflected that if I hit the man with the brick my father would not be able to remain in the country (and that did occur to me), I dropped the brick, and ran down to an office, where my father was sitting with half a dozen of his friends, and told him in a very excited manner that the overseer had been most cruelly beating a little black boy. The men in the office exchanged with one another a look, as if to say, "This is pretty awkward." My father said sternly, "Mind your own business." I went away and climbed into the loft of a stable and lay there upon a pile of hay, very much broken up. The men who were sitting with my father, when I burst into the room and made this remark, and who were devoted friends of his, would probably have been as

much disgusted with the sight as I was. But a kind of terrorism was abroad, and had been daily growing stronger and stronger, which no man dared offend and in the face of which it was quite impossible to take the side of a negro against a white man. It had formerly been possible to punish a white man for cruelty to a slave. About 1845 a white man had been turned out of a church, which my father had, in the Valley of Virginia, for cruelty to a slave. But I doubt if that would have been possible after the Republican Party had come into existence, and the Sumners and such folk had begun to get in their fine work. A few days after the incident which I have just mentioned, one Sunday afternoon I saw a man in full pursuit of this overseer, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the beater of the little black boy, although he had a pistol in his hand, running for dear life.

I lately asked someone from the Valley of Virginia if there was not a little place on the macadamized road that runs the length of the valley called Springfield. He said he thought there was. I asked "Is there a steep, rather long hill southwest of the place, with a little stream crossing the road at the bottom of it?" He thought there was. I have this recollection of that place. We had driven from Salem to Staunton, a distance of about 100 miles and were returning. In passing this place I asked my father the name of it. He said, "You're wool-gathering, inattentive boy. I told you the name of this place, when we came through before." I said, "I am sure I can tell you the name before we get to the bottom of the hill." My father said, "We'll see." I had noticed crossing the stream, at the bottom of the

hill, a covered carriage, drawn by two horses, the front seat, on which there was a colored man driving, separated by glass from the inside where there were two ladies. I had the reins and was on the left side of the buggy. My father was on the right, reading a book. In passing the carriage, I called out to the colored driver:—"Uncle, what's the name of this place." "Springfield, sah," said he. My father tried to cover my ears with his hands. The two ladies inside laughed, although they could not possibly have known what the joke was. But when did two women ever fail to laugh when they might have done so?

The roads were too rough for driving when we went into the mountains, and we would then go horse-back. I recall one all day ride of twenty miles in the mountains in winter, the roads being full of snow and ice and the going slow. I rode a little bay roly-poly of a Morgan horse, an animated machine; with the attractions of an animal he was as reliable as a machine. I have seen no such horse at their Morgan Horse Show in Vermont. He slipped on some ice at the top of a steep hill, about the only wrong thing I ever knew him to do, and rolled with me to the bottom, neither the horse nor I the least bit the worse for it. After that long ride, I was of course pretty stiff and cold when I got off the horse. We stayed in a kind of log house, which was, however, very comfortable. How pleasant the blazing logs were, and how good the sausage and buckwheat cakes we had for supper! Our hostess was a large, strong, handsome woman of about forty, of a noble appearance and with a friendly face. The house had two stories, we had to go up a ladder to our room,

climbing with hands and feet, when we went to bed. My father had been asked to preach on Infant Baptism. Some missionary of the Baptists had been preaching in these mountains against infant baptism, and his arguments had proved too much for the local Methodist theologians. My father preached on Sunday morning in a kind of schoolhouse, warmed by a big iron stove in the middle of the room, to about fifty people. He left the desk and stood in the midst of the people, so as to be near the stove. I don't think he cared very much about Infant Baptism, but I never saw him enjoy anything more. His artist nature was pleased and his mind awakened by the faith of these simple people and their belief and confidence in him. It was a striking scene. Without, beyond the windows, was the hard and ragged scenery of the Alleghenies in midwinter, the mountains covered with snow, and with the black trunks and bare branches of the trees to the tops. He had the points of the subject at his fingers' ends as a matter of memory, but he had no doubt arranged them in his mind. For two hours he stood in the midst of the delighted mountaineers, his eyes very bright and speaking with the utmost animation, and wiped the floor with the Baptist controversialist, or at least did so in the opinion of the listening Methodists, and, of course, in mine.

For two years, 1858 to 1860, my father lived in Washington and I went to school there. Then for two years—1860-62—my father was at the Sands Street Methodist Church in Brooklyn. Under the pulpit of this church, the celebrated preacher, John Summerfield, was buried. G. W. Curtis introduces him into his novel "Trumps," which was

printed in "Harper's Weekly," possibly with the idea of pleasing the Harpers who were Methodists. Mr. Wesley Harper, a great friend of my father's and of mine, was a member of this church. I have heard him say that he considered my father "the perfect preacher." One Sunday morning, Dr. Durbin, when preaching in this church, in calling for some witness to attest the truth of the Christian doctrines he was proclaiming, looked downward and cried out, "John Summerfield, come up," which produced a great effect upon the congregation. Dr. Durbin was perhaps the greatest oratorical genius I have ever heard. I heard him once preach in this church from the text, "Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance." He said—this was in 1860—"Suppose someone should come here and tell us 'Queen Victoria is alive.' That would not greatly interest us. But suppose someone should come in here and cry out, 'Sir John Franklin is alive.'" I have never known any speaker to equal the dramatic effect of that exclamation, as he gave it. I have never heard anything on the stage to equal it in reality and in the thrilling effect it produced. Andrew Jackson was, by the way, a great admirer of Durbin's preaching. He once refused to appoint a man Secretary of legation at St. Petersburg because the man had said that Durbin was not a great preacher. Jackson said, "The man must be a fool."

The parsonage in which we lived adjoined the church and a little graveyard which was back of the church. One evening when I was a Freshman at Columbia, I was sitting in the parlor of this parsonage. I had been ill and had been for several days confined to

the house and was about recovered. A man and a woman came in and said they had come to be married. I told them that my father was out, but that he would be back before long and advised their waiting. With them was one of the most beautiful young women I have ever seen. I found out afterwards who she was. Her name was Nelly Slocum; she was the daughter of a Brooklyn tailor. She was a girl of perhaps nineteen and she was as good as she was beautiful. The three sat on a hair cloth mahogany sofa just underneath a white plaster medallion of John Wesley in a black oval frame. Under the combined influence of beauty and of convalescence I became expansive and communicative. The people seemed amused, and the time until my father's return appeared to pass quickly with them. My father came back; the couple were married and departed the Lord knows whither, and the young lady went with them. A few weeks afterwards I was walking in one of those Brooklyn streets that have botanical or vegetable names, such as Orange, Pineapple or Cranberry—it was a Spring afternoon and the trees were green—when I met this young lady. I went up to her and reminded her of our former meeting and asked if I might walk in her direction, and I went with her as far as her house. She entered and stood in the middle of the floor of the front parlor. I followed and, going up to her, asked her if I might kiss her, to which she consented. I was seventeen years old and small of my age, and she was a well grown young woman, so that she was nearly a head taller than I. It was the barest touch of the lips, and I don't think that either she or I was in an especially susceptible condition, but a curious result followed.



It was as if I had collided suddenly and carelessly with an infernal machine. I seemed to be thrown violently backwards some twenty feet through the air by the force of the recoil. In the way in which the sensations ran back and forth between my hands and my feet, the effect produced resembled the blow of a cat o' nine tails, as I have seen it described by some man who had undergone it. This was followed by a dull ache, such as I have sometimes felt when very severely kicked by a gun, one of the old muzzle-loaders, which has been left standing for six months with a charge in it.

After leaving Columbia, I was two years at Yale. I hope some day to have something to say about both colleges, but I must hurry along now.

After I left Yale and when I was looking about for something to do, I wrote to the Principal of a Seminary for young men and women on the Susquehanna, asking to be employed as a teacher of Greek and Latin. The Principal replied that that place in his institution was already filled, but that I might have what he called the "chair of Natural Science," salary \$400.00 a year, room, board, lights, washing, etc., included. I replied that I should be happy to take the place, but that I knew nothing about the subject. He answered that that made no difference, or words to that effect. I then thought that I could honestly undertake the work. I was at this institution for a year, a year which was one of the pleasantest and most interesting of my life. I would keep some three or four pages ahead of the classes in the text-books. I don't think they found me out. Now and then I would see some sharp farmer lad who I fancied was on to me, but the girls did not suspect

me. Some years later I met one of these young ladies, to whom I confessed that I knew nothing of the subjects I was teaching. At this the expression of her countenance grew sad and thoughtful, and she said "Well, the girls thought you did."

Many of these young women were of what is known as "Pennsylvania Dutch" extraction. They had German names and German characteristics. Among other qualities of race, they had the softness of the heroines of Goethe. One of them was Mary F. who had a gliding motion in walking and a patient way of holding the shoulders. She had auburn hair, inclined to be red, and hazel eyes, and a delicate fair complexion, slightly freckled. I don't think I have ever seen any young woman in whom the throat, chin and cheek were more delicately modeled than hers were. Some of these young ladies belonged to a class in Astronomy which I taught. There were young men also in the class, the seats for the boys being separate from those for the girls. Most of these young ladies were Methodists. There was at one time a revival going on at the Methodist Church in the town. The young ladies would attend the revival meeting in the evening and I thought they did not have their lessons quite so well learned as usual on this account, though they learned them much better than I learned mine when I was in college. On one occasion I told these ladies, or rather I told the class, that they had better take advantage of their present neighborhood to the heavenly bodies in order to obtain a knowledge of them, for that in a future state of existence they might not be so close to them—a most impudent and foolish remark for a young fellow of twenty-one

to make to young ladies who were very near his own age. Shortly after the class had been dismissed, the principal of the Seminary, a very fine and strong character, came to me and said that some of the young ladies, who were members of this class, were very deeply grieved over something I had said to them, that they were in his parlor and that I had better go there and try and make my peace with them, if that were possible. He evidently thought the situation pretty serious. Accordingly I went to this room and found perhaps half a dozen young ladies who were in tears, or who had been in tears and whose eyes were still red with weeping. I asked them what I had done. They said that I had made light of their most sacred religious feelings and had in effect charged them with hypocrisy and they said a great deal besides. It was a very awkward moment, but I succeeded in expressing my regret and contrition in such a way as to obtain their forgiveness.

The Seminary had an annual picnic in a grove some three miles down the river. The school went down in wagons. I thought I should like to row down the river, and I got one of the flat-bottomed boats, big clumsy things they used on the river. It was easy rowing down stream. I took the middle of the stream and thus got the help of the current. Late in the afternoon I left the picnic grounds for a while with half a dozen of the young ladies. We must have been gone longer than I thought, for when we got back we found it was nearly dark, that everybody had left and that there was nothing for me to do but to pull these half-dozen young women—a pretty substantial load they were—three miles upstream.

It was mighty hard work. I kept in shore and thus avoided as much as possible the strength of the current, but even at that it was hard work. The young women looked the sympathy they were too tactful to express. Among the number were two strapping damsels, with Pennsylvania Dutch names, either of whom, if she had taken an oar and had known how to row, could have pulled me out of the boat. I think it must have taken me two hours to pull the boat up those three miles.

I became very intimate with the family of the Principal of the Seminary. The son of the Principal, Jim Mitchell, was one of the brightest and sharpest fellows I ever knew. He had contracted as a child some form of heart disease. When he was about ten years old, he had been for a long time confined to his bed with this disorder. The doctors called it "Ossification of the semilunar valves of the heart." The little boy was proud to have a disease with such a long name. The sympathizing ladies of the town, who came to his bedside, would say, "Poor Jimmie, what's the matter, Jimmy?" The child would answer, with a good deal of importance: "Ossification of the semilunar valves of the heart." With his abilities, he ought to have become a successful man, and he might perhaps have become so in spite of his disease. But he was a reckless fellow, and took no care of himself, and did not live many years after the period of my friendship with him. The Principal's house was under the same roof with the seminary and at one end of it. It was all the more homelike and pleasant by contrast with the bare walls and board floors of the seminary. I have a memory of three rooms, one a little parlor, with a piano at which

Jim's sister would sometimes sing. You entered this parlor from a roofed-over porch, which in summer was covered with roses. The porch looked down on the Susquehanna and beyond into the graceful slope of the verdant Bald Eagle range of mountains, a spur of the Alleghenies. Beyond the parlor and opening out of it was a little sitting room, where we sat most of the time. I can imagine no future state of existence in which I should be able to forget the kindness and friendship which are associated with those rooms. Opening out of the sitting room and on the other side from the parlor was a room which contained nothing but apples, which lay from one to two feet deep upon the floor. There were two kinds, sheep-noses and greenings. I much preferred the sheep-noses. I have ever since retained a liking for that apple. It is the same as a gillyflower. It is odd, considering the scarcity of good names, that one little oblong apple of a maroon red, with perhaps a streak of dull green, should have two such good names.

One of my classes was in declamation, a subject I was fairly well qualified to teach. There was a boy of thirteen or fourteen years old in this class, who had a remarkable gift for declaiming. One of his pieces was a poem called "The Black Regiment," by George H. Boker, which describes an incident of the Civil War,—a negro regiment going into battle. There were two lines which the boy gave with a ringing voice and in a very spirited manner:—

Down the long dusky line,  
Teeth gleam and eye balls shine.

Many years afterwards I told Boker about this boy's manner of reciting these two lines, which had stuck

in my head and which I was able to repeat to him, always a thing worth while doing with a poet. He told me that a curious incident had happened in relation to these two lines. He said that the poem appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" and that he was living at the time in Philadelphia. Shortly after the poem came out, a deputation of colored men came one day to his office. They told him that they were greatly flattered by the poem, which they considered a great compliment to their race. But they said that it contained two lines, which were like white people's way of looking at colored people, and seemed a little sarcastic, and they instanced these two lines. He said that nothing could have been further from his intention than in any way to throw ridicule upon the colored race and asked: "Don't you think it's true?" They replied, "Oh yes, that's niggah." After a little more talk, they reconsidered and withdrew their request, and, having consented that the lines should remain, got up and gravely departed.

I had at times an interest in politics. I was, for instance, warmly opposed to the impeachment of Johnson. I have never seen Cant so rampant in this country as it was at the time of the Impeachment trial. You would have thought you were in England. Cant, I suppose, is talking what you think other people think. I could not see that people individually really wanted to have Johnson turned out of the Presidency. But each thought that everybody else did. I remember during the trial going in the same carriage with three ministers to a funeral. Chief Justice Chase, who presided at the trial, had made some decisions the practical effect of which was in Johnson's favor. Chase's decisions were in

accordance with the law or, at any rate, with the law, as he understood it. He was the chief judicial officer of the country and might have been supposed to know something about law. But the canters were all scandalized. "How are the mighty fallen!" these three donkeys kept braying, none of them really caring much about the matter or having given any thought to it.

Of course, as an office holder, I was interested in the reform of the Civil Service. I sent an editorial on the subject to the "New York Evening Post" which I was surprised to find they printed. The civil service never at any other time reached so low a condition as during the years from 1867 to 1870. Each civil servant was held in his place by the favor of some politician. Ever since Jackson's time, no doubt, the tenure had been pretty insecure. But if a man had an office, he usually remained in it. I said in the "Evening Post" article that the inertia had formerly been one of rest, but that under Johnson and Grant the inertia had become one of motion:—"The office holder is a piece of paper, and the politician is the paper weight that keeps him in place. Take off the politician, and the office holder naturally blows about."

From the time I left Yale until I became a diplomat, I had however only one real interest. I had also one real employment, although I had followed in succession several vocations to make a living. I was a government clerk and I was a teacher. But my one real employment was to sit on fences and look at natural scenery. I did indeed have one other occupation. What is the occupation which at that age agrees easily with all other pursuits? And I took, as I have

said, a certain interest in politics, was opposed to the punishment of the South for the assassination of Lincoln, which was not their fault, and thought the impeachers of Johnson throughout the country fanatics, demagogues, or the dupes of Cant, chiefly the last. But my mind was given to nature. I must have got to know a great deal about scenery, if that can be called knowledge which fades from the mind and is forgotten as soon as it is acquired. If I had been a painter, I might have made some use of this knowledge. Perhaps I might even have made some use of it as a writer. But at that time, when I really knew something about scenery, I did not seem to be able to make a scratch with a pen. Nor had I much desire to write anything. I have written a good deal about scenery since that time, and have been told that I have rather a pretty gift for that kind of writing. But I could not do it then. This pursuit, i. e., that of sitting on fences and looking at natural scenery, I daresay has some advantages. I should not expect a young fellow so employed to do me in a horse dicker, or to tell me any lies of any kind. But it is not favorable to that energy and spirit of enterprise which should characterize a young man. The delights which such occupations afford and the ecstasies of religious enthusiasts which they resemble, are they so very different in their essence from more sensual pleasures, which are at the same time innocent? Is there not something in such feelings akin to the sensual? This was then the life I had been leading for five years, when by the unexpected reception of a diplomatic appointment, I was "yanked" off the top rail of a stake-and-ridered fence into the middle of London life.



I got the appointment in this way. General Grant's secretary, General Adam Badeau, had gone out with Mr. Motley as second secretary of legation. He came back and resigned. General Grant's intention was to appoint Mr. Fish's son, Nicholas, in his place. For reasons which it is unnecessary to explain, Mr. Fish did not wish his son to take this place. Mr. Creswell, the Postmaster General, an old friend of my father's, suggested me in the meeting of the Cabinet. The fact that General Grant knew my father was no doubt an advantage.

Mr. Motley was the minister. His was a brilliant legation. He had a fine house, in which he entertained many Americans, the best English company, and, of course, the diplomats. Mrs. Motley was at that time taking care of the diplomats on Sunday evenings. The first Sunday evening I was in England I went to one of these parties. Mr. Motley took me up to a stout old gentleman in a red fez, Musurus Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador, and asked if he might introduce me to his daughters. As a green American youth, who had never before been out of his own country, I should have supposed that a Turkish diplomat in a red fez would be a Moham-medan. I did not know that Turkish diplomats were very often Greeks and Christians. Mr. Motley then introduced me to two extremely pretty girls, who were the daughters of Musurus. They were natives of London and had lived there all their lives, but they spoke English with a marked accent.

A few evenings later, I dined at Mr. Motley's and met some distinguished people, among them Lord Houghton, Mrs. Norton, and the poet Browning. Sir William Sterling Maxwell, author of a work

upon the history of Spanish art, who afterwards married Mrs. Norton, was there. He told this story about Lord Houghton, who must by this time have left the house. He, Maxwell, was at the Tuileries in an ante-room with a number of others waiting to go in to be presented to Louis Philippe, among them Houghton, Monckton Milnes, as he then was. There was only one chair in the room, which was kept there for Louis Philippe's minister, Soult, Napoleon's marshal. Into this Milnes threw himself and, throwing one leg over an arm of the chair, went on laughing and talking with a number of men standing about. Soult presently came into the room, went up to the chair, in which Milnes, who did not see him, still sat, talking and laughing. After standing for a moment, looking sadly at Milnes, Soult turned and hobbled off.

Browning and Mrs. Norton remained for some time talking. They were talking of mottoes and coat-of-arms. Browning told of one he liked; an eagle is represented as flying up in the face of the Sun, and the motto is "Dazzle others; thou canst not dazzle me." Mrs. Norton objected that the motto should be in Latin, but Browning said, "Oh no." He told this story: A great Lord was once riding through his Park and saw some boys playing there; he rode up to them and, taking off a ring, on which there was a seal containing a crest and a motto, asked one of the boys if he could read the motto. It was *Fuimus*, "we were," a boastful assertion of the antiquity of his family. The syllables were however separated by a dot, as often occurs in inscriptions. The boy read *Fui*—"I was," *mus*—"a mouse."

Motley was an old friend of Mrs. Norton. You will

find an interesting sketch of her in one of his letters in the volume of correspondence, edited by Lady Harcourt. From the qualities displayed in that volume, I should have thought that he might have reached distinction in some form of literature lighter than history.

Shortly after this the Queen of Holland, who was a friend of the Motleys, came to London. She was literary and interested in literary people. When she came to London, Motley gave a dinner to which he asked a number of literary men. I had just come to London and was of course vastly pleased at seeing these great men. Dickens, Grote, the historian, Browning, Froude, Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Norton, Lord Houghton and others were there. I was introduced to Grote, a benignant old gentleman, very tall and thin. I thought that the marble bust of him, with which I was familiar in the first volume of his history, had been set upon a pair of long slim legs and was walking about. He impressed me as having a courtesy, which was a thing, not of manner but of the spirit. Mrs. Grote whom Sidney Smith said was the origin of the word "grotesque" was not there. But I heard her a few days later, make a speech at a Woman's Suffrage meeting, in which she referred to John Stuart Mill, who was on the platform, as "our leader." A rather queer looking, somewhat conceited and infinitely kind-hearted old dame, I should think. The young author, Lecky, who afterwards married a Lady in Waiting of the Queen, who had come to London with her, was there. I wondered if Dickens was not struck by Lecky's resemblance to Tom Pinch in the illustrations in "Martin Chuzzlewit." It was a Tom Pinch, turned gentleman, who

had distinguished himself at the University and written a book. I think this was about the last time Dickens went anywhere. He died about two weeks afterwards. I was at breakfast one Sunday morning at the Oatland's Park Hotel near Weybridge, sitting opposite at a long table to two rather interesting examples of their highly specialized English society, evidently commercial, very red and very big; the man, who had a newspaper, said to his wife that Charles Dickens was dead.

Mr. Motley was, of course, a highly gifted man. He was very handsome and had great powers of pleasing and a marked gift for distinguished society. He seemed to express in his brilliant person something of the poetry of good society. He had one very important element of success and happiness in his domestic relationships, in the devotion of a wife, who, I should think, was about as good a one as a man ever had, a woman of great sense and force of character and of great kindness, and in the society of his clever and accomplished young daughters. There will be no harm in my saying at this distance of time that this distinguished man was a little too high-strung and sensitive for a diplomatist. That was the opinion of his greatest friends and admirers. The philosopher Emerson once said to me about him that he had had occasion to observe in him certain "pretty irritabilities."

The diplomatic house which did the most entertaining was the German Embassy. The Ambassador was Count Von Bernstorff, a grave, thoughtful and very nice man, the father of the present German Ambassador in Washington. I remember a party given in that house to meet the Count of Flanders

and his wife, the parents of the present King of Belgium. The Count was a blond man, much fairer than his brother, the late King. He was a tall man, with a large frame, spare of flesh. He had light blue eyes and a hook nose. He was altogether a rather significant looking person. His wife was a noble looking young woman, also of good height, who was handsome and looked as nice as she was beautiful. People would be brought up to her one by one to be introduced. Among them was a certain Mrs. L., whom it was the fashion to ridicule. I was standing near Lord Lytton, the novelist, and Hayward was talking to him. Lord Lytton was deaf, and I could not help hearing the remark that Hayward made: It was:—"Did you see the Princess stare at Mrs. L.? I liked her for it; it showed a fine instinct." I was shocked at such back-biting of an inoffensive woman, but then the young have very exalted ideas. The Princess looked much like the pictures of her son.

Hayward was a small man, who had at that time a rather handsome and distinguished look, which he afterwards lost. He was always a great scoffer, and was also noted for his risque conversation. He once told me that the night before he had been at one of the city dinners, and that Lord Dufferin sat opposite him. The table was very wide and Hayward said he was sorry that, on account of the width of the table, they were so far apart. Dufferin said: "Then you must make your jokes the *broad*er." Hayward thought that "Sheridanic."

My most intimate friend in London was a curate of a church in Islington. My class mate at Yale, the late George Spring Merriam, the greatest friend of my life, who had met him in Switzerland, gave

me a letter to him. I was a great deal with him and at his church. The Sunday evening 7 o'clock services I thought very attractive. The Vicar was Alfred Blomfield, a son of a former Bishop of London, who was of the ecclesiastical swells of the middle of the last century. Alfred Blomfield was himself a clever man, who had had a distinguished career at Oxford. I particularly remember one of these evening services. It was when I had first made the acquaintance of the Blomfields. Mrs. Blomfield was a fine example of a comely English woman, large and full, decidedly handsome. One of Blomfield's curates used to tell me that he thought her almost a perfectly beautiful woman. There was staying with them the daughter of a clergyman at Tunbridge Wells, who was as fine a type of a fresh young English blond as you would meet with anywhere. It was my privilege to sit between these two ladies in the Vicar's pew, which was very near the chancel. The pew was filled up. There was standing in the middle aisle a young woman, who was waiting to take some vacant seat near at hand as soon as the bell stopped ringing. That is an English custom. The seats are kept for the pew-owners till the bell stops ringing, when anybody is free to take a seat. In those days I had rather weak eyes, which I protected from very bright light by wearing colored spectacles. The lights on the altar were raised, and I had recourse to my blue glasses. I think the ladies got an impression that this was somewhat singular. With my eyes protected, I found myself very comfortable in these snug quarters. But I was conscious of a somewhat insecure feeling from the presence of the young woman, who was

standing in the aisle at the end of the pew. Presently the pew began to assume to my mind the semblance of the long seat inside an omnibus. With some apprehension I turned to Mrs. Blomfield and asked whether there was any danger of a gentleman being asked to ride outside to oblige a lady. At that I am sure the two ladies thought that I was quite daft. Indeed they afterwards told me that they did. Not many years ago I was on a visit to England and was walking in Piccadilly and happened to meet Blomfield, who had in the meantime become a Bishop. He said: "We still have your joke about being asked to ride outside to oblige a lady."

I must say something about Matthew Arnold, who was a pretty large figure in my mind when I was a young fellow. I remember perfectly well the first time I heard of him. I was a senior at Yale and had come to New York for the Christmas vacation. A friend of mine knew the poet, R. H. Stoddard, who was at that time a clerk in the Custom House, and took me to see him there. He said there was an English poet who was a son of Doctor Arnold, named Matthew Arnold. I knew something about Doctor Arnold from "Tom Brown," and supposed that his son must be clever. I liked the name Matthew, not so usual in this country as in England, and I liked his having only one name, whereas most of our own poets had two and wrote them out in full. After I returned to New Haven I saw on the counter of a book store in Chapel Street a paper-covered essay of his, that on Heine. I thought that wonderfully clever. Then I asked the Yale librarian, Addison Van Name, with whom and Charley Grinnell I used to go swimming in the harbor, to send for a

copy of Arnold's poems. I read the poems with delight, but when I read the prose introduction to them, I thought the author was little less than a god. What a contempt for clever irrelevant things this god-like being had! When I thought of a clever thing, I was only too glad to put it down, but here was a wonderful person, who in his severity would sacrifice the most beautiful ideas, which, of course, came to him as thick as blackberries, if they did not assist the ultimate purpose he had in mind. I thought of him as a tall, pale, handsome person, who knew all the Greek and Latin poetry that ever was written, and German, French, and Italian poetry besides. I thought he judged all this literature with absolute infallibility, and I was pretty near thinking that he was almost as infallible when he spoke upon other subjects besides literature. There is no question that he did have a very delicate perception of poetry. Indeed what English critic is his equal in this respect? I continued to be in this frame of mind about him for several years. A good Methodist girl once gave me a Morocco bound copy of the Bible, in four volumes, with flexible backs and beautifully printed, in which she had written on a fly-leaf, with a much clearer comprehension of me than I had, "An antidote for an overdose of Matthew Arnold."

Indeed my state of mind about Arnold was pretty manifest to anybody. I once quoted to James Hadley one of Arnold's critical remarks. Hadley, with his wide reading, fine intelligence and ripe experience, was not subject to a belief in anybody's infallibility. He at once appreciated my state of mind and said, "Oh, well, it's like any other clever thing." I suppose young men in this country are, or were,



particularly susceptible to such influence from European writers—an inheritance perhaps of our Colonial existence. But you will see the same thing in the older countries as well. Carlyle seemed to have some such effect on people in the thirties and forties, both here and in England. It was not only the silly women about in London literary society, who were talking and writing his lingo all over the place, but you are surprised to find such a man as Clough so occupied, if I may judge from letters of his I have seen. What is the good of having Clough's culture and reading, if one is to be at the mercy of some person with a marked genius and a strong will who happens to come along? Clough must have read enough and thought enough to know that, after all that has been said in the world, it is unlikely that any one man can have something new to tell us which is so very important. As regards myself it is perhaps true that, without knowing it, I had acquired a warm personal liking for Arnold, the result no doubt of a natural sympathy. Years afterwards I published in London a book of essays in which I had a paper on Arnold, written when I was young. I asked one of his nieces to say to him that if he saw the book anywhere, I hoped he would not read what I had said about him. In a few days I got a letter from him in which he said that he heard I did not wish him to read what I had written about him, and that he straightway had read it, and that he thought it very kind.

I went out to spend a night in Arnold's house in Surrey. It was a dull, damp evening in November. He sent a trap and pony to meet me at the station, from which it was a drive of two or three miles to his

house. I didn't know the drive was to be so long, and I had not worn a heavy overcoat, so that by the time I reached the house I was chilled through. Before I got out of the trap, the tall figure of the poet appeared at the door. He called out, "Have you brought the fish?" I knew nothing about fish, and was too nearly chilled through to care for such matters. He said, "Well, if you haven't brought the fish, you won't have any for dinner." When I got out of the trap, he quickly saw the state I was in and said, "You poor fellow, you look almost dead with cold." Some hot tea was quickly brought me, and in the company of his wife and daughters I was very happy in a few minutes. The younger of Arnold's daughters had just prepared a birthday book of her father's poetry. In this book there was a quotation from Arnold's poems for each day of the year. We looked up my birthday, which is the thirteenth of February. The quotation for that date happened to be very pat to my condition as a single man, which made the young ladies laugh.

Later they had in some neighbors to dinner, who were interested in, and anxious about, the success of Arnold's lectures in this country. He was shortly to sail for this country with his wife and daughter. At breakfast the next morning I was telling them about my friend, Charles de Kay, whose poetry I thought the best written by any of the younger American poets of that day. I said that he had just published a volume of poems, all about one young lady. At that Arnold's countenance assumed a quizzical expression, and I thought of the Marguerite of his own poems. I don't think anything is known of the identity of this lady, except that she was French.

I am in a position to make one contribution to her history, however. A certain friend of Arnold's once told me that she had often teased Arnold to find out who she was, but that she had only been able to get from him this detail, that she had a way of walking up and down the floor with her hands in her pockets.

Arnold drove me to the station with the trap and pony the next morning. Arnold would get out and walk up the hills leading the pony and would say to me, screwing up his face in a way peculiar to him, "Oh, don't you get out," as if I would have stayed in. I didn't tell him the story they tell in Kentucky about a certain Green Clay, a noted horseman of that country. In that horse-loving country, the custom was to get off a horse at the bottom of a hill and lead the horse up and then remount at the top. Green Clay never did this, but remained in the saddle all the way up hill. When asked why he failed to conform to the general practice in this particular, he replied that there were many horses in the world, but only one Green Clay. Arnold went up to town with me. As we were waiting for the train at a forlorn station, we talked about poetry. Everyone knows what a fine gift he had for naming literary qualities. He said that Bryant's "Water-fowl" was "beautifully carried." He said, however, that our people made too much of inferior poetry, of which he implied that Bryant had written a good deal.

Parke Godwin, Bryant's son-in-law, told me that Arnold, when in this country, had told him this incident. Hartley Coleridge once said to Arnold that he had just read one of the most beautiful poems

he had ever read. "Something of your father's, I suppose," said Arnold. "No," he said, "my father never wrote anything so beautiful. It is by an American poet." It was the "Waterfowl."

I went to stay with some people who lived about two miles from him, and who were friends of his. One Sunday afternoon, I walked over to see him and he walked back with me. I had just printed a book of essays, which a good many of the English critics had not liked. He said he thought the criticisms showed a feeling against me as an American. He said, "You said some queer things about me. You said I was truculent." I replied that I meant that he had that courage of a young man. "Yes," he said, "I knew what you meant." I would often see Arnold in company in London, or sometimes in the street, and have a few minutes' talk with him. Later I saw a good deal of him in this country. I never was so fond of any man I knew so little.

I doubt if there is any period of life so generally pleasant as that from thirty-five to forty. At that age a man has all the advantages of youth, and he has all the sense he ever will have. At that time of my life I was in the foreign service. I should much rather have been at home, but that I did not seem to be able to accomplish. I was home once for three months during that time, and I greatly enjoyed that visit. I remember with particular pleasure the weeks I spent in Washington. It was then a very different place from what it is now. The "Cave Dwellers" were still in control of it. There were scarcely any very rich people; the people lived mostly in small houses. One of the pleasantest

houses was that of two unmarried ladies, who were at home on Sunday evenings, and where you would find in two rooms on the ground floor the best company in the town. I think the most important house at that time in Washington was the British Legation. The British Minister was Sir Edward Thornton. I knew him and his family very well. I was there one night to dinner, when there was also there a distinguished historian who lived in Washington and who had one of the pleasantest houses in the place, a tall, slender, handsome man, who, although very old, was still erect and in good preservation. I remember at the table Miss Thornton spoke of "an old man." "What do you call an old man?" asked the historian. "Ninety," said Miss Thornton discreetly. "Perhaps that will do," the historian said thoughtfully. I told him that Mr. Lowell had given me a letter to him, and he told me to call at his house the next day and that he would introduce me to his wife. Accordingly I called and was shown into a room where there were a number of people. The historian said to his wife: "This is the young gentleman whom I met at the Thorntons' last night." The lady took one of my hands in each of hers and led me to a little sofa, and we sat there talking, she still holding my hands in hers and working them up and down as one does with a baby. She then dropped one of my hands and, taking the other in both of hers, dandled it up and down and patted it, talking all the time in praise of England. I thought—"You're a funny old lady, but you seem to like me, which is an indication that you have good judgment." But I could not understand why she should be praising England so much. Presently

I saw what was in her mind. She thought that I was a new man who had been sent out to Sir Edward Thornton. I said: "But I'm not an Englishman; I'm an American secretary in London." At this she sat bolt upright and assumed a very stern expression of countenance and dropped my hand as if it were a hot potato—evidently angry with me because she had made herself ridiculous. I never forgot the incident. It gave me a new idea of the kind of treatment an Englishman gets in this country.

Some days afterwards I called at the house in the evening, when I saw the other side of her. I found her sitting alone with the historian. The old historian was asleep most of the time, but he would now and then wake up and assent with great energy to something he hadn't heard. Of course we talked about England, where he had formerly been minister. I was talking as if I were not quite a cipher in London, when the lady said that, when they were in London, the secretary of the legation did not go into society. I thought that pretty rude; so I said—"Perhaps not as secretary of legation, but he can do like anybody else; he can go to balls and take down old ladies to supper and work along in that way until he can do something better." It was not quite so smartly turned as that; that is perhaps more the way one would have thought to say it the day after. But I said something of the kind, and the old historian, who happened to wake up about that time, I thought looked at me with some respect. She asked me to come to an evening party at her house, which was to be given a few evenings later. I went, and thought it one of the pleasantest parties I ever was at. There were a number of very nice people at

that time in Washington. The society was small but it was pleasant and they were all together. Now I am told it is much larger and broken up into sets.

My publishers tell me that these reminiscences must stop. It was a dangerous experiment, giving an old man *carte blanche* to talk about his young days.

## A VIRGINIAN MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

I DESIRE to give a sketch of a little slave-holding community which I knew as a boy. This was to be found in the Allegheny Mountains in Virginia. It was a peculiar community, unlike other parts of the South and particularly old Virginia. In race the people were Scotch Irish; in religion they were Presbyterians; their occupations were mainly pastoral. The region was an isolated one. At the time of which I am speaking there was not a railroad within a hundred miles. The roads were rough and bad, so that people used carriages very little. The common way of getting about for men and even for women was on horseback. The women rode to church on horseback. But the people of the country, notwithstanding their isolation and their primitive habits, lived in great comfort and even with a considerable degree of refinement. The better or richer sort lived, either on their farms or in the village, in the two-story double brick houses, with a hall through the middle, which are to be seen throughout that country.

The neighborhood, at the time of which I am now speaking, say, 1855 to 1860, was considerably less than a century old. It was settled about the time of the Revolution and up to near the beginning of the present century had been at war with the Indians. The first settlers were Scotch-Irish Presbyterian farmers, who in the century that followed the Battle of the Boyne had been driven from Ireland by British ingratitude and persecution. They came to the usual



life of the American frontier. For protection against the Shawnees, they lived at first in fortified places. As the Indians withdrew, they scattered throughout the country. The log cabin succeeded the fort, and the frame house succeeded the log cabin. At a very early period they built a stone church, singularly spacious and handsome, in part with the labor of their own hands. The community prospered rapidly. They raised good horses and cattle and got good prices for them. This country, Greenbrier County, as it is called, being a blue-grass country, had in former days a reputation for the breeding of good stock similar to that which the blue-grass region of Kentucky now has. In 1811 a young married couple started on their wedding journey on horseback. The horse which the lady rode was valued at \$800, a great sum for that time and place. That their stock could bring such prices shows how well the people must have thriven. They built the comely brick houses of which I have spoken. Then the honeysuckle vines grew at the porches, and the hummingbirds came and quivered before them. Within the pianos began to jingle to such pieces as the "Bird Waltz" and the "Downfall of Paris." The fashions were brought from Philadelphia. Under the new secure conditions, affectation and vanity began also to flourish. Pride, too, came in, and the descendants of the pious peasants, who, two or three generations before, had been content by their labor and courage to obtain bread from the soil and immunity from the tomahawk of the savage, now began to entertain mythical suggestions of a genteel ancestry. Social gradations and distinctions began to be recognized. A court house was built. A few white stones gathered

in the village churchyard. As day by day the sun sprang with youthful strength into the morning heavens, he saw to expand beneath his beams the joys, the virtues, the follies, and the refinements of a civilized society.

Such undoubtedly had been the history of the little community. But one who saw it as I did got no notion of this change and progress. It seemed always to have been just what it was then. The quiet of the place was profound. At noon perhaps the only figure within sight would be a woman in a sun-bonnet crossing the blazing street on a visit to a neighbor. But this repose was not dilapidated and shabby, as I imagine that of certain parts of the South to have been, but was, as I remember it, happy and golden. The people worked hard enough for comfort and competence, although not as people work at the North. There was not much mental activity of any sort among them. They had but few books, but they were good. They read—that is, if they read at all—the “Spectator” and Scott and the Standard English authors. The poet most in favor with these Presbyterian young ladies was the libertine and sceptic, Byron. It may be that Mrs. Felicia Hemans had also a few readers.

Perhaps I can best give you an idea of this village by describing some of its individual members and social customs. The doctor was an interesting and characteristic person. He was an old Virginian; and from my knowledge of him I can well understand that the people of the Valley and of the West were different from the people east of the Blue Ridge, for he was unlike the thrifty and prosaic people of Greenbrier. He was a graduate of William and Mary

College and had studied law. In company with two friends he had started westward on horseback to seek his fortune, as was the custom of those days. They stopped over Sunday in the Village, and went to the Presbyterian church, and there this young gentleman saw a countenance which decided his career. From this accidental church-going came a life passed among the valleys of Greenbrier. The family of the young lady who was the possessor of the countenance just referred to made rather hard conditions. It seems there were more lawyers than were needed in the connection, but it was thought there was room for a physician. With old Virginian facility these conditions were accepted, and the young man went back to college and studied medicine. It may be remarked that in those days the preparation for a profession was not so serious a matter as at present. It thus happened that a man intended by nature for politics and the forum spent his days pacing along the mountain roads, his saddle-bags filled with little phials containing calomel and jalap, by means of which I do not doubt that he visited upon the inhabitants of that region the grudge he never ceased to bear against the Scotch-Irish guile that had robbed him of his proper career. The doctor had to the full an old Virginian's contempt of people west of the Blue Ridge, but he was nevertheless popular throughout that country. Tall, erect, sarcastic, irascible, frank, indolent, and generous, he had qualities to win men's affection. He was the clever man of the neighborhood. If a speech was to be made, he was called upon to make it. It was only upon occasions of this kind that he could be said to live. It was he who made the speech at the Fourth

of July celebration. This anniversary was celebrated in a grove upon the top of an adjacent hill, a kind of arboreal Acropolis or natural temple, in which were held at long intervals the village festivals and civic assemblies. This grove, unlike more Northern woodlands, was clear of undergrowth, the tall columns standing in the midst of a clean, green floor. The Sunday Schools on that day came in a body to the wood and composed the audience, the grown people looking on. It was a pretty sight, quite like a scene in the Opera, to see the little procession of children of five years old and upward in their best Sunday clothes, carrying banners with such customary devices as a cross, or a lamb, or a shepherd with a crook, march in under the vast oaks, while the overhanging mountains looked on. Seats for the children were made by laying planks over stakes driven into the ground. A long, rude table, laid with a white cloth and plates and glasses, and having on either side benches also made from plank, waited during the morning ceremonies. A platform was extemporized for the orator, which also gave seats to two or three ministers and a few of the great men. The Declaration of Independence was read. The American flag was exhibited; they thought of no other in those days. The orator was the doctor. This was the one occasion of the year when he could free his mind. He mounted the platform and made a political speech. For two full hours he harangued those little girls in white dresses and pink sashes on the crimes of the Whig party and the mysterious villanies of the Know-nothings, while the dryads lurking in the recesses of the forest were astonished by such unwonted dissonances as the "Wilmot Proviso," the

“Missouri Compromise” and the “Resolutions of Nullification.” On the platform behind the speaker were the leading men. The Presbyterian clergyman had at that time been some fifty years at the stone church below, so that his ministry must have been almost contemporaneous with the occupation of the country. He had married pretty much the entire population, had christened their children, and buried their fathers. He could remember some of the first inhabitants of the region, and must have known personally the occupants of the oldest and wildest of the churchyard hillocks. He was a stately and handsome old man, of great authority with the people. He sat with his hands crossed upon his cane, and looked upon the violence of the orator with a perplexed and slightly fatigued air, but at the same time with an expression of dignified patience and a mild majesty like that of the mountain opposite, whose head had just caught the sun. The Methodist minister, a much younger man, of a very argumentative disposition and a strong Know-nothing, cast his eyes up among the branches of the trees, and by pantomime and by-play of one sort or another, conveyed to the audience his superior dissent from the views of the orator.

It might be thought that this long speech would have been hard upon the children. But my recollection is that it was not. It happened that the orator had a great gift for making faces. These grimaces of his were the wonder of the neighborhood and a source of comment throughout that country, where jokes were comparatively few. They were looked on as distinctions, in some way connected with the orator’s mental superiorities. His own boys, who were

my cousins, gave themselves a great deal of swagger on account of them. In company with some of the other boys, we used to get possession of seats upon the front bench, where we were under the nose of the speaker; and as grimace succeeded grimace, each more hideous than its predecessor, we would nudge each other with pretended derision, but in reality with secret pride; for was it not our father and uncle whose contortions of countenance thus fascinated the infant gaze of Greenbrier County?

The part which this gentleman took in the war may be worth mentioning, as it illustrates the action of many thousands of Southern men. At this time I doubt if he had ever thought of secession as a thing possible in his day. I shall presently try to explain how this transition came to the minds of men of the border states. It is true, however, that he was during the war a very thorough and effective rebel. For the first time in his career he seemed to have found a task to his liking. Just previous to the outbreak of the war, he had been paralyzed and had been compelled to give up his practice. He was unable to move from his chair. But he went into the work of raising the country with the greatest ardor. He got possession of the village paper, filled it with inflammatory articles, and scattered the little fire-brand throughout the adjacent country. He had himself carried in his chair to the steps of the Court House, from which he would deliver passionate harangues to the people, who were very fond and proud of him. The country soon became a debatable ground between the two armies. But he was not on this account the less energetic. The Federal Provost-Marshal made many attempts to quiet him, but

to no purpose. On one occasion this officer came with an orderly or two to his house and threatened to kill him in case he gave further trouble. This menace greatly surprised the doctor. "Kill me," he said, "why, my good friend, look at me. I am not able to get out of this chair and never shall be. I can't move hand or foot. I am fed with a spoon. What do you suppose I care for life? If you wish to kill me, you are at liberty to shoot away as quick as you like." The Provost-Marshal gave him up and went away.

This gentleman was, as I knew him, an erect and vigorous man. I remember well the old gray pacer upon which he moved among those peaceful valleys, his mind, I doubt not, often occupied with thoughts of his disappointed ambitions. He was a connection of my own and a great friend of my childhood. As he will never have an opportunity to appear before so distinguished an audience as the present one, I think I ought to say that I believe he really was a clever man.

The community I have been describing was, notwithstanding its many points of dissimilarity to the rest of the South, thoroughly Southern. Like the South, it was hospitable. The houses of the people, particularly those in the country, were often filled with parties of young people. The community was, in its own way, like the South in general, aristocratic. Mistaken notions have been held in regard to the aristocratic condition of Southern society. One of these is that the planters lived with a degree of state and luxury. This I imagine to be a mistake. This way of living existed in a few localities, but was not general. Manners as a rule were simple. But it is

not to be supposed that, because Southern society had not the refinement of living which has been ascribed to it, it was not therefore aristocratic. All that is necessary to make a society aristocratic is that certain of its members shall be recognized by their neighbors to be superior to certain others. This was true of the South. It was true of the Greenbrier people. I think that even the little boys with whom I played had a feeling that certain of their number were on the score of birth distinctly superior to certain others. Yet our manners and customs were not very distinguished. We all went bare-footed. No boy under fifteen, from May till the winter set in, wore shoes and stockings. The dress of the boys consisted of a shirt, perhaps a jacket, possibly a single suspender, a pair of trousers in a state of integrity more or less complete, and a straw hat, usually torn at the brim. They got scarcely any learning and went very little to school. Their time was mostly passed sitting on the steps of the village stores or in hunting the ground-squirrel, a little animal resembling a chipmunk. The boys laid aside social distinctions when in pursuit of this quarry. The hunt took place in the grove upon an adjoining hill which has been described and was participated in by all the boys of the village from six to twelve years of age. The sport began while the morning was yet fresh and the shadows long. After a breakfast of coffee, ham, corn pone, and hot salt-rising—the easy-going people allowed the children to eat anything—they sallied forth to the wood. The little darkies came too. Every boy was accompanied by a cur of some description, which, with his tail curled over his back, stepped about full of the day's occupations. The



larger boys issued their loud commands, and the lesser boys ran hither and thither with a great sense of the importance of the occasion. The hunt continued throughout the morning hours. The sylvan scene was vocal with the excitement of the pursuit. Commerce slept in the little mart at the foot of the hill and Justice dozed in the quiet Court House; but the wood above rang with the shouts of the youthful hunters, and every urchin and pick-aninny and village cur and mongrel joined the cry and added to the tumult. The sport was, however, not altogether confined to the boys. There was, I remember, one little Amazon, a girl of perhaps eight summers, who, in sun-bonnet and with flying curls, sped along among the foremost of the pursuers, and whom I can fancy exclaiming like an infant Hippolyta:

I was with Hercules and Cadmus once  
When in a wood of Crete, they bay'd the bear  
With hounds of Sparta. Never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding; for besides the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region near  
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

I have said that the doctor did not imagine five years before the war that secession would be possible in his day. I am sure that at this time nobody spoke or thought of secession. That was true, not only of this region, but of all Virginia up to the outbreak of the war. At the time Virginia went out of the Union, I doubt if one man in a hundred was really in favor of secession.

The incidents I am here describing took place

during a summer I passed in this country in 1854. I was again in this country, and in other parts of Virginia, in 1857 and 1858. The interval I had passed in the West and I returned to Virginia an ardent opponent of slavery. I had thus good opportunities of knowing what the people were thinking, better, I dare say, than if I had been older. People would put up with talk from a boy of fourteen, which they would not have permitted from a grown man, and would discuss subjects with him they would not ordinarily have discussed with a person of a different way of thinking.

Anyone living in the South at that time and disliking slavery was in an unusual situation. I don't think I knew in Virginia more than two or three persons who were opposed to slavery, and they never expressed their views. One of these was my father. He was ready to make sacrifices for his opinions. A very poor man, he freed some slaves that had come to us after the death of a relation, thinking it wrong to own slaves. But he scarcely ever spoke of the subject and was careful to impress upon me the necessity of holding my tongue. Of course, I knew what his feelings were, but I can at this moment recall only one instance of his referring to them. We were riding single file along a bridle path on the top of the Alleghenies, the green floor of the Valley of Virginia, dotted here and there with farms and villages, spread out some thousands of feet beneath us, when we met an old negro riding a mule and going in the opposite direction. He bowed his head very low as he passed us and said, with great humbleness, "Sarvant, Sah." My father said: "Did you notice that? You write 'Your obedient servant' at the

end of a letter, but that is merely a form of civility; but that a man should say it, really meaning it, how dreadful that is!" But I doubt if my father would have said even this, if we had not been at such a distance from the world, with the haunts of men so far beneath our feet.

If there was a community which should have been inaccessible to secession it was this. In external things it had little in common with the South. Of course, it raised no cotton or sugar or even tobacco. It had very little agriculture of any kind. Owing to its great altitude—the village is 2,300 feet above the sea—the thermometer will, on winter nights, sometimes fall to 25 below zero. The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians were very nearly akin to Puritans. In the stone church was preached a Calvinism as uncompromising as that to be heard in any white temple among the hills of New Hampshire. Slavery, elsewhere the one vigorous and aggressive institution of the South, existed in an exceedingly mild form here. The richer people did not have more than twenty-five or thirty slaves. These slaves were treated with kindness, as I can well remember. The old Virginians looked down upon the stock-breeders and drovers of the mountains, but there was one point at which the mountaineers considered themselves superior to the old Virginians; they were more humane masters. Cruelty to slaves was an offense treated with grave social reprobation. I remember that a man was dismissed from the Methodist church for beating a slave. A slave was rarely sold. In my own connection, I believe it happened in but a single case. About 1840, a man who had committed a number of crimes was sold

South. For a quarter of a century afterward this incident was still talked of as something very remarkable. Such were the points of difference between this region and the rest of the South. Yet notwithstanding all these points of dissimilarity to the South, when secession came, this country seceded too.

Of course the ultimate reason of secession was that there was "an irrepressible conflict" between the two systems of slave labor and free labor. As Lincoln said, "The country must either be all free or all slave," or, as Calhoun said twenty years earlier, the Southern people could not long continue to live side by side with the Northern people under the same government if the Northern people believed the institution in which their existence was bound up to be wicked. The rationale of the irrepressible conflict idea was as follows: The North said that slavery was wrong; the South replied at first mildly but apologetically. The North expressed itself more strongly; the South expressed itself more angrily. The two public sentiments kept reacting upon and intensifying each other, with the certainty that in the end war or separation, or both, must result. Such was the ultimate and fundamental cause of secession. But I should like to say something of the manner in which secession came, to describe the mental characteristics of the Southern people, as I knew them, just previous to the war.

From my recollection of the South in those days my belief is that the chief mental characteristic of the South was that it had lost the power of discussion and discrimination. The more conservative people were unable to say, "no" to the propositions

of the more extreme people. I remember one afternoon in the House of Representatives in the winter of '59-60—the atmosphere, of course, highly charged with excitement, the gaily dressed Southern ladies in the galleries applauding with gloved hands, the poor creatures so soon to be face to face with the manifold miseries and obscurities of war—hearing the late J. L. M. Curry, a very fine orator, exclaim with ringing voice: “We at the South are not in the habit of distinguishing between the various shades of opposition to our institutions.” They had in truth lost the power to distinguish and to discriminate. Regarding the slavery question itself, it was inevitable that it must soon reach a point at which it was impossible to discuss it. The chief reason of this impossibility was that it would not do that slavery should be talked of in the presence of slaves. The slaves would overhear. Not that the Southern people consciously feared the slaves. During my years of residence at the South I do not remember to have heard the mention of the phrase “servile insurrection” or of any equivalent expression. It was too dreadful a contingency to be taken into consideration at all, to be talked about or even thought of. But nevertheless they could not bear that the negro should become in the most remote way a party to the controversy.

Another reason of the impossibility of discussion was the bitter pride with which the Southern people resented the accusations of the opponents of slavery. If they could have discussed it, they might have got rid of it. Mr. George Merriam has lately asked why the South could not have abolished slavery, as the South American Republics did. I don't know

anything about South America, but were there any Fanueil Halls or Exeter Halls there? Anglo-Saxon human nature being such as it is, could the Southern people have been expected, under the fire of accusations from their critics, to set about and adhere to some orderly plan of emancipation? If they had been a community of sages, perhaps yes, but not otherwise.

The same inability of discussion which the South had shown regarding slavery, it still exhibited when secession was proposed. For many years Southern pro-slavery opinion had been advancing from point to point. It had always been easy to move in this direction. But it was hard to oppose a step in advance, because opposition necessitated discussion, and discussion was impossible. So when secession was at last proposed, it was as difficult to resist this final step as it had been to resist any of the previous ones. A most striking and important feature of the situation, by the way, was that the individual became very much afraid of the mass. Everybody was afraid of what everybody else was thinking. The temptation of each man was to adopt the most violent language and to favor the most extreme measures, in order to convince his neighbors that he thought as they did. Thus the more extreme position always attracted the people away from the less extreme one. I may mention the case of Mr. Lamar. Mr. Lamar did not want secession. He went to the Mississippi convention, hoping there would be no secession, and at any rate, intending, if the State did secede, to favor a clause providing that the ordinance should take effect only after nine States had seceded. The result was that the convention

seceded outright and made Mr. Lamar draw up the ordinance of secession. This is exactly an illustration of what I am saying. The man who wished to make secession contingent upon the action of nine States could oppose no effective resistance to the man who wished to secede outright. Secession once started, community after community and individual after individual went down like a row of bricks that had been set falling. I say, therefore, that my recollection is that the South seceded because there was nobody who could say "no."

Regarding the widespread fear to which I have just alluded, I fancy that this has been characteristic of many popular movements in history. It was no doubt so in France during the French Revolution. The people who, all over France, bought little toy guillotines for their children were probably not more cruel than the generality of human beings, but fear compelled them to be in the movement.

The desire of the individual to express sentiments of the mass, I may here say, is still to be observed in the South. The feeling of the Southern whites against the negro, particularly among those with whom the negro is in competition, is, of course, only too real. But you will nevertheless often notice that the Southern people, in expressing unfriendly sentiments regarding the negro, are expressing less their own views than what they believe to be those of the rest of the community.

This individual and social fear was associated with a blind arrogance and rashness which is, I believe, likely to be found among slave-holding populations, and which was also a contributing cause of secession. Of this arrogance I have lately come across a curious

example. In a life of James M. Mason, Confederate envoy in London during the Civil War, it is related that the English friends of the Confederacy wished to obtain from the Confederate Government a declaration that, in case of Confederate success, no attempt would be made to open the African slave trade. One would have thought that such a declaration would be made as a matter of course. On the contrary, the Confederate Government vigorously objected to doing this. They said that the Confederate Constitution contained a provision against the African slave trade, which the United States Constitution did not contain. But the Englishmen insisted: "Why then not make the declaration?" There could have been but one reason for such hesitation, which was that there was in the Gulf States a party, which the Confederate Government could not afford to offend—the Confederacy being professedly a rope of sand, it could afford to offend nobody—a party that wished to reopen the slave trade. There was a party in those States that really believed it was possible to carry on such traffic in the face of the opposition, not only of the North, but of the whole civilized world, and to do this across great stretches of sea, patrolled by the navies of the most powerful nations.

Another characteristic of the beginnings of secession was a marked tone of levity. This levity was noticeable during the winter of '60-61 all over the country, in the North as well as in the South. It was very natural that this should affect the men of the border states. The Union to which they had been devotedly attached was at an end. What hope could a Virginian, who preferred the Union, find in a civil



war of doubtful result, which was waged against the social organization to which he belonged? It was owing to this hopelessness that he accepted with reckless levity the action of the South.

I think I have said enough to show why my uncle, who in 1854 and in 1857 was a strong Union man, should have been in 1861 an ardent secessionist.

It was not till a good many years after the war that I saw this old home of mine again. In the ante-bellum days it took two days of staging from the nearest railway station to reach the place. I had always thought of it as accessible only after many miles of valley and mountain road had been traversed. But since then the railroad has applied its rule of thumb to these prepossessions of the fancy and has demonstrated that it is not so far away after all. I was surprised one morning to find myself sitting upon a certain rose-embowered porch, reading the New York paper of the day previous. The railroad has left the village, which was fifty years ago the metropolis of that entire region, six miles to the South. This distance I was driven in a stage along a mountain road, bordered by the tall, clean boles of lofty oak and hickory, and catching now and again glimpses of the Greenbrier River shining amid the profuse shrubbery of that part of the world. I may be speaking with the pride of a native, but the scenery seems to me the most beautiful I know. Its character is that of a mountain Kentucky. You see the classic woodlands of Kentucky and you find blue-grass growing on the tops of mountains 3,500 feet high. It is the blue-grass which gives the country its deep coloring. Agricultural and pastoral fertility is to my mind an element of beauty; that this country

has. The mountain scenery of New England and New York has its own sterner beauty, but not that. The characteristics of New England mountain scenery are replaced in Pennsylvania on the Susquehanna by a smiling vernal freshness; and this is again succeeded among the West Virginian mountains by strength of hue, which I have scarcely ever seen equalled. You see everywhere a dense, substantial verdure. A profound bloom of summer imbues and impregnates the entire landscape.

The village had changed much. I did not see the golden quiet and repose of the former age. The town seemed to be undergoing a slow recovery from a long period of decay. The Presbyterian church was the same clean and serious structure I remembered, a remarkably substantial and handsome building to have dated from 1790. I found this inscription rudely sketched upon one of the stones of the edifice: "This building was erected by some of the first inhabitants of this region to commemorate their faith in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ." An acre of white stones surrounds the church. From the pews from which the village doctor and the young lady of Greenbrier first looked at each other, you may now see through the windows their tombstones, side by side with a taller one, upon which the bereaved pair lament in accents of sharp grief the loss of an only daughter. The graves in the churchyard seemed to have suffered from the dilapidation to which the town had succumbed. The older graves are very wild and are overrun with masses of blue-grass and tangled wild roses and strawberry vines, which wave amid the sanctity and the quiet of the place. I spent an hour or two of the only morning I had to pass in

the village, under the lambent blue of the June sky, putting aside the rank grasses and spelling out my kinship to the occupants of the sod. A burial ground for the slaves, within the same enclosure, but separate from that of the whites, seemed in this last scene of the mortal career to invoke the forbearance of Heaven upon the prejudices of men. I climbed also to the top of a round and lofty hill overlooking the village, the crest of which had been taken during the war as a burial place for soldiers on either side who fell here. This spot, containing perhaps a dozen graves surrounded by a stone wall, is visited by the people on summer evenings; here has been laid some Confederate who perished at a distance from his home or some Northern boy who fell by the roadside. Lifted high above the village, it stands now in the midst of the silence and the verdure which reign throughout that country, a monument of forgotten strife in what we may hope to be a land of peace.

## SOUTHERN LITERATURE

**I** LIVED as a boy in the South for some time just before the outbreak of the Civil War, and from what I saw my belief is that one cause of secession was the fear which the Southern individual had of the opinion of the rest of the community. It seems to me that this fear was also the ultimate cause of the inferiority of Southern antebellum literature.

Most of the literature of any value produced in this country up to the time of the war had come from the North. The literature of the South, of course with certain exceptions, had been feeble, imitative, exaggerated, affected and sentimental. First, regarding their books descriptive of their own society, I mean their novels, these books did not describe society truly. They could not do so. The reason of this inability of Southern literature was that there was one institution regarding which it dared not speak the truth. That institution was one of vast importance and one which touched society closely at every point. Its necessary facts were abhorrent to the sentiments of the civilized world. The Southern people were themselves part and parcel of modern civilization, and they could not bear a representation of their system which should show how irreconcilable it was with the civilization to which they belonged. In other societies in which slavery has existed writers have been free enough to describe it. There is in Juvenal a description of a cruel woman, who

sends for the slave beater, and who is represented as pursuing her ordinary household employments while he beats the slaves. Says the poet: "While he beats, she is employed in enameling her face. She listens to her friends' chat, or she examines the broad gold of an embroidered robe. Still he lashes. She pores over the items in her long diary of household expenses. Still he lashes," etc. A Roman poet could so speak. But in those ancient days there was no great mass of Christian sentiment such as in our own time espoused the slave's cause and accused the conscience of the master. They had no Exeter Hall in those days and no Faneuil Hall, and no great and growing Republican party. I doubt if you will find so candid a passage as this from Juvenal in the whole range of Southern literature. Such freedom of description was out of the question. The Southern writers who touched upon slavery could only describe the amiable side of it. They had to represent the relation between master and slave as a patriarchal one. There was no doubt a great deal of truth in that view. A humane master did stand in a patriarchal relation to his slaves. But it was not the whole truth or indeed more than half the truth. There was, no doubt, a great deal of cruelty. Upon this the Southern writers were, of course, silent. But they did not dare to describe such unpleasant facts as were necessary to and quite inseparable from the system. One morning I was riding northward along the macadamized road that traversed the Valley of Virginia when I met an old negro woman picking blackberries by the side of the road. I said: "Where are you going, auntie?" She answered: "God knows, massa; I don't." I looked ahead and saw that she belonged to a drove

of negroes who were being taken south. There was a pretty thick drove, perhaps one hundred of them, so that I had to ride down into a little stream that ran by the side of the road to let them pass. They came on walking at a brisk pace. Following the drove there was a rather smart carriage drawn by two horses, a black man driving on the front seat, which was separated by glass from the two seats inside, on which were two well-dressed white men, the owners or overseers of the lot, and with them two mulatto women, no doubt also slaves, a mulatto woman seated by each man. The men were laughing and talking with the women, the women also laughing, and the men seemed to be treating them with a certain respect.

Such an incident as that of the old woman was a necessary result of the system. Of course, the good masters did not like to sell their slaves and would not do it if they could help it. But they could not always help it. Then there had to be some bad masters. The South had to have its proportion of bad people like the rest of the world. They could not all be patriarchs. Slaves would thus be sold. If there were slaves to be bought, there would, of course, be vile fellows who would make a business of dealing in them, and would buy them in large numbers. (These men were known as "nigger traders" and were held in great contempt by the Southern people.) Like any other merchandise, the slaves would be transferred from the cheapest to the dearest market, and the least expensive way to do this was to take them on foot. Thus you have the incident of the roadside to which I have just referred, and nobody in particular to blame. Yet you

would not see an incident of this sort in a novel description of Southern life.

The obligation of the Southern writers to make a representation which should accord with the theory of patriarchal ownership was destructive of all vigor. They were under some such enfeebling limitation as Landseer would have suffered from had he been compelled to represent in every picture a theory of patriarchal government of dogs. Suppose Landseer had never been permitted to paint a dog that was not happy. Suppose he had never been able to paint a mournful or an unfortunate dog. What a restraint it would have been upon the liberty of the artist. The Southern writers were just as much impeded by the necessity they were under never to paint a negro who was not laughing. The other arts, I dare say, suffered from the same limitation. A painter, for instance, might only represent some very happy darkies in a prodigiously rich cotton field, bearing, say, 400 pounds to the acre, such a picture as you now see hanging in the cotton exchanges of the Southern States. I happen, indeed, to know a case from which it would seem that it was difficult for a painter at the South to represent a negro at all. The late Mr. Healy, the American portrait painter, living in Paris, told me that on one occasion he was employed at Washington by Daniel Webster to paint a portrait of an old negro woman, who had been for many years a servant in Webster's family and to whom he was greatly attached. Webster was much pleased with the picture, and the artist himself thought that he had succeeded with it. It was accordingly placed for exhibition in the rotunda of the Capitol. But some of the members

objected to this; they said that it was not proper that the portrait of a negro woman should be hung up in the rotunda of the Capitol. "But," said the artist, "suppose it was a cat or a dog, you would not mind, would you? Why, then, can't I paint a negro?" But they would not hear of it, and it was removed.

But the Southern writers, from being unable to be veracious upon one subject, seemed to lose the power of veracity regarding all subjects. They became imitative, exaggerated and sentimental. Their society they Europeanized. The Southern planter was an English squire. They made him a feeble Sir Roger de Coverley, and his farm or plantation a rather shabby English manor house. They imitated, among other characteristics of the classic describers of English rural life, their mildness of temper. But this good nature became, in the pages of Southern writers, excessive. The calm catholicity of Addison and the gentle optimism of the intelligent and the ever delightful Irving degenerated in such works as Kennedy's "Swallow Barn" into an amiability decidedly cloying. That book is a pretty picture of departed happiness and sociality, a charming record of the bright laughter, the friendship so sincere and cordial, the manners so simple and well bred, of those long forgotten mornings of 1820. But it is kind almost to the point of absurdity. The foibles of the comic hero are chaffed so affectionately; such a gentle ridicule is administered to the fop; and the sentimentality and affectation of the spinster are so very tenderly treated. Imitative in everything, the Southern writers were imitative even in their jokes, which were, as a rule, pretty bad.



Here is a joke from the pages of Mr. Gilmore Simms, of South Carolina. A master calls to his slave: "Here, Cuffee, you thrice blackened baby of Beelzebub; come here, you imp of darkness." This is the sort of joke for which a precedent might have been cited out of Sir Walter Scott and would therefore do very well.

Everything was exaggerated. All their geese became swans. This is a tendency greatly to be regretted, for it is a sad day for literature when it becomes too good for the facts. The truth is that geese are the more poetical of the two. But the Southern writers did not think this. A soldier was a cavalier; a house was a hall. They kept up this high-flown phraseology during the period of the war. You would have thought that the flag which they carried with such bravery upon so many bloody fields was poetical enough in itself, but they called that an "oriflamme." They represented everything as different from what it was. They did not seem to be able to describe even natural objects correctly. I should have expected this. If you and I, when we met, had something in common on our minds of which we dared not speak, we could hardly talk truthfully about the weather. So the Southern writers could not describe a bird, a flower or a star as it was. One of their poets, I remember, addresses the mocking-bird as "Yorick" and "Abbot of Misrule." But in truth they made very little account of natural objects. It is curious to observe how little they had to say about them. The natural facts of the South were very peculiar and most unlike those of other parts of the world, but they had never been heard of in rural England or in Provence of the

troubadours, and the Southern writers would not recognize them.

One characteristic of Southern antebellum literature, I should like to remark, is that it was rarely vulgar, a claim which can scarcely be made for the literature of the North during that period. It is strange that this should be so, for there is, of course, a relation between affectation and vulgarity. In general, the surest way to be vulgar is to pretend to be something you are not, and that is what the Southern writers were always doing. And yet they were not vulgar. I fancy the explanation of this is that, underneath their apparent affectation, there was a deep-seated simplicity.

The characteristics of antebellum literature are very noticeable in a book I have been lately trying to read, a book which I had not seen since I was a boy, "Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi." I remember it well as it stood on the shelf in my father's library, in two volumes, with some gay lettering running down the back. I was very fond of it at that time. I particularly remember the dedication, "To the Old Folks at home in the Valley of the Shenandoah," which I thought pretty as coming from the Augusta County lad who had gone to seek his fortune among those wild fellows in the Southwest. Lincoln, by the way, was an admirer of this book. It was to Baldwin, the author, who was in Washington during the war and who wanted to get through the lines to his family in Staunton, that he said one of his best things: that he "had very little influence with this Administration." The book, however, is very disappointing. It ought to have been a good book. The author could hardly have had a better

subject. As I have heard that Southwestern society described in my youth by elderly men who had known it, it must have been highly interesting. They told me that it was composed of nothing but young men, who were full of animal spirits and in the pink of condition, and who, as there were negroes for the hard manual labor, had little to do but to amuse themselves, and that they did amuse themselves with a vengeance. Now, if the author had only contented himself with describing this society as it was, what a good book he might have made, for he is not at all wanting in humor and in powers of perception and expression. But he is so dreadfully literary. Where he will condescend to give the facts he is interesting, but for the most part he is so bent on being like Scott or Addison that one finds him very tiresome.

There was one book of those days, however, which was quite without the faults above indicated. This was Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes," a book written with a great deal of freedom and truthfulness. It was about contemporaneous with "Swallow Barn." Longstreet was a Georgia judge and lawyer, noted particularly as an advocate in criminal cases. On account of the death of a child, he grew interested in religious subjects and became a Methodist minister. He was a member of the Methodist General Conference of 1844, at which the Southern Methodists separated from their Northern brethren, Longstreet taking an active part in bringing about the separation. He lived until after the war and was late in life the president of a Southern university. He seems to have been in character not very unlike other Southern politicians. I don't know why he

should have written a book which differed from those of other Southern writers. But I am very sure that he did. His book has a truthfulness which makes you think of the early ages of literature, of a day before periodicals, and books, and printers, and editors, when men of genius, from no other motives than the desire of fame and the strong need of expression, engraved their intense thoughts upon tablets of clay.

While speaking of exceptions, I might mention one very important exception to the remark made at the beginning of this paper, concerning the general inferiority of Southern antebellum literature. Poe had received a Southern education and was very Southern. Like other Southern writers he was European and imitative. He wrote of nothing that he saw except with his mind's eye. Surely nothing that could suggest his "radiant palace" existed near Baltimore or Richmond, the Southern towns in which he had lived. His *Guy de Veres* and *Ula-lumes* and *Annabel Lees* were of foreign origin, so far as they had any origin save in his own head. But, whether European and imitative or not, Poe succeeds by the right of genius, and fame, which cares little for the whys and the wherefores, so long as the genius is real and effective, will always follow him. Critics dilate upon the contrast between a personality apparently so uninteresting, or at any rate so devoid of salient characteristics, and his success as a poetical performer. A hundred years hence, no doubt, they will still be dilating upon this contrast—and reading his poems.

I did think that the impediment to good literature above mentioned, namely, the want of truth re-

sulting from fear, would disappear with slavery. I have been compelled to modify that expectation. For one thing, characteristics do not disappear with the disappearance of the causes which produced them. But the causes still remain in the continued existence of the African race. Opinions regarding that race which differ from those of the mass are not tolerated in the South. Or if they can be said to be tolerated, it is only toleration which is allowed them. But literature cannot exist upon toleration. It must have liberty. Without liberty there cannot be that alert and nimble way of looking about and that fidelity in recording what is seen which are necessary to literature. If the writer feels that what he says will be received with disapprobation, he will be silent.

But it is not only regarding the negroes that liberty of speech is discouraged in the South. You see the same want of freedom in the discussion of other subjects. A few years ago in a town in Tennessee I was calling at a pleasant house on a Sunday afternoon. I had been to church in the morning. In a pew in front of me sat a row of very handsome girls. Their father, an old friend of mine, one of the nicest fellows in the world, had some years before been shot in a quarrel with a political adversary whom he had mortally wounded with a knife and who died the next day. I ventured to remark what a pity it was that these fine girls had been deprived of such a father, how he would have enjoyed them and what a friend they would have found in him,—a safe enough observation, it would seem. But it was evident that it was not well received. One young lady who was present said that she had been informed that the feud between these two men had become so bitter

that the best way out of it was that one or both of them should die,—a proposition surely not difficult of refutation. Did the young lady express her own real opinions? I do not think so. She rather wished to be saying what she thought the others present would wish to hear.

It seems odd that the South can be said to be deficient in that encouraging sympathy which is essential to the production of good literature, for if there is a quality with which the Southern people are specially gifted, it is sympathy. They have this quality to a greater degree than any people I have ever met with. The quality, indeed, is a characteristic of Americans in general, in part possibly due to democracy, in part possibly also an inheritance from our colonial life, colonial societies being, one would expect, receptive and sympathetic. But among no other Americans does the quality exist so strongly as among the Southern people, and it is the especial characteristic of their gentlemen. I have in mind as I write an individual, lately dead, a man who, with a great deal of learning and scholarship, and a fine literary discernment and discrimination, had an unselfish sympathy and generosity of mind, such as you are not likely to find in quite the same degree among men other than Americans of Southern birth. There is no reason why I should not mention his name; I mean the late Prof. Thomas Price. This quality of an individual I believe to be that of the Southern people in general. It ought, one would think, to be an encouraging cause of literary performance.

I cannot claim to be as well read as I should be in the literature of the South which has appeared since

the war. But from poems and sketches which I have read from time to time, it is evident that the general want of literary truth, which has been attributed to Southern antebellum literature, does not characterize the more recent literature of the South. It seems to me that some of these things are good enough to form part of the permanent literature of the country and language. Among them I might mention some very delicate poems by the late Father Tabb, which I have seen in the magazines, and some sketches by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page. These are, however, either poems mostly descriptive of natural scenery or sketches representing limited phases of Southern life. But have the Southern writers been equally successful in depicting Southern life as a whole? It has seemed to me significant that some of these writers prefer historical subjects. In their books the young ladies who, I am told, are usually the authors of them, are very free with "Odd zooks" and "Marry come up," and other such safe and remote forms of expression, but the books, of course, have little that bears upon the present Southern life. Is it that these young writers are afraid to tackle this subject?

## A HORSE-FAIR PILGRIMAGE

**T**HERE is one peculiarity of natural scenery that I always associate with the agricultural fairs, which I am in the habit of attending in various parts of the country—the reason being that these fairs occur in the late summer and early autumn, when this peculiarity exists. I mean the mist which you see in the distance. A transparent veil of autumn haze dims the surrounding country, which seems to revive under it with the verdure of a deceptive spring-time, and lies upon the distant meadows with a touch infinitely soft. The mist is always there. The horses contend around the track, and the big, handsome bulls doze and chew the cud before the grand stand, while the judges walk round them; the parachute man goes up, and the trained elks plunge thirty feet into water, and the man and woman in tights and spangles perform on the trapeze. But still that mist dreams on, its blue, inward, musing eye resting upon some thought, remote from earth and human things.

Wherever I attend these fairs, whether in New England, Virginia, Kentucky, or the Western States, the mist surrounds me. One has a consciousness or half consciousness of it, as one watches from the grand stand the jogging of the horses round the track. It obscured the limits of the burnt-up country, suffering from a prolonged drought, during a visit to a State fair held not long ago at the capital of one of our Western States. The Western fair-



grounds are, as a rule, more imposing than those of the East. The full-mile track looks generous and prosperous when compared to the half-mile tracks common in New England, although these again have an attraction of a different sort in their casual and informal character. The Western fair-grounds are kept in perfect condition, and have a smooth and clean appearance; the track itself, the fences, and outlying stables all suggesting an agreeable thrift and prosperity. They look best in a flat country, as, for instance, at Terre Haute, or Springfield, Ill., or in an undulating country like blue-grass Kentucky. The track at Terre Haute is particularly clean and smart; that at Lexington has a little more of the Southern negligence, but suggests, nevertheless, the easy-going prosperity of that country. None of the fair-grounds I have seen, however, are smarter and more thorough than those at Springfield. There are similar grounds in Iowa, Minnesota, and other Western States.

During a week spent at one of these fairs, I was in the habit of going to the fair-grounds in the morning before the show had begun. If you go early enough, you will have the stand almost to yourself, and you may sit in the shade and see the horses worked. There will be, perhaps, a dozen of them being jogged. You will see their legs wink around the track, and hear the beat of their hoofs, thump, thump, thump (how can legs and feet stand it!), as their feet strike the hard, smooth roadbed. You think you could close your eyes and tell the pacers from the trotters by the sound of their hoofs, in which you would probably be mistaken. It is not altogether easy at times to tell pacers from trotters with your eyes

open. This may be so even when the horse is right in front of you; at the distance of a half mile it is quite impossible to tell the difference. Indeed the difference is less marked than used to be supposed. The pacers and trotters are all from trotting stock, the pacing habit, however, being stronger in certain families than in others. The trait is constantly coming out in unexpected ways. In Iowa I saw a pacing-colt out of a trotting-mare, and by a trotting-horse, and he was the fifth pacing-colt that this mare had dropped, all by trotting-horses. I saw him a few hours after he was foaled. I clapped my hands and ran after him, and, in what were probably the first steps of his earthly pilgrimage taken out of a walk, he broke into a pace. The trotting instinct is just as decided and original. If you run after a trotting-colt, he may break into a canter to get away from you, but, if you still pursue him, he will, to increase his speed, go from a canter into a trot. How close is the relation between the two gaits is shown by the fact that most trotters pace and most pacers trot. You will notice on the track that pacers, when they go slow, trot, and trotters, when they go slow, pace.

The whole question between trotters and pacers is very interesting. I suppose there is no doubt which is the handsomer gait. But pacing has its advantages. It is easier for the animal. It is sometimes said that pacing is the device of short-bodied horses to prevent interfering. A pacer advances both legs on the same side at once, so that his fore leg is out of the way when he advances his hind leg. A trotter does just the reverse. He advances at the same time the fore and hind legs on different sides, so that his fore leg may be in the way when he advances his

hind leg. But I do not see that pacers are shorter bodied than trotters. A short-bodied horse, when trotting, is likely to avoid interfering by resorting to the ugly device of going wide behind. My belief is that pacing is the expedient of the animal to lessen the shock of the resistance of the hard ground as he increases his speed. As a matter of fact pacing is not so hard on horses as trotting. I said to a blacksmith in a Western town, a devout man whose prayers and exhortations I had heard at the village prayer-meeting and in whose hospitable smithy cooled by some umbrageous maples, I loved to pass the morning hours; a very nice fellow, from whom I thought I got the real truth a little straighter than from anyone else in the neighborhood: "Now this is a great country for harness-horses, and you shoe most of the horses about here and ought to know their feet better than anyone else, which do you say last the longest, the feet of the trotters or the pacers?" He said, "Undoubtedly, the pacers."

The pacing habit is common among animals. Many animals pace or at any rate hit the ground side-wise—cattle, for instance; and, among dogs, setters. I think you will observe that a woman, when running for a street-car, usually paces, although this is probably due to a sense that it is the more feminine and modest method of progression. I believe pacing to be a rather more natural gait than trotting. Trotting, as it exists in our fast horses, is scarcely a natural gait, but is rather the result of breeding and education. Trotting is fast walking, and it is not natural that a horse should walk at the rate of a mile in two minutes and some seconds. The natural change, when increasing speed, is to a run, the next

most natural to a pace. The fact that, among all horses except trotters, the record is held by stallions, whereas among trotters, until recently, it has been always held by mares or geldings, is an indication that the gait is artificial. (I mean speedy trotting, of course.)

I heard a story of what you would call a natural pacer from a young man sitting by me in the stand one morning. This horse, when he broke, would go from a pace into a gallop, but, when he ran away, he would go from a gallop into a pace, and would pace over everything, over the tops of fences, taking the sulky with him. It is pleasant to hear a yarn like this on a bright morning from a chance companion, a sociable and apparently truthful fellow—the horses meantime jogging back and forth in front of you. There is a good deal of such exchange of criticism and anecdote among the experts sitting together, stop-watches in hand, to whom the history of the horses is known.

Let me say here that trotting, whether natural or not, is certainly beautiful, and that the trotting-turf is worthy of preservation and encouragement, as the fly-wheel in which is stored up, to be dealt out as needed, the fine trotting action of our steppers.

Later in the morning the judging begins; and then is done much of the less popular, but still, very important and scientific judging, such as the judging of sheep, cattle, and other animals for breeding purposes. There are in a class three or four big bulls, very stately and handsome, and looking extremely bored. "Do you know anything about cattle?" I said to one of the most noted horsemen in the country, who was standing by. He said: "Nothing what-

ever," and no doubt he thought so. But presently I heard him say, contemptuously and with some feeling: "That bull has a very common face." The incident illustrated the closeness of stockmen to animal life, which is so novel and pleasing to men from town.

The judging of trotting-horses and the trotting and pacing races are reserved for the afternoon, when the crowd comes. Ordinarily not much is made of saddle-horses at Western fairs. But about a dozen Kentucky and Missouri horses had been brought here, and at the saddle-horse competition in the afternoon three or four good ones appeared and a half-dozen tolerable ones. The three or four good ones were much of a kind, and one was put to one's trumps to make up one's mind among them. The little bay was the best, and next to him the chestnut; and yet you were a little perplexed, not quite sure, and you probed the depths of your consciousness in search of the nicest and most exact justice.

But what is this approaching, quite ten minutes late?—a black stallion, head up and ambling forward in a leisurely manner and with reprehensible swagger and an expression of laying out the whole field. It is the famous Rex McDonald. No need now to probe the depths of your consciousness, for by the vote of every man, woman, and child in the multitude looking on, the blue ribbon must go to him.

Later in the afternoon the crowds increase, the grand stand becomes a dense mass of people, and there are crowds of people everywhere about the grounds. To save time the various races are run together. After the first heat of a trotting-race has been run, and while the trotters, having been rubbed

down and blanketed, are being led to cool off, the first heat of a pacing-race is run. An odd five minutes between races is utilized to give a bay trotting-stallion a chance to make a record. If he can do the mile in 2.30, it is a great thing for Flanagan II., the horse in question—much too handsome a creature, by the way, to wear such a name. Few people pay attention to this; the crowd regards it as a kind of recess; but it is very amusing to me. Can he do it? He makes his way around the mile, doing pretty well, you think. If you have no stop-watch, or are not skilful in the use of one, you must wait for the result from the judges' stand. He has missed it. From the stand are displayed the figures 2.31½. But he will have a chance later on. After another pacing heat, the bay again appears. This time he has it. The judges hang out 2.29¼.

I could get a better view of the more important judging and racing by going down to the judges' stand, to the neighborhood of which my press badge admitted me. I sat down on the steps leading up to the stand, by two little bare-footed boys, without jackets, and with one suspender each, who had got there in some way known to themselves, and were trusting to their insignificance to be allowed to remain, and to that gift of invisibility which the small boy, himself all eyes and ears, shares with the divinities of Homeric story when they mix themselves up in human actions. But presently one of the starters spied them. I don't mean the chief man who does the starting, the big, handsome, ruddy-visaged old man, with the stentor voice, who, with his hand on the bell, shouts to the crowd of rushing chariot-eers, each trying to get some unfair advantage:

“Keep back that pole horse; if you gentlemen don’t stop that, I’ll fine you twenty-five dollars.” (This is not at all an empty threat; he will do it, and much more, if he is sufficiently provoked.) It was not he, but one of his assistants who caught sight of the boys, and drove them off with the words: “The next thing you boys’ll be wanting to keep time.” The cruel sarcasm sped after the little retreating figures. You could see the blighting effects of the taunt in their ragged backs and dirty little heels, as they moved away. They to keep time!

There were sixty thousand people there the afternoon Star Pointer and Joe Patchen paced. The entrance-fee was fifty cents, so that the fair could well afford to pay the owners of these horses four thousand dollars for a single race. They got this besides the stake. I saw the horses worked around the track in the morning. I think I never got from any horse such an impression of leonine power as from Joe Patchen, when he was ambling before the sulky at five miles an hour. I saw the first two heats from the stand, and, after the second heat, crossed over into the enclosure which the track surrounds, where they were rubbing down the horses. To see a trotter rubbed down after a race is of the nature of a moral Turkish bath to the observer. The combination of sun heat and animal heat is very strong; the heat of the animal sensibly raises the temperature in the immediate neighborhood of the horse. Under the fine dripping coat, from which the groom tosses off the perspiration with a scraper, the network of veins distends. Those upon the small, bony head are fullest, the refined face wet and black with sweat, and the large, melancholy eye rolling with the luxury of

the rubbing. A certain pride is noticeable in the group standing about, a sense that this is a significant and important occasion. "That is Star Pointer," is the thought of each of the little crowd of touts, small boys, darkies, and tramps looking on.

Leaving Star Pointer in the hands of the rubbers, I crossed to the side of the track opposite the stand, where John Hughes's saddle-horses were stabled. Hughes brought out Rex McDonald for me to see—Hughes himself, a fine example of what blue-grass Kentucky can do in the way of raising men. He stood there, tall, deep-chested, and broad-shouldered, his chest the broader for the great expanse of shirt-front, in the middle of which was a gigantic diamond pin that made one think of the big Kentucky prices. Rex McDonald is a singularly beautiful horse. He is thick in the shoulder, being in this respect like his father, Black Squirrel, which great horse the Garrett boys showed me in Kentucky when I was there just before his death. I suppose they called him Black Squirrel because of the high tail he carried. Rex McDonald has the light Kentucky cannon-bone, of which one can only say that one could wish it were heavier, and yet that it does not seem to matter very much. I was sorry, however, that I could not convince myself that he was able to trot squarely. Nor could one of the eleven gaited horses trot quite true and square.

I should add, however, that I was somewhat unfortunate in this experience. I have seen Kentucky horses and, for that matter, gaited horses from various parts of the country, that were good single-footers, and could also trot square. Lou Chief is such an animal. She will rack up the street, and turn



round, and trot back perfectly square. The ability to do this I have always found rare, and have accepted it as an indication of great natural cleverness in the horse. But I have, of late, seen reason to modify my notions upon this subject. My view used to be that, while there could be no objection to teaching a horse to singlefoot if it did not spoil his trot, as a matter of fact it *did* almost always spoil his trot, and that it was, therefore, best not to teach it. But I have, of late, been surprised to see many horses that could both singlefoot and trot. Now, if we can have singlefoot without spoiling the trot, it is certainly desirable to have it. The habit of riding continually at a trot is hard upon horses' feet, legs, and shoulders. It is better to vary the trot with a canter, and still further with singlefooting. Whether singlefooting is easier upon horses than trotting, as pacing is, I am not sure, but I am inclined to think it is. In a singlefoot there is the same lateral contact with the ground as in a pace. It is hard to tell, by watching him, what a singlefooter does with his feet; if you attempt it, you will probably end by looking in the dictionary. [How the dictionary man found it out is none of your business.] It is, of course, a highly artificial gait. As for the comfort of it, I have known some singlefooters in whom the gait was a lullaby.

As we stood there a colored man from Missouri rode by on a stallion that had been shown that afternoon. I said: "That Missouri horse ought to have got something." Hughes answered, with that rough and friendly tone of Kentucky banter: "Why, man, where are your eyes; look at his hocks!" They were a little rough. We were standing by Rex McDonald, discussing him and his history, when Star

Pointer and Joe Patchen were seen approaching in the third and final heat. They thundered past us about twenty feet away. The young reporters spoke of Star Pointer as moving like a lion, in which they were wide of the mark. A pacer may rarely be said to go like a lion, pacing being a less animated gait than trotting. I noticed, as he went by, that Star Pointer's action was particularly placid. He moved with the equanimity of a fish paddling with its fins in clear, still water. But he did that heat in two minutes.

The very hot weather that prevailed at the fair may have helped these horses to make this low record. The fair was held early in October, but the weather was as hot as August, quite 90 degrees in the shade. There had been a drought that had lasted for weeks, months even. As you drove about the country, you could hardly see the land for the dust. The corn-fields were burnt up, and even the woods parched in their inmost recesses. Everywhere there was the utmost vegetable disarray and confusion. Ceres stood in tatters in the cornfields. The red and yellow apples shone like flames amid the sun-dried foliage of the orchards and lay thick upon the ground. The pumpkins were heaped up or rolled about the fields, and the almost naked corn-stalks, upon which a few dry blades rattled in the dust-laden wind, held up their burden of ripe ears. And yet, hot and arid as it was, you had a sense of great agricultural wealth. The heat, of which the oldest inhabitant did not remember the like, seemed unnatural and unprecedented. My notion was that the chariot of the Sun-god had veered from his course, and passed nearer our planet, burning up the fields and wood-

lands and, from his heaped-up cornucopia, scattering the earth with litter and largess of autumn fruitfulness. For some reason the old classical fables were always in my head. I fancied that the divinities of the ancient world, which were after all borrowed by the Romans from the Greeks, had found in this stretch of flat prairie a most appropriate theatre for their activities. In particular the old myth of Proserpine and the struggle between the powers of the upper and the lower worlds became very real to me. I never saw the struggle so fierce before. Ordinary autumn warm weather is even more suggestive of the end of the summer than cold winds and rain are. You walk out under the trees of a warm autumn afternoon, the atmosphere a golden fluid, perfectly still. The maple leaves, of a pale and dying verdure, scarcely stir. There is no air to move even the spider-woven film that depends from the branches. The whole scene, of a sicklied yellow, reminds one of some fruit, fair and ripe at the rind, but with disease and death at the core. The hot weather of those October days was not at all of this feeble and apologetic character. I thought rather that the powers of life had sent a fiery challenge to Pluto, deep under his crust of twelve-foot thick black prairie; that there would be no more winter; that this time the daughter of Ceres would not be given back—for Proserpine, long due in the underworld, still wandered among the corn-shucks and pumpkin-vines of Sangamon and Cass Counties.

I thought I could see the results of the agricultural wealth of the country in the looks of the people. The rich soil had brought prosperity and with it good food and lodging, which are causes of beauty

in human beings as in other animals. The average of good looks, both among men and women, impressed me as very high, and I saw many beautiful children. I had one opportunity of making a somewhat closer acquaintance with the people than would usually fall to the lot of a stranger. It was my habit to spend the whole day at the fair-grounds, coming early and staying till night. It was, therefore, necessary for me to dine there, and the moving about among the live stock made one hungry by noon. Most of the stands offered food of an untidy appearance. But I saw, nailed up on a tree, a notice that the ladies of the First Methodist Church would, for fifty cents, give a dinner at the south end of the Steam Plough exhibit. Now, I was brought up in that denomination and I am not without my denominational preferences and sympathies, and I had an instinct that the proposition of the ladies of the First Methodist Church was one to close with. I walked through an interminable collection of agricultural machinery, at the end of which I found the pavilion in which the dinner was given. At the door there sat the figure of a large and statuesque young woman with a handsome and benignant countenance, her lap full of silver dollars and half dollars. What, I thought, some more mythology! Is this Fortune? Are you Plenty? She looked precisely as if taken from a book of classical woodcuts. The countenance was handsome enough and the figure noble enough for one of the lady deities of Olympus, but she wore upon her lips an expression of benignity, to find the like of which you must go to the canvases of Christian art. I take it that those Olympian ladies were very well as long as you pleased them,

but they had a rough side and could, upon occasion, be most unkind; witness the treatment of Paris by Juno and of Adonis by Venus—egotistical actions, unrestrained by a sentiment of pity or considerations of abstract justice, which would now receive the severe condemnation, not only of the graduates of Girton and Wellesley and other representatives of the higher education, but of every tea-table throughout the Christian world. For, say what you will, since our era, woman, from her background of hope, innocence, and an instructed ethical sense (these qualities gathering force and refinement through the ages), has looked upon mankind with an exquisite natural kindness, a radiant innate joy and keen, fine light of the intelligence and the affections not to be found in quite the same kind and degree among the women of the heathen world, so vaunted by artists and poets. So much I thought I discerned in the countenance of the young woman who was the doorkeeper of the truly benevolent institution with which I now made acquaintance. But to what flight of the fancy is a hungry man not equal who sees around him indications that he is about to have a good dinner? The table-cloth was spotless and the plates and glasses clean. The food, I found upon nearer acquaintance, very clean and Christian, and with a flavor of domesticity. The chicken and vegetables were good, and the ice-cream grateful in the terrific weather. We were waited upon by some half-dozen young ladies who, as they handed you these excellent dishes, beamed upon you and kept on beaming, their voices in the meantime very charming with their invitations and excuses.

It is unusual to find so many saddle-horses at a

Western fair as there were here. You find them at the fairs in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri. In Indiana, Illinois, or Iowa you would ordinarily see but few of them. These would be from the trotting stock of the country. In Kentucky they get many saddle-horses from this stock, and there is no reason why this should not be done in other parts. Among trotters anywhere you will see from time to time an animal with the neck and shoulders of a saddle-horse, and the right kind of hock action. You can make a good saddle-horse out of such an animal, although I am told by breeders and trainers that it takes somewhat longer to do this than with the regular saddle-bred Denmark horse or with thoroughbreds. Of course, thoroughbreds anywhere can be made into saddle-horses. There are a certain number of thoroughbred stallions scattered throughout the Western country, and from one of their colts you may now and then get a good saddle-horse. I saw in Iowa a singularly interesting example of this kind of horse. He was that rare combination—a thoroughbred head and neck set upon a body of extra substance. Old English prints constantly represent this horse; they show him as a hunter and as a harness-horse. The walls of stables are covered with representations of him. Of course, you may have as many pictures of him as you like, but of the animal himself you will not see one in ten thousand. The horse at this fair was as good a specimen of the type as I have seen in this country or in England, and good enough to be in a picture. He had the long, tapering neck of a thoroughbred, with that little bend near the head, and was beautifully cut out in the throat. He was very handsomely marked be-

sides—a red chestnut, with four white stockings up to his knees. The prejudice against white feet, by the way, is now a thing of the past. It is well it is so, as there are so many white feet. Lincoln said, “I believe that God must have liked plain people or He would not have made so many of them.” One cannot help thinking that God must like white feet on horses, or He would not have made so many of them. Some clever person should, before this, have explained the reason of the prevalence of this marking; just as the reason of the white tips on dogs’ tails has been explained to be that the dogs, when in a wild state and members of a pack, might signal to one another over the top of the tall grass. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt tells me that the Arabs admired white markings, and bred for them, which is a perfect explanation. Modern taste has accepted the marking as good for purposes of decoration, certainly in the case of chestnut horses. There is an agreement between white and chestnut, either red or dark (liver-colored). Anyone must have been pleased by the association of white with liver-color or chocolate on the back of a pointer dog. The combination of these colors on horses is just as good, and the combination of white with red chestnut, or even sorrel, is still more brilliant.

As a rule, however, harness-horses rather than saddle-horses are to be found at these fairs. The horses most in evidence are, of course, the speed horses entered in the trotting and pacing races. Besides them there are the horses for breeding purposes, the trotting, hackney, and French coach stallions and the brood mares, with their colts. But there are also a limited number of horses ready

for market, coach and carriage horses, horses for dogcarts, etc. There are not many such, as the purpose of these fairs is different from that of a horse-show; but the few there are you see under natural and attractive conditions.

I saw the black mare, South Africa, at one of these fairs, her great attraction being the buoyant strength and momentum with which she moved. She took many prizes throughout the West last summer. The first time I saw her was one afternoon on the track at the fair-grounds at Toronto, which are beautifully situated on the shore of Lake Ontario. It was about four o'clock, and the sun was shining. I was looking over the track, out toward the water, which was blue, but not with the bold, salt blue of the ocean. In the place of this, the lake had a color the like of which I might have expected to see on a vase or jar, but not on water. The blue of the ocean was dulled or clouded to a delicious hue, of a kind to baffle the imagination and elude the memory of the poet and to vex, with its exquisite precision, the emulous soul of the painter. A big schooner was moving upon the water, the sun glistening upon the bellying sails, as if upon cumulus cloud, the swelling canvas, of a fairy grace and lightness, flung to the midsummer zephyrs—the whole white mass of piled-up sail sliding along this plain of blue china. The black mare was moving between me and this scene. But better still I saw her the next morning, when the lake was flashing under the sun and had the freshness and freedom of that part of the day. She was descending a slight declivity—the tan-bark rings of indoor horse-shows have no declivities—with an abundant and steady force and



that ease which is the condition of all beauty in action.

This mare was hackney bred, by the way, and she had unusual speed for an animal of that breeding. There has been of late years a good deal of talk against hackneys. But there is a place for these horses. It is said that they have not the force and courage of trotters. That may be, but for that reason they may suit people who wish especially to have safe and quiet horses. An Englishman, who has been a great exhibitor of show horses in this country, and who began with a natural preference for hackneys, told me that he now preferred trotters. As showing the superiority in courage of trotters, he said that, when his trotters were lying down in the stall, he could get them up with a word, but that he had to take a whip to get the hackneys up. I don't see that that objection would be serious to people anxious to have safe horses, which are at the same time strong, handsome, and have good action, qualities which hackneys certainly have. A breeder of hackneys to whom I mentioned this incident said: "What nonsense that is!" And he added: "Of course hackneys have not great speed, but they can go as fast as carriage-horses ought to go." He made this further claim for hackneys, that he could win in the show-ring with a mare or gelding of hackney breeding, while nearly all the trotting-bred prize-winners are stags—that is, animals kept as stallions long enough to get the crest of a stallion. I believe it is true that most trotting-bred prize-winners are stags, and that hackney mares sometimes win, as was the case with this black mare at Toronto, which also took first prize at the Syracuse State Fair.

This mare was brought to the last New York horse-show, and got nothing but the gate. She was not fine enough in the head and neck, and was too short in the neck, I suppose. I dare say the judges were quite right. They must act upon certain accepted principles. And yet these rule-of-thumb verdicts are not always consistent with the most ideal and delicate justice.

A horse-show verdict is obtained in this way, and it is, perhaps, the only way possible: You reduce conformation, manners, and action to their simplest terms, add, subtract, divide, and so on, and thus get a result. But can a very beautiful quality be always truly judged in this way? Is there a least common denominator for the ultimate graces of motion or of outline? The attraction of the animal of which I have been speaking was her rhythmical and buoyant way of moving. You cannot subtract apples from oranges; nor can you subtract action, such action as hers at any rate, from conformation. I own, however, that she did not move in the Garden as she did when I saw her at Toronto. There was not room for her to get the swing and freedom of her step.

In speaking of the prairie country I have, perhaps, given the idea of a vast level manufactory of food for men and horses. But prairie scenery is not always of this character. One afternoon I passed, in the train, over the country between Chicago and the Mississippi. That is what is called a rolling country, and hills usually limit a country. But it is not so in that region, for the landscape is always broad and spacious. It is what I should call a swelling country. From the point at which you are,

it appears to rise in all directions to its limits, which are very remote. All the way across the country the scenery is of the same stately kind. The sustained and equal character of it is itself a source of pleasure. For six hours the panorama was unrolled and moved past me with an unceasing pomp and grandeur, most comfortable to the passive eye and mind—the distant hills, crowned with clumps of neat woodland, having a slowness of motion that was noble and imposing. During the whole afternoon I was in a pleasant trance, nor was the charm broken throughout the journey. On either side of the railroad there were vast cornfields. The corn that year had been unusually fine, and the time was mid-August, when this crop is most luxuriant. The eye was never tired of the profusion of dark green blades, nor of the graceful sweep of the curves, in which the corn dips and rises as it follows the lay of the ground. I long tried to find the color of the tasselled sheen upon the surface of the corn. It was just after sunset when we crossed the Mississippi. The sun had dropped behind some dark green hills to the west of the river, and had left upon their crests a beacon of clean, red flame, enriching the dark verdure of the hillsides. The river itself, I found, had not the doleful sublimity it has farther South, but rather the limpid and gentle character of Northern streams in summer.

## IMPRESSIONS OF LINCOLN

SOME years ago I went to the State Fair at Springfield, Ill. The object of my visit was to see the horses there, and I wrote an account of them for a magazine. But while there I became more than ever interested in another subject. Lincoln is the most representative and characteristic of American great men. In no other man does the national character see itself so illustrated and dignified. The description of his mind and nature will always be an inviting task to the American. I do not doubt that in the future every artist, every poet, every critic, will wish to try his hand at him. I became possessed of a strong desire to try mine.

Certainly the visitor to Springfield does not forget that he lived there. Wherever I went I could feel the presence of that mighty and kindly shade, which seemed to stand in the midst of the flat country, like some colossal monument visible everywhere. The character of the country itself, it seemed to me, was appropriate to Lincoln. His people had come westward over the Virginia and Kentucky mountains, and after various sojournings in Kentucky and Indiana, had found their way to this region. The migration was a fortunate one. This prairie country, less fitted to please poets and artists than to breed and raise men, was a more appropriate home for him than any mountain region with hills too steep for the plough would have been. His genius was nourished by the rude plenty and success of the new

country. The contagious well-being and happiness of the thrifty, money-producing neighborhood were good for him. The power and audacity of his humor, that humor, which had something of the reckless wealth of the prairie vegetation, I thought, was in some degree the result of a bringing up among a successful and a happy people.

Then for his education in knowledge of men and in the acquisition of skill in their control, the society that occupied as much of level country as could be seen from the court-house cupola was sufficient. What better training as an observer and leader of men and as a politician could he have had than was afforded him by his daily business of advising farmers who came to consult with him about their affairs and of dealing with and handling juries. Men are much the same everywhere and may be learned as well in one place as another. Young men are apt to think that knowing men means wide travel or knowing celebrated people or people who are in the newspapers; whereas some old rustic, who has rarely been out of sight of his own village, may know men far better than much travelled people or so-called men of the world, because he has the head and the eyes for the study.

I tried to learn something from the older people of Lincoln in his everyday life in Springfield. But I heard only this at first hand. A lawyer, who had been as a young man in Lincoln's office, said to me: "Old man Lincoln thought a good deal of money. When we were on a case together and the jury were out and the client in court, Lincoln would say: 'You had better try and get your money now. If the jury comes in with a verdict for him, you won't get any-

thing.” This, as he said, was “fatherly” on the part of Lincoln. He did not wish the youngster to lose his money.

This country had another celebrated man, who was very unlike Lincoln, the type, indeed, of men who are just the reverse of him. It is odd that these two men should have come from the same neighborhood, one the most constructive and beneficent of American statesmen, the other the man who, whether from blindness and want of foresight or because he preferred his own ambitions to the interests of his country, did more harm than any other man who ever lived in the country. When I was a boy at school in Washington, I often saw Stephen A. Douglas. He was a very short man, almost a dwarf. But he had more presence in his five feet one than Lincoln had in his six feet four. At least that was my boyish impression. It is perhaps true that men of his kind are more likely to have this gift than men of observation and humor like Lincoln, who are made to see rather than be seen; men like Douglas have it, as the unconscious powers of nature have it, as strong animals, such as lions and bulls, have it. He was at that day the most talked of candidate for President, but there were people who said he would never be President because his coat-tails were too near the ground. His diminutiveness, however, was chiefly in stature, due to the shortness of his legs. His shoulders were broad and his chest deep. Above a short neck was set a noble head and powerful countenance, the strong features corrugated with thought and force of character. His whole bearing showed the custom of command and of a universally conceded kingship. He had the negligent ease of

manner to be observed in men to whom such a position is allowed. "Easy as an old shoe" I have heard a woman who knew him describe him—a quality, by the way, especially agreeable to women, who are pleased by implied, rather than expressed, strength in men.

I say he was a type of that class of men and politicians who are the reverse of the far rarer type to which Lincoln belonged. He was a man of the moment, of expedients, half-truths—lies, if you like to express it extremely. I have heard him in the Senate Chamber fib by the hour with vigor and eloquence. It was when he was spreading his sails to win the Southern favor, which he had lost by his opposition to the Lecompton Constitution.

If Douglas was a type of men who speak with reference to the situation rather than with an eye upon the truth, Lincoln was one of the kind of men who necessarily speak the truth. That he was very truthful has been widely remarked of him. For one thing, he was a man of genius, and men of genius are apt to speak the truth; this because of their greater mental fineness, and because they see the truth clearly. Not only are they apt to speak the truth, but they are inept at telling lies—that is, they usually are. Then Lincoln belonged to the class of humorists, and they are, I fancy, the least skilful of all liars. The manner of the humorist is to compare the motions of his own mind with a standard of truth and right; the staple of his humor is largely a sense of the discrepancy between these detected motions and truth. He is thus always watching himself, and is the last man to be deceived as to the real nature of the processes of his mind, and to be-

come one of the scarcely conscious speakers of falsehood. Lying is a gift. The Pathfinder says to the young man in Cooper's novel, speaking upon the subject of falsehoods: "I know your gifts don't lie that away." Lincoln's gifts did not lie that way. It is told of him in Nicolay and Hay's "Life" that he was engaged with a Judge Parks as counsel for a man accused of larceny, whom he believed guilty. He said to Judge Parks: "If you can say anything for the man, do it; if I attempt it, the jury will see that I think he is guilty and convict him." It was Lincoln's good fortune that the gift he had suited his time. It was the day of truth. In our ordinary work-a-day world the half-truths, the evasions, for the most part have it, and it is perhaps right that it should be so. But the period of 1855-1865 was an exception.

One other relation Lincoln had with truth. Any one must observe the good taste with which he spoke. It was because he had such a mind for truth that he spoke so. An education is spoken of as "liberal," I suppose, because it affords its possessor a liberation from the illusions and misconceptions of uneducated men. In Lincoln's case it was the truth that accomplished what Greek and Latin do for other men. It was the truth that made him free. Truth was the thread of Theseus, by holding to which he found his way with sureness and safety through those labyrinths of misconception and vulgarity in which the unlearned are so often lost. If you would see in what bad taste and with what misconception an uneducated man of genius can write, read some of the prose writing of Burns. Lincoln having such a mind as he had, was it necessary that he should know Greek



and Latin before he should be able to express correctly what he saw in mankind and human life? "Come," I have fancied such a person saying to him from Oxford, "you have three words to one of mine. Yes, and you have culture, which must be a fine thing, and I recognize that your words have a grace and finish, as if breathed upon by influences from an enchanted past that is strange to me; but shall you therefore see life and man more strongly than I, or express the truth more closely than I can do in that vernacular which I have learned from a child?"

He is universally recognized as very American. I remember that Mr. James Bryce in his book on this country has picked out two qualities as especially American. He says that no people abhor cruelty as the Americans do, and that in no other country is the sense of humor so widespread. Both of these qualities Lincoln had very strongly. Everyone knows how merciful he was. Spies and deserters were continually being sentenced to death. His sense of duty compelled him in some cases to let these sentences stand, but he was always reluctant to do so. He got out of it where he could. It is probable that he did not have the mighty faith in the efficacy of hemp and lead that a professional soldier has. But of course the real cause was the mercifulness of his heart. There are on record innumerable illustrations of this quality of his. The following is an incident of which I had personal knowledge.

During the Christmas vacation of the last winter of the war I had an opportunity to go to the front for the Christian Commission. I had thus a chance to visit City Point. While there, one Sunday evening in a restaurant, I heard a chaplain relate this

incident. He was a red-headed little man, of a sanguine complexion, very vulgar, but evidently with a good heart and a great deal of vigor and full of red blood. Two young men in his regiment, who were deserters, were to be shot. On the day before that set for the execution, he went to Washington to try to save the lives of these men. Lincoln was standing in his office, surrounded by people, and very busy. The chaplain got a place in the crowd about Lincoln. An attendant presently came in and said to Lincoln, "The mother of one of those men who are to be shot to-morrow is outside." Lincoln cried out angrily, "There is no use of her coming here crying about me. I can't do anything for her." The chaplain here stepped forward and said, "I have come here about those men." He said they were very young men. "Well," said Lincoln, "suppose they were old men, with families to support, would that make it any better?" But the chaplain said that he did not ask for the men's lives on the ground of reason and justice. "I put it on the ground of mercy," he said, and he exhorted the President with a fervor practiced in addressing innumerable religious bodies, and which, because it came right from the heart, I could see must have been most effective. Presently Lincoln, his feelings in the meanwhile, as the man could see, working strongly within him, called out, "Orderly, telegraph General ——— to stop that execution until he hears from me." The men were not shot.

Theoretically I don't suppose such action as this can be justified. He ought to have given the man an emphatic refusal, and that is what almost any good man of business would have done. But that he

found it so difficult to do this is a characteristic of Lincoln which must always endear him to the hearts of the people. His chief motive, as has been said, was his natural mercifulness. But he doubted the wisdom of the policy of severity in favor with military men. He probably thought it another sort of red tape. Once they arranged to shoot twenty deserters at one time. Very red tape that would have been. A general went to Washington to make a vigorous protest to Lincoln against his expected interference. "It is no use, general," said Lincoln, "I won't do it." Lincoln was as wise as he was humane in refusing to consent to such a proceeding. The effect on enlistments would surely have been unfavorable. It would have helped resistance to the draft. The President, of course, had to see over the whole field. The general was thinking only of the effect on the army. But even there it is questionable whether the effect would have been good. It would have been of the nature of an insult to the honest private soldier, who was, after all, doing the whole thing, to intimate to him that he was in need of such a drastic reminder of his duty. Lincoln believed that kindness and forbearance would be more efficacious.

Humor is the other American characteristic which Mr. Bryce fixes upon, and it was one of Lincoln's marked traits. He is the most humorous figure in our history. None of our great political men before him, with the exception of Franklin, have been remarkable for this quality. It is not a quality you expect to find in a statesman, although some of the very great men, like Cromwell and Frederick, have had it. Humor, certainly of the kind his was, is not favorable to greatness in action. In many cases it

affects the strength of will of men. It is very apt to weaken ambition in men. On the other hand, the want of it often seems to increase their force and efficiency. It was so in the case of Sumner, no doubt. Anyone must have noticed, for instance, that sentimental people are apt to have strong wills. The fact that Lincoln's possession of this quality in no way affected the serious strength of his character or his vigor as a man of action is an indication of his greatness.

A humorist he certainly was. Upon the question of just how good he was in that way men will differ. Our national pride might lead us to wish to put him as a great humorous hero by the side of Swift. I doubt whether we can do that on the strength of such well-authenticated specimens of his humor as are recorded. They are good, no doubt, but scarcely so good as those ancient favorites "Dearly Beloved Roger" or the story of the "Meditation on a Broomstick." Regarding the most widely quoted of the jokes attributed to him, that he proposed to send a barrel of the whiskey drunk by General Grant to every general in the army, which Mr. Brooks claims for him, an old friend of mine, the late Moses F. Odell, once asked Lincoln if this joke was his. "No," he said, "that is too good for me." It is what I should have expected. The best things are usually anonymous. This particular joke dates from much before Lincoln's day.

But there are plenty of good things that are Lincoln's, of which the following are perhaps as good as any. Ben Wade was one of Lincoln's many "candid friends." The only one of these, however, whom Lincoln really minded, was, I believe, Sumner.

It is natural for a man of genius to dislike a fanatic. Men of genius have a natural intuitive moderation and common sense something like that which women have, and it is a quality which women have, the wild behavior of certain English ladies to the contrary notwithstanding. Ben Wade once said to him: "Mr. President, I have come to tell you that your government is going straight to hell; you're within a mile of it now!" "Well, Senator," said Lincoln, "I believe that is about the distance from here to the Capitol." A well-known writer relates that when a boy he attended a reception given to Lincoln near the close of the war at the Union League Club in Philadelphia. A line of people was passing Lincoln and shaking his hand. Just ahead of the youth was a well-known local bore, who, of course, had to take advantage of the occasion to make something like a speech. He said: "I am glad to take the hand of the man who, with the help of Almighty God, put down this unholy rebellion." Lincoln twiggged his man in a minute. "You're half right, sir," said he; "you're half right. Pass on, sir; please don't keep the line waiting."

The following may not be worth telling where there are so many better things about him to be had, but it comes to me at first hand and it shows his accessibility and friendliness and that humorous disposition which was always near at hand with him. A tax had been levied on oxen. An owner of a pair came to Lincoln, who had more on his shoulders than any other man in the world, to see if he would not help him to get rid of the tax. Lincoln knew the man, and remembered the oxen, and said, "Are those the oxen I see standing at the corner when-

ever I go to the Treasury? I never saw them move. Maybe they're not movable property. Perhaps we may get them put down as real estate." In this incident Lincoln appears in a patriarchal character, which was certainly his, reminding us of an Oriental prince seated at the gate of his palace, or rather of the representation of one in a comic opera.

If this and many of the things recorded of him do not seem remarkable in themselves and when looked at separately from him, I may say, that, like so many of the utterances and the actions of the great, they resemble sea-water, which is colorless when held up in a glass, but is blue when seen in the vast ocean.

We only know of the humor of Lincoln as a man of mature years. I should have liked to hear him when he was young, careless, and obscure, as Senator McDougall heard him, on the back porch of a prairie hotel in Illinois. The incident is related to me by a gentleman who vouches for the truth of it. I give it in his words. He tells the story as illustrating the union in Lincoln of a wild mirth with his well-known constitutional melancholy.

"When Senator McDougall, of California, was a young lawyer in Troy, N. Y., he was sent to attend to a suit in Illinois. He arrived at the country town late in the afternoon, and after supper listened for an hour to Western stories told by a tall young man to a group of idlers on the porch, which elicited shouts of laughter, in which the narrator loudly joined. McDougall went to bed in a double-bedded room, and, when the occupant of the other bed appeared, it proved to be the tall young man, Lincoln, who took a seat on the side of McDougall's bed and asked questions, which were an-

swered in a cheerful tone. Lincoln then told his own life history. He had tried farming, log-rolling, boating, and finally practicing law, but all had been failures. He thought that the Lord was against him. McDougall said he talked like one on the verge of suicide, and it seemed hardly possible that it was the same man who an hour before had laughed so boisterously at his own jokes."

Another American characteristic that Lincoln had was a keenness of direct perception. He was a man of intuitions and direct perceptions. This is an American characteristic. A keen, attentive way of looking out is, I think, an American quality.

He was an American also in appearance, of the tall, lean type which is supposed to belong to this country. It is often said that the American type of face and figure is getting to resemble that of an Indian. It is reasonable to expect that it will be so more and more, the Indian being the natural result of the physical conditions of this country. I for one do not regret this, for that race is physically a fine one. They have not only strong physiques, but strong countenances as well. Nowhere do you see more powerful features—features that show more natural strength, physical, and in a sense moral—than among the best specimens of the Indian race. Lincoln's face and figure were not unlike this type. He was very dark and he had the high cheek-bones of an Indian, and in some degree an Indian cast of features.

The man with whom his name is constantly mentioned, and with whom it is natural to compare him, is Washington. It is surely remarkable that we should have had in our short history two such characters. In a thousand years England has had only

one, Alfred, and he is almost legendary. Washington was, of course, a man of much less salient characteristics than Lincoln. The young Chastellux found his distinction to be in the harmonious blending of his characteristics, rather than in the existence of marked special qualities.

It is not difficult to guess which of the two men, Washington or Lincoln, will be the greater favorite with women. How Mrs. Abigail Adams, with her artless eighteenth-century vivacity, expresses the admiration with which she saw Washington review the troops at Cambridge! At a dinner which Washington gave shortly before retiring from the presidency, when he arose and spoke of his approaching retirement, the British minister's wife, who was present, burst into tears. Another lady, a very attractive young woman, a Miss Greene, who has left an account of her first meeting with Washington, has told us that she wept upon this occasion. One wonders just how agreeable this could have been to Mrs. Washington, who was present. Washington had beauty, and had besides the gift of looking great. Of this gift of making a fine public appearance Lincoln had none. I was jammed in the crowd in front of the Astor House, when Lincoln, standing up in a barouche and bowing to the crowd, was driven down Broadway. This was when he was on his way to Washington to be inaugurated. He looked very good-natured and anxious to please, but the figure he presented was ungainly, certainly not imposing. His beard, which about the time of his election he had allowed to grow, disguised the lower part of his face, the carving of which was singularly fine, the line of the chin having a fine sweep and the fall of the cheek



nervously and strongly chiselled. He had not the kind of looks to impress a crowd, although I am sure he must have looked great to those who saw him intimately and who had eyes to see.

Ladies did not weep when they met Lincoln. One might guess that he was not especially endowed with the power of pleasing them. I have received from a lady, and give below, an account of an interview which she had with Lincoln, which will give an idea of the way in which women regarded him during his lifetime. Of course, they would think differently of him now in the vast fame into which he has come, for they love fame. Perhaps I should say something about the writer. She was at that time a brilliant and handsome girl. She was such a character as only appears in times of great public agitation, when people's minds are full of exciting ideas. Her characteristics were an intense sympathy with any kind of suffering, whether of human beings or of animals (at that time, of course, her whole heart was with the slaves), transparent, impulsive honesty, great ardor of feeling, and a very high, courageous tone.

"We made our call, which was by prearrangement, on the President. I think it was the autumn of '64. There were three or four of us. The call was made about twelve o'clock, noon. At the door we had a slight altercation with the servant, who said the President would not or could not see anyone that day. One of our number, the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, once our minister to Naples, and a former congressman, was a personal friend of Mr. Lincoln. The President gave us a cordial welcome, and seemed annoyed when we told him that the servant had refused to admit us. He was cordial to us, extremely

so, and, on hearing that I was an abolitionist and had once manumitted a few slaves, he addressed the most of his conversation to me and, as I was young, wild, and chatty, he seemed amused and perhaps pleased at my audacity. He asked me what I thought the best way to destroy slavery. I quickly replied, 'It is always well to do right, without delay and on the instant.' He smiled ironically, saying that that could not be right, to do things without reason or order, to which I replied: 'Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, the greatest man that had ever lived [again he smiled] has informed me that there could be no delay or tarrying in doing right or in rendering justice.' The President said, as he patted me on the shoulder, 'What a little enthusiast you are! I am neither a red nor a black Republican.' 'I am both,' was my reply. 'So I perceive,' was his rejoinder. He seemed both amused and startled at my intensity, and when taking leave of us, he again patted me on the shoulder and said: 'I like your enthusiasm and earnestness. I hope we shall meet again.' Alas, I never saw him again. I might have told you in confidence that during the interview Mr. Lincoln sat with his foot and leg lifted on a rather high table."

The charitable reader will attribute the peculiarity of manners mentioned in the last sentence of the above quoted remarks to his origin and bringing up. I don't believe that. It seems to me that it was a personal deficiency of his own.

One hears now and then objections to the position which people of this country have given Lincoln. An eminent English critic has ventured the remark that he had no distinction. If he means class distinction—and I think an idea something like this is in

his mind—of course not. That he was a gentleman, however, I am sure. Genius tends to make gentlemen of plain men, just as it tends to make men who belong by birth to the other end of society plainer and more human, by freeing them from that narrowness and rash superficiality which is their besetting fault. His goodness, his sincerity, his clear perceptions (all gentleman-like qualities) made impossible for him those pretenses which are such a fruitful source of vulgarity. Class distinction, of course, he had not. But if by distinction is meant individuality, an unmistakable peculiarity and identity, what great man of history had more of it? What a contrast he presents in this respect to the great contemporary English statesman, Gladstone. The Englishman reminds one of those California peaches that are so large and handsome but have little flavor. There was little in his mind that was peculiar. Gladstone seems to have been anybody else raised to the *n<sup>th</sup>* power. Lincoln, on the other hand, both in his utterances and his nature, possessed a marked peculiarity. The quality which I have mentioned above as Lincoln's might be called by any one of half a dozen names; "distinction" or "peculiarity" would answer. Anyone will know what I mean. A great statesman almost always has this quality. Napoleon had it; Cromwell had it. But I don't see that the quality is necessary to make a great statesman. It is not at all the same thing as a power to acquire knowledge or even as intellectual power. If a statesman has the power to know what should be known and to judge this knowledge and to act upon this judgment, why is that not enough? It was enough in Gladstone's case. It is not difficult to think of great

statesmen besides Gladstone who did not have this quality. In our history I think that Hamilton was such a man. He is admittedly one of the greatest American statesmen. Yet I should doubt if he had this peculiarity of mind of which I speak. He certainly did not have another quality that always goes with this peculiarity, which I might call visibility or familiarity. Where a man has a peculiar mind, the world can see him very clearly. I think the country does not have a clear sense of the personality of Hamilton. The people believe him to be great, because of what he achieved in connection with the early history of the nation. But they do not see him. Nor did he have another quality, which almost always goes with the peculiar mind, literary power, the power of interesting speech that reaches the minds of men, such as Napoleon or Lincoln or Bismarck had. Hamilton has left eleven big volumes, but not a sentence or a phrase of it all, so far as I know, has got into popular mind. If you look in Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," under "Hamilton" you will find what Webster, a literary man, said about Hamilton ("He struck the dry rock of public credit," etc.), but not a word of Hamilton's.

Unlike certain great men, you understand Lincoln. It by no means follows that, because a man has great peculiarity and visibility, that we see him in the sense of understanding him. Napoleon is externally the most visible of men, but you do not understand him. That is perhaps the great fascination of him. He is such a conundrum. The constant additions that are being made to our knowledge of what he did and said do not seem to have made his mind any clearer to us.

But we feel that we comprehend Lincoln. I think one reason of that is that he was an honest man and a good man. As you take him by the hand and look into his eyes, you feel that you know him. If you were having any kind of a business transaction with him, you would feel that you knew where you were. With Napoleon, of course, you would not know that at all. Perhaps the difference between the good great men and the bad great men is that you understand the former and do not understand the latter. It is hard to understand the bad men, because they are so much less simple than the good. No man being wholly bad, the bad men are such a mixture and so hard to unravel.

And yet the mind of Lincoln has its mysteries. How difficult it would be to understand by what power it is that he is able to know when to act and when to wait! That power of choosing the moment for action, which the world agrees was his, how can you explain that? Of course, you may say that this knowledge is the result of an intense study of the situation by a powerful mind. Or you may say that it is a genius. Can you get any nearer to it than that? Lincoln seems to have had something like the "demon," of Socrates, an inner light to which he looked for instruction.

One gets a little tired of the uniformity of laudation with which Lincoln is so often spoken of. There is a good deal of gush, and now and then something like cant in what one hears. In particular there can be no merit in the doctoring of contemporaneous impressions to suit the taste of later times. If men are telling us of their relations with Lincoln during his lifetime, they should tell us what they thought

then. Mr. C. F. Adams, in his life of his father, has given us his father's contemporaneous impressions, and he is to be thanked for doing so. They are very interesting. He describes an interview which his father had with Lincoln early in 1861.

Mr. Seward took Mr. Adams, who had just been appointed minister to England, to call upon the President. In the writer's words: "Presently a door opened, and a tall, large-featured, shabbily-dressed man, of uncouth appearance, slouched into the room." Mr. Adams, having been introduced by the Secretary, expressed his thanks for the appointment in the usual manner. Lincoln said that the thanks were not due to him, but to Mr. Seward, upon whose recommendation the appointment was made. Then, we were informed, he swung his long arms to his head with an air of great relief, and said: "Well, Governor, I have this morning decided the Chicago post-office appointment." That was all he had to say. Mr. Adams was very much shocked and never got over the impression this first interview made upon him. To the admirer of Lincoln, however, Lincoln's behavior upon this occasion will seem to have been very much in character, and he will continue to be as fond and proud of him as before.

What was there that was necessary to say—that Mr. Adams's task would be one of great delicacy and difficulty, that the course he would pursue would depend upon the way in which events should shape themselves—or some such remark? Didn't Mr. Adams know all this? The spring of 1861 in Washington was no time for making conversation, and I doubt whether Lincoln could ever have been very good at that. Why not speak of the Chicago

post-office? It was business that had to be done. Didn't he say himself that he was like a man who was too busy letting out rooms at one end of the house to extinguish the fire that was raging at the other?

The facts are as given above, but it is seldom that one meets with an interview between two distinguished characters that is so interesting, and I may be permitted a little guess work of my own upon it. Lincoln's manner, we are told, was "shy and constrained." With his eyes, we may be sure that he knew at a glance that his visitor was a considerable person. He was probably not blind to the dignified bearing and quiet, simple distinction of Mr. Adams, and he was very likely not insensible to his name and connections. In those days to people on the prairies Boston and things Bostonian looked very polite and superior. We may be sure also that Lincoln, with his keen susceptibilities, was aware that he was himself misjudged, and this did not tend to make him less "shy and constrained." Of course, a practiced man of the world—no, I won't say that, for, in the truest and deepest sense of the term, it would be hard to find a better man of the world than Lincoln was—but a man accustomed to the usages of good society would have concealed this, and such Lincoln was not.

The writer of this biography has no doubt that Lincoln was a great man, but reconciles the fact of his greatness with the unfavorable impression received by Mr. Adams by the consideration that the Lincoln who had received the education of four years of office was a different man from the Lincoln Mr. Adams met in the spring of 1861. A simpler explanation, and that which will commend itself to

most readers, is that Mr. Adams was mistaken. He was neither by nature nor training the kind of man to understand Lincoln.

It is interesting to inquire what would have been the effect upon the fame and position of Lincoln if things had happened differently from the way they did happen. Suppose he had not been nominated, and someone else had been nominated and elected. I believe he would have remained the most interesting personality of the time, owing to his literary gifts and his gifts of leadership. There was no man who spoke with such genius. There were eloquent writers and speakers, but none had his insight and power of consummate expression. If he had gone into the Senate, which he preferred to the presidency (and that is no doubt what he would have done), he would probably have been the wisest and most unselfish counsellor and supporter of the Government, and the most trusted leader and adviser of the people, and, when the day of restoration came, the chief restorer. We should have had the leader and the seer and the consummate speaker. But we should not have had, what is perhaps the greatest Lincoln, the enduring, silent man of action and responsibility.

But suppose him President and that the South had won. What effect would the victory of the South have had upon his fame? I remember well during the war there was a close connection between the military success of the North and the apparent greatness of Lincoln. When the Union arms were successful, the figure of the President, with that visibility in which he was so gifted, would loom up very large; on the other hand, when defeat came, the figure would dwindle and fall into a kind of dilapida-



tion. But that was because, although he was so familiar to us, we did not really know him. But now that we know him so well, probably better than any man was ever known before in the world's history, what bearing has success had upon his fame? Or rather, what would have been the effect upon the fame of the victory of the South? There is no doubt that victory is very becoming to a great man, and we are glad that the fame of our hero has received this final ornament. But if after 1864 the North had failed, Lincoln would have still been the same man we know now, the seer, the genius, and the master of consummate speech, and the silent man of business and action. His qualities, it may be said, are of a kind that would still be interesting in adversity. That is by no means true of all great men. Napoleon, for instance, is chiefly interesting in a palace or at the head of his victorious armies. Notwithstanding the fact, which I presume to be a fact, that it is scarcely possible to get too much of a great man, that one almost always wants more, I fancy it is easy to get too much of Napoleon at St. Helena. The fact, of the truth of which I am assured, that there is a great deal of perfectly authentic information about Napoleon at St. Helena existing in manuscript which is not published because it is not thought that the world would be interested in reading it, would seem to be proof of this. But we are sure that the interest and affections of men would have followed Lincoln into retirement after defeat. Of course, I do not mean to say to the same extent as now; constituted as men are, it is not possible to suppose that.

I saw him several times, but I met him only once

face to face. It was during the Christmas holidays of the winter of 1864-65. I was in Washington for a vacation, and went to the White House one evening at the usual weekly public reception. I followed the crowd and the President gave me, as I passed him, a limp shake of the hand. Later in the evening, after the greater part of the people had gone, I was walking through the rooms, and I entered one in which I came upon Lincoln sitting in a chair. I think there was only one other person in the room sitting with him. Lincoln was evidently resting and was sitting in a posture which, though easy and comfortable, was dignified and, it seemed to me, refined. The expression of his countenance was pleasant, not tired and sad, as one often hears, cheerful rather. It was after his second election. Sheridan had been victorious in the Valley and Savannah had fallen, and the end was in sight. The plot was working toward the final chapter, when the good characters, great and small, should be made happy forever, and even the naughty and defeated were to be dismissed with that magnanimity usual in last chapters. In particular, what a pleasing future is to be assigned the chief hero. With the perfect confidence of his countrymen, and with vast personal authority, he is about to enter upon that work of pacification and restoration for which his qualities are so eminently fitted. All this seemed to be expressed in his face and figure. His eyes met mine for a moment, and his countenance wore a slightly quizzical expression, as if somewhat amused at the eagerness with which I no doubt regarded him. I had not come into the room meaning to look at him, or knowing that he was there; but coming upon him suddenly, I dare say I took a

good look at him. But his expression was very friendly, and I thought he looked out of his eyes, not as a statesman or a man of business does, but rather like an artist or humorist. I might perfectly well have known him, if I had taken the trouble. I have always heard he liked young people. There was an honest youth, at that time connected with the Christian Commission in Washington, who made his acquaintance in this manner. He was anxious to get the use of transports to take some things to the front. He tried to get them at the War Department, but was denied. An officer who had heard him make the application followed him out and said: "I am a soldier, and cannot say anything to contravene the views of my superiors, but there is nothing to prevent my pointing," and he pointed in the direction of the White House. The young man accordingly went there, and got admission to Lincoln, who said, "Well, young fellow, what do *you* want?" He told him, and Lincoln said: "You had better leave that to me. I'll tell you what to do." Lincoln, I dare say, in an instant "twigged" the situation, recognizing with a humorous side-glance the natural feeling of the officials of the War Department that the work of these outside commissions was a reflection upon themselves. He was great upon the things to make note of without comment, and loved the mix-up of motives in people's minds. The young man told me the story thus: "I said, 'There is nothing I should like better than to have you tell me, Mr. President!' He saw I was not a bit stuck on myself, and seemed pleased. He said, 'You go to Secretary Welles,' (giving him some details as to how to proceed), 'but be sure not to tell him I sent you.'" The young

man went to the Secretary and got what he wanted. He went afterward to Lincoln, and reported the successful issue of the matter, and Lincoln said: "Mind, when you get into such a scrape again, you come to me."

Lincoln was fond of doing things of this sort. One would think that he would have wished to avoid the bother of such small matters. But it is likely that he found a relief in them from more trying business. He was always looking for such distractions. One of the greatest bores I ever knew once told me that Lincoln said to him that he might come to see him when he liked, and told of a certain knock which he (Lincoln) would recognize. Besides being a great bore, this individual was a very foolish man. I have scarcely ever known in my life a man I could without hesitation call a fool—that is, a man with such an excess of folly as to separate him sharply from the mass of his fellow-creatures. I don't know that he was such a man, but he was certainly very foolish. He told me sadly that there was a frivolity about Lincoln that depressed him. He said that when he wished to speak to Lincoln seriously upon the state of public affairs, Lincoln would always have some absurd story to tell him. I can quite understand that Lincoln found a relief in the sociable fatuity of this gentleman.

I went to the Tenth Street Museum when in Washington, and saw many photographs of Lincoln. They are all interesting, but two especially so. One is by Hessler, taken in Chicago in 1859. There is no beard, and you see the fine sweep of the lower part of his face. A young lady who writes novels has lately said that her hero had a jaw and a chin like the prow

of a ship. The outline of the lower part of Lincoln's face is like that. But it is the expression in the photograph of the countenance and the look out of the eyes that is most interesting. Up to that time he had been doing little but think and speak, and the eyes are full of meditation and contemplation. They have a sweet and steady and indolent power, a power latent and asleep rather than in action—the musing, dreaming look of the poet and thinker. The expression of the countenance is singularly lovely and winsome, has a wonderful niceness. I have tried hard to define the charm of that expression. It must have been there. Lincoln's face must have worn at that moment just that look. It is not the individual fancy of some clever portrait painter that you see. There is nothing but the sun between us and him. There it is, and there it will remain to tantalize with its elusive beauty the poets of distant ages in search of a verbal equivalent.

The other was taken at City Point the Sunday before his death. He is sharpening a pencil for Tad and laughing. He looks tired and pale, but his face is beaming with happiness and relief—infinite relief,—reminding one of Bishop Butler's remark that the greatest happiness is the cessation of pain.

The relation of Lincoln to the boy Tad will always be a subject of popular interest. I once spent an hour in the company of Tad. He was then a young fellow of eighteen or nineteen. He had a slight impediment in his speech, and his mind seemed to have a kind of slowness and heaviness. But he was a sensible fellow, and had a look of great honesty and simple friendliness. I had a feeling that his nature still felt the influence and reflected image of that

great kindness which had shone upon his childhood. A lady, who is Lincoln's descendant and in whose countenance it was easy to trace the outlines of Lincoln's features, told me, in speaking of Tad: "He was a very nice boy, and his death was more than his mother could stand. It was the last straw, and she died."

I went over the house in Springfield in which he lived, which is now public property, and which during certain hours is shown to visitors. Two iron cannon stand in the yard behind the house. The lady who showed me over the house was a relative of Lincoln's family. She showed me a sofa where, she said, "Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln did their courting." If the homely phrase should offend you, I am not of your way of thinking. The influences which moulded Lincoln's character, the family ties, the relations of "father, son, and brother," those "charities" (Milton's exquisite word) of the family life which, anyone must have observed, impart to the eyes and voices of men a peculiar seriousness and sincerity, are they not matters of interest to all of us who would understand him? That kindness, too, which would face the probability of an unhappy life rather than that a woman should suffer was a part of his character, and should not be overlooked.

I went to the grave, which is on the top of what is a considerable rise of ground for that country. It is somewhat apart from the town. A walk through one of those sparse groves, bare of underbrush, which belong to the Mississippi Valley, leads to it, and numbers of the visitors to the fair were making the pilgrimage. The monument over the tomb contains a kind of museum, in which are shown relics relating

to Lincoln. I found something appropriate in the casual and perhaps inadequate character of the structure. It seemed to me to signify the silence and the patience of death and to be a suggestion that the task of raising a fitting memorial might be left to the fulness of time and to some more ideal and perfect future age, if such there is to be.

## IMPRESSIONS OF LOWELL

**T**HE writer of this paper had for some four years an official connection with Mr. Lowell and, as would of course happen in seeing daily a man of such marked qualities, formed a lively impression of his character and genius. This he has sketched here:—

Perhaps the first quality which would have impressed anyone in Mr. Lowell was his youthfulness. I have heard this trait remarked upon by numbers of persons. There were several elements to be distinguished in this quality. Lowell was a poet, and poets are apt to keep their youth beyond other men. It is also a common observation that men of superior character—of whom he was undoubtedly one—often retain their youthfulness in advanced years. It is not difficult to mention persons in whom this combination of elements exists, resulting in a youthful character of mind. Such a man as Matthew Arnold had it to a marked degree, although in him it was associated with an extraordinary personal attractiveness. We see it also in the simplicity and the brave eccentricity of Lord Tennyson's character, as expressed in his later poems. Such persons, indeed, seem to preserve a physical youth beyond other people. An old lady, who was an intimate friend of Carlyle's, has told me that Carlyle had an eye of a peculiar color, a light blue, and that an eye of this color almost always fades in old age, but that Carlyle's eye retained in extreme age the bright



color of youth. Mr. Lowell had the same combination of youthful qualities which belonged to these men, but I think that he had, over and beyond these, a quality of youth which was his own. It seemed to me that many of his traits might be referred to this youthfulness, even those which were remarked upon by people as foibles. He was, for instance, fond of a style of paradoxical conversation. We had been, I remember, to see a burlesque, in which a policeman was made to act on the stage in a ridiculous manner. Mr. Lowell gravely maintained that such an exhibition had a tendency to lower the public respect for authority, was *contra bonos mores*, and that the Lord Chamberlain should have prohibited it. In this he was perfectly serious. He was never better company than when in this vein, and the habit of mind was to a great degree the result of his elastic youthfulness. I have seen him described in some of the English papers as having a self-conscious manner. He had at times a somewhat professorial air, but the boy was too strong in him to leave much room for the professor.

It is odd that Mr. Lowell should have been distinctively the Yankee poet; for I should not have said that he had the Yankee characteristics. He had a power of enjoyment which was not Yankee, a power of enjoyment both mental and physical. He liked good food, drink and tobacco, and was altogether very fond of the earth. He sometimes spoke of this quality and said that he had upon his ear a mark which is peculiar to the ear of the faun. One might say also that he was without the proverbial keen-sightedness of the Yankee. He did not impress me as having this quality as an individual, nor

do I find it in his writings, certainly not in his critical writings. He had great qualities for the critic's task. He had very wide reading. He said, for instance, that for ten years he lay on his back and did nothing but read. He had also a great feeling for the romance of literature and learning, and he had the same power of enjoyment in literature which he had in life in general. But does he not appear in his literary essays as an enjoying rather than a critical reader? If, however, he had not what would be called keen perceptions, he was also without that acerbity which is apt to accompany such perceptions. As became so prosperous and successful a man, his judgments of men and things were very gentle.

But if Mr. Lowell had not himself to any marked degree the Yankee qualities, the world knows what delight he took in the Yankee society and characteristics, and the great admiration he had for Yankee wit. I remember his once telling me about meeting somewhere on Cape Cod a native Yankee humorist. He asked this man if he would have something to drink. The man said, "I guess I'll have some of Hawkins's whetstone." This was, no doubt, a current joke of the day, and had reference to a noted temperance lecturer, named Hawkins, whose eloquence was profanely said to be assisted by a particular preparation of alcohol. Of that man, Mr. Lowell said:—"He was a real humorist. It was not merely that he was funny to listen to. He knew he was funny." Lowell was, of course, full of Yankee stories, and told them admirably. One or two I have heard him tell come into my mind as I write. One day a man came into the office who was a neigh-

bor of Lowell's in Cambridge. Lowell told us that his parents were Millerites, that is, believed in the second coming of Christ and the approaching end of the world. The mother was a devout believer, the father holding the same faith, or, for the sake of domestic peace, pretending to hold it. Late one night, when there was a very heavy fall of snow on the ground, the old woman was awakened by a noise from downstairs, which she at once supposed meant the end of the world, and she accordingly woke her husband up, saying:—"John, the Lord's a-comin'; I hear His chariot wheels." He replied:—"You old fool, to think the Lord would come on wheels, when there's such good sleddin'." He told these stories with an excellent imitation of the Yankee speech.

I went with him one day to see the American Admiral Howell, on his flagship at Gravesend on the Thames. We dined with the Admiral in his cabin, when something was said which brought out the following story from Lowell. There was a time, some sixty years ago, when the fastest sailing-ships in the world were built in the shipyards of New England. About that time an American clipper and an English yacht were entering the harbor of Genoa together, and there was a race between the clipper and the yacht; and the clipper won in the race. When the two vessels were in port, the owner of the English yacht, a person of polished manners, came on board the American, and very handsomely congratulated the captain of the clipper upon his achievement, which he said was all the more remarkable in view of the fact that it was the first time that his yacht had ever been beaten. The old Yankee captain re-

plied, "Well now, that's curious. It's the first time the Polly Ann ever beat anything."

But if Mr. Lowell was not distinctively a Yankee, the fact must not be overlooked that he was a very natural and characteristic outcome of the peculiar life of eastern Massachusetts. The neighborhood of Boston, during the first half of this century, had far more intellectual activity than any other part of the country. The Unitarian movement began in the first years of the century, and kept expanding until, about the time of Mr. Lowell's early manhood, it culminated in the New England Transcendentalism. Throughout these years the little community of eastern Massachusetts was stirred by discussions to which the rest of the country was a stranger. One has only to talk with old people near Boston to perceive how much the neighborhood was absorbed in these discussions. Years ago, for instance, I remember being at Bar Harbor, Maine, in the company of two New England clergymen, who spoke of some event as having happened "before the war." Supposing that they referred to the Civil War, I asked:—"Did not that happen in the early part of the century?" They replied:—"We are speaking of the religious war." Lowell's father was a Unitarian clergyman, and the son's childhood and youth were passed among men who had taken part in those battles. These discussions, of course, awakened his intellect, but they also gave his mind a strong impulse in a spiritual and ideal direction. His strong Puritan characteristics he no doubt owed to these early surroundings. It is to be questioned whether there have ever existed people more distinctively Puritan than these New England Uni-

tarians. Under the old Calvinistic belief, there was a place for sin; sin had under that system a recognized position and in a sense a kind of respectability. But in the polite and refined religion of the new sect there appeared to be no place for sin and the sinner. There was in the remote glance with which that sect looked out upon evil from its library windows a Puritanism as extreme as that to be found in the more violent reprobation of its orthodox predecessors. Along with this latent austerity, however, there was, of course, a very real gentleness. There was also a sincere and sanguine faith in the high capabilities of human nature. A high conception of human nature was indeed a general characteristic of the Massachusetts society of the time. It showed itself not only in their religions, but in their literary and practical movements, such as Transcendentalism and Abolitionism. Lowell came to early manhood just at the time when the little world about Boston was most agog with these ideas, and they were of a kind to influence profoundly a high-minded young man. They were ideas, one might add, particularly suitable to youth. It was a propitious time for the young, more so, one would think, than the practical period of the war, or than the cooler and more critical days that have since succeeded. These new ideas must have been very alluring to the more clever and generous among the young people of that day. Virtue was itself, one would think, unusually attractive then. It was a time when the primroses grew along the straight and narrow path, and the Wicket Gate was as pretty and as rustic as in the old pictures in "Pilgrim's Progress." Lowell had, to a marked degree, the characteristics of the society in which he

was brought up, particularly its spirituality and delicate moral sense. This, no doubt, goes without saying, and the statement of it may be somewhat superfluous. But it was a most important personal trait of his, one closely connected, by the way, with that elasticity and youthfulness in which he was so singularly gifted. In this connection, an incident comes into my mind, which may indeed seem scarcely worth mentioning, but which gave me at the moment a strong sense of his instinctive love of the nice and the superior, and of the character of the society in which his early associations had been cast. I was dining one night at his house, and sat next the late Prof. Gray, a person of most attractive appearance. Mr. Lowell came with me to the door, and, with reference to Prof. Gray, said:—"He always seems to me like someone who has lived all his life among flowers." At the time of Prof. Gray's death I may add, I saw in the papers some beautiful lines which Lowell had written about him, and which I quote from memory:

Just Heaven preserve his life, well spent,  
Whose indefatigable hours  
Have been as gaily innocent  
And fragrant as his flowers.

Something must be said of Mr. Lowell's residence in England. It was his good fortune to do more, perhaps, than any other individual has done to make the two great branches of the English-speaking world conscious of their essential unity. His appointment as Minister to England was an accident, due to the sudden and much regretted retirement of Mr. Welsh, but the appointment proved to be a

very fortunate one. An English critic has observed that it was remarkable that Mr. Lowell should have been so successful in English society, coming to England, as he did, late in life. But in truth he seems to me to have come just at the right time. In some reflections of his upon travel, Mr. Lowell says "that a man should have travelled around himself and the great *terra incognita* just outside of and inside his own threshold before he undertakes voyages of discovery to other worlds." He had fulfilled these conditions before he visited England. I doubt if there was any time in his life when he was better fitted for the social enjoyments and advantages of London than at the time he came. He had ripe experience and an abundance of various and entertaining knowledge, and united with these qualities the attractive youthfulness of which mention has been made. And in leaving home, he could not have gone to a better place than England. He was fitted to find enjoyment anywhere, but England was a country of which he was especially fond. He liked the climate. He used to say that the English atmosphere was a "fat" air, and that it supported him. I dare say he liked and was soothed by the English landscape, not so wild as his own, but so soft and vague and so suitable to the good food and lodging to be had in English country houses. His buoyant and sprightly disposition, no doubt, took pleasure in the gay aspects of London in the season, when Bond Street, surely near Lubin's shop the best smelling street in the world, has received a flood of the tepid and ephemeral sunshine of those islands, and the shops and pavements are filled with the best specimens, male and female, of a particularly handsome race.

It was somewhat odd that he should have taken with such zest to London society, considering the solitary life he had led at Cambridge. Perhaps I ought not to speak of it as solitary; a life passed with a few chosen friends gives perhaps the greatest social enjoyment that it is possible to have. But as a matter of fact, till the time of his appointment to Spain, he seems to have gone very little in general society. He is said to have passed the greater part of his life in the company of some half a dozen people. There was a populous city a few miles distant from Cambridge, with plenty of good society, which would have been glad to welcome him. But I believe he did not go in that society at all. Nor do I think he would have found the conditions of the society of any other American city any more to his liking. And yet he no sooner goes abroad than he is discovered to possess very great talents for general society. These talents, I should add, were an important part of his nature. In truth Lowell was a man born to success, born to shine. Had it not been for his London residence, one of his most striking qualities, except as it appears in his writings, would scarcely have been known, or at any rate would not have obtained general recognition: I mean a brilliant, scintillating quality. He had a power of shining, like some bird, the sheen of whose bright plumage sends back the rays of the sun. It was, however, in general society and especially in literary society, I should say, that his success lay rather than in smart and fashionable company.

Mr. Lowell, of course, enjoyed and highly appreciated the great consideration in which he was held in London. Some people indeed had an impression



that he was a little spoiled by it, which was certainly not true. Considering his buoyant and elastic temper, it was rather remarkable that he was not more affected than he was by his great success. But he had a native modesty, a just sense of the proportion of things, and an amiability of disposition which always stayed by him. He did not seem to be in the least uplifted by the official honors which came on him late in life, and which would scarcely have come to him in any country but the United States. I remember one remark of his which showed his feeling on this point. I came into the office one day just after having seen the Lord Mayor's show pass through Parliament Street. Mention was made of the anecdote told in Hazlitt's "Conversations with Northcote" about Alderman Boydell, who rose to be an Alderman from a very humble station. Northcote once asked him whether he was not gratified by his fine coach and gilt trappings. Boydell said:—"Ah, there was one who would have been pleased at it, but her I have lost."

"That is perfectly true," said Mr. Lowell. "The people for whose opinion you care most are no longer living; when I was appointed Minister to Spain, I remember thinking: if my father were only alive to see this, I should be pleased by it." This was his feeling about official honors. Nor do I think he set a very high estimate upon his writings and literary abilities. He once told me that he said to a young Englishman who had been introduced to him at Madrid, and who had said that he had never read his works:—"Well, I do not regard them as necessary to a liberal education." I may be allowed here to remark that poets and artists will, in point of modesty,

compare very favorably with any other class of men. A very superior man in almost any walk of life is not likely to be conceited; but I believe it is true that poets and men of genius are, as a rule, less conceited than men of talent, than men who can do something. At any rate, men of talent, where they are conceited, have a steadier and more ingrained pride. There are several reasons for this distinction. In the first place, the poets see over a wider field. Then the man of talent can prove his ability, while the artist cannot prove his. The man who has successfully managed a railroad or conducted a newspaper may point to his achievement as evidence of his ability. But no artist can prove that his poem or his picture is a good one; and it is in the power of almost anybody to make him, for the moment, at any rate, think that his work is nonsense. But conceit is in all men largely a matter of native bent; and Mr. Lowell, anxious as he was to be liked, and ready as he was to be admired, did not have much of it in his character.

The literary and public expressions of an author whom one knows are, in one's own mind, mixed up with, and are scarcely distinguishable from, his more personal and individual expressions; and I may therefore be permitted, in conclusion, some reflections upon Mr. Lowell's published works. Of the poems not in dialect, there are two or three relating to the events of his early life, which are in everyone's mouth. In these feeling and passion express themselves in true music; one can hear a voice, with the sweet and rich *timbre* of early manhood, really singing among the lilacs and apple-blossoms of the New England June. The poems recited on various occasions after the war have been greatly admired,

and yet they do not seem so natural as those earlier ones. I have seen them described as "rhetorical," which they no doubt are in a sense, having been written to be delivered—written, as it were, by ear, as a lecture is prepared. There is still another class of poems, not in dialect, in which Lowell was particularly successful. I mean those in which the serious and the comic are brought together, and which glance in these two directions. I remember his once coming into the office and reading us a poem, in which the moon was described as rising over a Cambridge boarding-house. That was very like him—the moon and a Cambridge boarding-house! I do not find the poem in his latest volume of verse, but it was pretty enough to have been preserved. This was a vein which was very natural to him, and in which he was highly successful.

In all of these poems, as well as in those in dialect, there is, to my mind, a cheery vigor, which I can best describe by likening it to the bright aspect of the New England landscape in midwinter. He liked winter, by the way, as people of a strong constitution are apt to do, and he has written "A Good Word for Winter." One might say that the gaiety of disposition which he had so strongly was of the Northern rather than of the Southern kind. The sun shines in a sky without a cloud, over a wide domain of dazzling white, and the brilliant atmosphere is filled with the flying snow-dust. He once told me that he was of Scandinavian ancestry, and I can imagine that there was something of this in his verse and in his nature. I can fancy, as I read his poetry or remember his conversation, a skald of the Norsemen, with blond beard and ruddy cheek and

merry bright eyes, singing in a snow trench and quaffing deep draughts of the legendary mead. I remember thinking this when one day at the office, in the midst of some official stationery, sealing wax, etc., we had a chop and a bottle of Bass, of which drink he was very fond, but which was not good for his gout. Do you know how the sap runs from the side of the sugar-maple? That was very like the clear current of his verse. He combined brightness with elastic strength. His mind appeared to me to have a tough elasticity, like the supple fibre of a hickory sapling or the rebound of ivory.

But his greatest work was the dialect poetry, and by that he will be best remembered. I have, indeed, heard it questioned whether poetry which concerns events already forgotten, and the explanation of which posterity will have to look up in histories and cyclopædias, can be sure of being read in the future. The poetry of Dryden is an example of poetry of this kind which must always hold its place, but undoubtedly, as a rule, such verse has small chance of living. Mr. Lowell's poetry has also the disadvantage of being in a dialect—a dialect, moreover, the memory of which, owing to the powerful unifying influences at work in our society, must soon disappear from among men. But "The Biglow Papers" have on their side some weighty considerations. They have immense animal spirits; I doubt if you will anywhere find verse of the kind, in writing which the poet has had more fun; and animal spirits is perhaps a quality to which posterity is partial, just as it is notoriously averse to the recondite and the abstruse. Moreover, these poems have the United States behind them. The country cannot afford

to neglect them. The verse which we have of this character is at the best very scant and is in extent, at any rate, most disproportionate to the greatness of the subject. It is to be doubted if there is anywhere to be found a piece of European, or, I dare say, Asiatic territory, which has not been better sung than our great empire. Furthermore, this country will always take especial care of the literature relating to the Civil War. Throughout the long years of material prosperity, which to every appearance lie before us, that epoch will always have a great interest for the people. How colorless are the issues with which our politics were concerned during the later years of his life compared with those issues of human passion with which we were occupied during the Civil War, and how colorless are they likely to remain—unless, indeed, the issues are to concern questions of private property, in which case they will be anything but colorless. How political we were in those days of the war, and what a capacity the country showed for self-sacrifice and for interest in ideas! We can now appreciate these qualities in the retrospect, for we are beginning to look back with a certain incredulity upon a time when people were interested in something besides making money. The period of the war had furthermore its tragical distinctions. Never again, it is probable and it is to be hoped, will the public stage be filled by events and by scenes so dramatic. Hence it is that works which portray with genius that time and subject will be sure of a great and permanent place in our literature. On these grounds, therefore, conjointly with its high intrinsic excellence, one may anticipate for Mr. Lowell's dialect poetry a long career of fame.

## LONDON RECOLLECTIONS OF LOWELL

THE first time I saw Mr. Lowell, I dined with him at Longfellow's house in Cambridge. I had brought a letter to Longfellow from Mr. William Cullen Bryant. I was somewhat surprised by Longfellow's appearance. He was shorter than I had expected and inclined to stoutness. But he was a beautiful person, and one of the most attractive of men. That was what everyone said of him. I remember particularly his voice, which was very musical. There was a certain very agreeable deliberation in his way of speaking. Then the poet and scholar were so large a part of his nature, and he had such a feeling for the romance of knowledge and of literature. I remember the charming voice and manner in which he told me that the Italian wine which he gave me at dinner was, he believed, the Massic of Horace. The benignity and courtesy which were his characteristics bore, I fancy, some relation to his beauty. The world looks kindly upon a beautiful person and it is natural that such a person should return the world's amiable regard. This beauty and grace were no doubt qualities which had always been Longfellow's. My old friend, George Ripley, the founder and head of Brook Farm, told me that he once saw Longfellow, then a young professor at Bowdoin, give some degrees to the members of a class of young men at a Bowdoin commencement, and how impressed he was with the grace and especially with the good feeling which he showed.

As I came into the drawing room at Longfellow's house when I went to dine with him, I saw a man sitting at one end of the room, whom I recognized as resembling the photographs of Lowell. He was a thick-set man, rather under the middle height, with a heavy red beard. I had never met or seen him before. Of course I knew "The Biglow Papers" almost by heart, as we all did in those days, and admired the introduction to the Vision of Sir Launfal, and some of his shorter poems. But I could not like his prose things, especially his critical writings. They seemed to be statements of trite and generally accepted ideas, expressed with an air of novelty and with much affectation. Until you got to know him there was something of this self-consciousness and affectation in his appearance and manner. I never afterwards saw him so affected as I thought he was at this dinner. That may have been because I was expecting something of the kind. I remember he said to one of the Miss Longfellows:—"You should read Virgil; he's the sweet fellow," in what seemed to me a pedantic and affected manner, although, of course, the advice and the sentiment were unexceptionable.

After dinner I went with Longfellow and Lowell into a smoking room. Longfellow was most agreeable and entertaining. I remember his telling this story. His brother-in-law, Tom Appleton, was a spiritualist; he was rich and I presume did a good deal for mediums and such persons, and was as a consequence highly regarded by them. Appleton had asked Longfellow to go to see a medium of whom he thought highly. Longfellow did go to see him, and was invited to put some question to the man,

which would test his ability as a medium. Longfellow asked him who was the author of a treatise, written during the Middle Ages, upon the capacity of spirits to move material objects, such as chairs and tables. It seems that such a treatise was written by Thomas Aquinas. As the medium was not very ready with his answer, Longfellow in the goodness of his heart tried to help him by pronouncing slowly the letters T-h-o-m-a-s A- "Tom Appleton!" said the man eagerly. Lowell had with him the poem which he was to read the next day at the Lexington Centennial and which he had brought to read to Longfellow. He gave no intimation that he wished me to hear it; so I joined the ladies. In a little while Longfellow came in and said that Lowell had gone home, and that he had written a beautiful poem.

There can be no doubt of the sincerity of the friendly feeling towards one another of the distinguished writers who at that time lived in and around Boston. Dr. Johnson said that there is nothing in the world more ridiculous than the reciprocal civility of authors. He thought it very hollow. But it was sincere enough among those Boston writers. Perhaps they were too good to be jealous. I doubt if there ever existed anywhere, since the first literary fellow scratched his hieroglyphics on stone, a company of such good and respectable literary men as they were. It was easy to see that there was a warm personal regard between Lowell and Longfellow. I may here jot down that at the time of Longfellow's death I remember Lowell coming one morning into the Legation and saying as he stood before the fire—"I miss him in Cambridge," meaning when



he was thinking about Cambridge, knowing that Longfellow was not there.

I fancy the somewhat affected manner which I observed in Lowell on first meeting him was to some extent his Cambridge manner, or rather his manner to strangers, especially to the young literary small fry who came there as visitors. He was, I suppose, a good deal of a little god at Cambridge. He knew but few people, and they were intimate friends or devoted admirers. He spent a great many of his evenings with these friends, meeting them several times a week for whist.

The next time I saw Lowell was in Cincinnati at the Republican Convention which met there in 1876. He was a delegate to the Convention from Massachusetts, and I was one of a half a dozen New York men who were mugwumps, or what a few years later would have been called mugwumps, who had come to Cincinnati, hoping to be of some assistance in the nomination of the reform candidate, Mr. Bristow. Mr. Lowell was in sympathy with us and came to our rooms. He had always been the friend of truth and of honest and just causes, and he was with us in our opposition to carpet bag government in the South and in our hope for the reform of the civil service. He had not the least bit of his Cambridge manner then, and showed himself to be just what he was, a friendly and kind-hearted man, who especially wished to be liked.

When Mr. Hayes became President, Lowell was appointed Minister to Spain. At about the same time I was sent back as a secretary to London. I saw more or less of him in London, when he was on his way to Madrid. In 1879 he was transferred

from Madrid to London. I was under him for four or five years from that time. I would see him daily for several hours at the Legation, and was a great deal at his house. The Legation consisted of the Minister and the two secretaries, Mr. W. J. Hoppin, the first secretary, and myself. Some years later Commander (now Admiral) Chadwick was sent out as naval attaché. Mrs. Lowell's health was not such as to permit her to go into company, and about once a week Hoppin and myself dined with Mr. and Mrs. Lowell. I think Lowell's idea in having us was that it helped to entertain his wife. He had, however, the virtue of hospitality in a high degree. Mrs. Lowell was extremely nice,—a sensible, sincere, kind-hearted woman, of a dignified and fine appearance.

Mr. Hoppin was a cultivated and very agreeable man, about as good a type of American gentleman as it would be possible to find. He was rather too old a man to be a secretary, being a good deal older than Lowell. He once told me that he had passed some days as a guest of Miss Maria Edgeworth at her house in Ireland, which is going a good way back. He was also perhaps a man of too much position to hold such a place. I was thirty years or more his junior, but when I wanted a nice young fellow to dine and go to the play with, I knew no one I preferred to Hoppin. He was a man of excellent sense and much humor, and very simple and straightforward. He was a New Englander by birth, but had been nearly all his life a New York lawyer. He had been one of our early critics of art, a friend no doubt of the Hudson River School of Painters, had written a volume of poems which I have never seen, but have always meant to look up for old acquaintance' sake, was

one of the founders of the Century Club, had been President of the Union League Club and, without taking the least trouble about it, had always been a figure in New York society. At this time he was in poor health and at our weekly dinners at Lowell's a particular kind of dinner had to be cooked for him. At these dinners Lowell did most of the talking and was extremely entertaining and charming.

With Mrs. Lowell's improved health Lowell's spirits became brighter. In Spain he had been very unhappy, owing to his wife's illness. How much he must have suffered at that time I gathered from a remark he once let fall. On Dispatch days, when there was often a good deal of work to be done, he and I would be together for three or four hours and would lunch together. At such times he would become very communicative. In speaking of his life in Madrid, he said there were many times when his feeling was that it would be very pleasant to be lying upon his back in some churchyard looking up through eight feet of clean gravel.

After his wife's recovery, the Lowells gave dinner parties, mostly to their English friends. He would, however, often have two or three Americans, who were going through London, and these were the evenings at his house which I most enjoyed, for if you live in a foreign country, you want the society of your own people, when you can get it. I was so much younger than the other members of the Legation that, although a bachelor well on in the thirties, I think I must have represented youth to these older men. This incident, which I recall, will give an idea of the way they regarded me. A young lady from Boston had dined at Lowell's house, whom I had

taken down to dinner. Hoppin and I were in the hall with our overcoats on, with Lowell, waiting to go. A hansom had been called for the young lady. Lowell said,—“Hoppin, who is going home with this girl?” Hoppin did not seem very keen about it. Lowell turned to me and said,—“As for you, you rascal, *you* sha’n’t go with her.” I believe the young lady went home alone.

Mr. Lowell was a very indulgent chief. I remember being late at some of his dinners—once I think I had the meanness to lay it on the hansom—and got nothing worse than—“Well, we’re glad to see you anyway,” which is considerably milder treatment than I get now from my own relations for the same offense. Indeed I scarcely ever knew him to make a complaint of any kind of either of his secretaries. Yes, I do recall this incident. He came into the Legation one morning and told us that the day before the then Prince of Wales (Edward VII) had said to him,—“You give your secretaries a wiggling.” It seems that we had failed to tell him something which he could not have been expected to know, and which we should have told him. “So,” said Lowell, “you are in receipt of a wiggling.”

Mr. Lowell had to the full that dependence upon the good opinion and the friendly sentiments of others, which is characteristic of artists. I think this was one of his attractions. I remember once talking with Mr. Roden Noel, a poet and a very agreeable man, about him. We were comparing him with a certain universally admired English literary man. Mr. Noel thought Lowell was much more attractive, “winning,” was the word he used, a quality which was in part the result of his wish to be liked. Lowell’s

friendships were chiefly with English literary men, between whom and himself there was that freemasonry which exists everywhere among scholars. I hardly think he had the same success in fashionable company. Lowell was a man of genius, and men of genius are rarely successful in that kind of society. They have not the power of suiting their behavior and their conversation to other people, which is a condition of success in that world. I don't think I ever knew one of them who seemed to have a real gift for that kind of life. Napoleon, when in Egypt just before a great battle, noticed that the Egyptian cannon were mounted upon wooden stands and could shoot only in the direction in which they were pointed, so that all that Napoleon, whose guns were on wheels and could be pointed in any direction, had to do was to move his troops to one side and out of the range of Egyptian guns. Men of genius are like these Egyptians. Their expressions have much more relation to their own conditions than to the conditions and locality of those at whom these expressions are directed. They shoot away, apparently quite careless whether they hit anything or not. It is different with practical men; lawyers wish to win verdicts and business men want to make money, and the pursuit of these external objects is in their natures. Besides geniuses are too egotistical for general society, too keenly sensitive to the opinions of others.

Lowell, however, greatly enjoyed the position in London which his diplomatic appointment gave him. It was of great use to him. He was really shy and easily abashed, as it is the nature of poets and artists to be. He told me one morning that he had spoken

the night before at the Savage Club, a club of literary men, adding:—"They are critics, you know, and I was afraid of them, but I didn't let 'em see it." His official position helped to give him audacity. With the help of it, I have known him now and then to do just a little bit of bluffing. He would, in a whimsical manner, especially if he was feeling pretty well, express himself freely and confidently upon subjects of which he could not have known very much. An English acquaintance of mine told me that he had him one night to dinner and that he had at the same time the celebrated authority upon classical antiquities, Sir Charles Newton. There was a difference of opinion between the two upon some point connected with this subject, upon which Sir Charles Newton was one of the greatest living experts. A discussion followed in which Lowell, who I dare say was feeling pretty well and in high spirits, went in and wiped the floor with Sir Charles Newton. I said to my friend that I did not suppose that Sir Charles Newton minded, that such an expert as he must of course have regarded Lowell's talk as that of an amateur. "Not a bit of it," said he, "I assure you poor old Newton was dreadfully disturbed." The other people present, knowing nothing about the subject, probably gave the victory to the smartest talker. When Lowell was in good spirits and in sympathetic company, he was an admirable talker. Gladstone told an American of my acquaintance that he considered him the best talker in London. "With one exception?" inquired my friend. But Gladstone said he thought Lowell was better than he was. When Lowell spoke upon subjects of which he had real knowledge, he was apt to speak modestly

and with hesitation. I remember once asking him something about Dante, of which subject he knew a great deal, and he spoke with the caution with which a man usually speaks upon a subject of which he is master.

Many examples of his talk come to my mind, from which it is not easy to make a selection. These occur to me at random. I remember once asking him if he did not think the parts of Lucretius about falling particles queer material to make poetry out of. He began talking about Lucretius and made some striking remarks about the opening invocation to Love, which he thought one of the finest passages in literature. Again I remember his saying, and I thought his remark was meant for me, that one important condition of success in literature was the wish to succeed. "If a man really wants to do anything," he said, "there may be some chance. But if you don't care, you won't do anything." I recall this also. One evening he and I dined with Hoppin at Hoppin's house. Mr. Henry James was with us. I had been reading Hazlitt's *Liber Amoris*, the account which he wrote of his love affair with the grand-daughter of his landlady. Mrs. Procter, who was a friend of Hazlitt's, had told me that her husband, Barry Cornwall, the poet, had thought that Hazlitt was so much in love with the girl that he had better marry her, and had gone to see her to do what he could to help the matter along. But he found that she had been so frightened by Hazlitt's violence that she would have nothing more to do with him. I said that it was distressing to see a man of Hazlitt's talents make such an abject exposition of himself. But Lowell thought differently. He said, and

he spoke seriously and impressively: "There is no telling what any one of us,"—meaning the four men at the table,—“may yet become through a woman.”

He had spent his life as a teacher and had some of the characteristics of men who have followed that profession. He had not in the least that way of talking down to people, which teachers sometimes have, that sweetly reasonable, indulgent manner, “Ah, do you think so,” etc. Artists and poets are never prigs, and Lowell was not. But he had to some degree that vanity of omniscience, which is said to be a quality of teachers. He really did know a great deal, and knew about a great many things. He did not like to be told anything, and he was glad to have a chance to exhibit his knowledge. I remember once, when we were at some evening party, that he came to me in high dudgeon and told me that a few minutes before he had encountered a certain notorious old bore, whom nobody else would have minded, and that this person had told him that kickshaws came from quelquechose. Lowell was very indignant. He was charming when he was in this mood. I remember also an incident when his pride of knowledge betrayed him into an unfortunate remark. Who of us, however, does not now and then make such mistakes and worse? I introduced the late chevalier Wikoff to him. There can be few now who remember anything about Wikoff. He was queer looking enough; cross-eyed, clean-shaven, except for the little side whiskers dyed black, of the pattern of two generations before, and he wore an uncompromising black wig, with the dress of a revived dandy of about 1820, a frock coat with a high collar, a stock and a silk hat with a broad brim, very much rolled. He had



a very deep voice. In theory he was an utter cynic, firmly persuaded that every man and woman had his or her price; but he was a good old fellow, with an excellent heart and a practice entirely at variance with his philosophy. He had been made a chevalier by some Italian potentate, I believe, and he liked to be called by that title. I was very careful, however, to introduce him as "Mr. Wikoff." It would not have pleased Lowell if I had introduced him with the title. Lowell said,—“Ah, Mr. Wikoff, I remember you in prison.” Wikoff had once been in the galleys in Italy. Now it was not at all a case of Paul and Silas in chains, or of Galileo in the dungeons of the Inquisition. He really had done something, just what I don't know. My impression is that he was charged with having kidnapped a lady. Wikoff was surprised, but he was a very self-possessed person, and, seeing at once that Lowell did not mean to be unkind, said, “Yes, yes, so I was.” Lowell happened to know that Wikoff had been in prison;—indeed Wikoff had told all about it in an autobiography—and he liked to show that he knew it.

I should not forget to mention one of his peculiarities. No one could have been much with Lowell without hearing a great deal of talk about Jews, on which subject he was an expert. He thought them so important; he thought the Jew blood in a man who has it dominates all other strains of blood in the man. He saw Jews everywhere. He thought that Gladstone was a Jew. I believe indeed that he was of Jewish descent; his brother, Sir Thomas Gladstone, was extremely Jewish looking. Lowell's discovery of a Jewish descent in people, however, was not so

much from an examination of their physiognomy as from their names. Vernon Harcourt was a Jew because he was from the Levison Gowers, Lord Granville's family, who, of course, were Jews because their name was Levison. "There's where Harcourt gets his impudence," he would say. One day I was walking in the Park with him when a man I knew passed. I said,—“That's the new Russian secretary—Davidoff; he succeeds Bartholomai.” Lowell said,—“Davidoff—Bartholomai—both Jews.” He said that he himself was a Jew because he was descended from people named Russell—Russell was his middle name—Russell being a Jewish name. He said that I was a Jew because my name means Christmas, though he admitted grudgingly—“You haven't got the nose for it.” The province of Natal was so named because it was discovered on Christmas day; the “t” is softened into “d” in Spanish and the Venetian dialect of Italian. Lowell insisted that my earliest converted ancestor wanted to show how good he was and took the most Christian name he could find. When I reminded him that there was a family of my name who had been from father to son in the Gold Book of Venice since 1240 and who claimed descent from one of the Magi, there was further chaff. I should explain that Mr. Lowell had no dislike of Jews but a great interest in them.

During Mr. Lowell's stay as Minister, our government bought the Franklin manuscripts, which were in London. The State Department sent to the Legation the catalogue with the request that either Mr. Hoppin or I should go to the British Musum, where the manuscripts were stored, and examine them, and compare them with the catalogue. I

accordingly spent three or four hours daily at the Museum for nearly a month, examining the papers. What I had to do was to see that the government got what they had bought. It was most interesting work, particularly the examination of the papers relating to Franklin's residence in Paris. Franklin was in daily intercourse with the great characters of that great age of France and of the world. There were letters from them dated "Tuesday," "Monday," "March 12," "June 14," etc. I found myself keeping his engagement book for him. "No, he can't dine with Vergennes on Thursday; he is engaged to Madame d'Houdetot for that day." I noticed some of the papers were in the form of collars, cuffs, sleeves, etc. On asking why this was, I was told that they were in the possession of a descendant of Franklin, who lived in London in lodgings in St. James St., and died there. These lodgings were over a tailor shop. The tailor took possession of the manuscripts and threw them on top of a chest; when he needed patterns he would have recourse to these papers.

After I had made my report on the papers, a day was fixed for their formal transfer to the U. S. Government. Mr. Lowell thought the occasion sufficiently dignified to go to the Museum in his own carriage, and I went with him. Out of his meagre salary he could not have very much, but he could have a nice pair of bays and a good brougham, with which he made a rather smart appearance. I remember that drive very well. He was in boyish spirits, talked a great deal and was of course mighty good company. I remember, as I followed him into the room at the Museum in which the papers were

kept, the somewhat grandiose expression of his back and shoulders. All there was to do was to see two or three people and to take over a few wooden boxes. It was a symptom of that incorrigible youthfulness and simplicity which were part of his character.

Since writing the above paragraph, I have been shown the following postscript to a letter from Lowell to R. W. Gilder, in which Lowell relates a supposititious anecdote of himself:—

“As Lowell was passing along the Edgware Road with a friend two years ago, their eyes were attracted by a sign with this inscription ‘Hospital for Incurable Children.’ Turning to his companion with that genial smile for which he is remarkable, Lowell said quietly, ‘There’s where they’ll send me one of these days.’” A bit of self-knowledge which is perhaps unusual.

Lowell was quite the youngest man I ever knew. This youthfulness seemed to be in part the result of several qualities. One of these was goodness, for good men keep their youth longer than men who are not good. He had always led a good life. He was a thoroughly honest man and a scrupulously honorable one. He was, I may say in passing, a very kind man and a man of great charity. He was one of the least censorious and the least vindictive of men. It was very rare to hear him speak ill of anybody. This was not in the least from policy, for he had very little of that quality; it was merely that he was by nature kind and scrupulous. If he did criticise, it was done in the gentlest manner. The only person of whom I remember to have heard him speak with any degree of asperity was the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and his criticism of him was on the score

of refinement. He said that upon one occasion he had been seated next Beecher at his (Beecher's) particular request. I can understand that Lowell might not have liked him. Beecher was a very powerful person, quite overwhelming indeed, and might easily have offended the *amour propre* of Lowell.

Not only did he not speak ill of people, but he would be silent and would look rather uncomfortable, when unkind things were said about people in his presence. These are qualities you would not expect to find in a satirical poet. But then satire was not his gift. He had not the unkindness you would expect to find in a satirical writer; nor had he the critical acumen which goes with that endowment. He was not in the least sharp. "The Biglow Papers" are infinitely spirited and joyful productions, which are part of the permanent literature of the country and intimately associated with a great period of our history, but you would hardly call them satire, certainly not satire of the order of Juvenal and Swift. They had not enough knowledge for that. I don't know very well who "Gov. C.," "John P. Robinson" and the other people attacked in those verses with such vigor and vivacity may have been, but I suspect they were nearer right than the young poets and orators who, with hearts stronger than their heads, and not knowing what they were about, were driving the country on to war. But that remark applies as well to the whole Republican Party, of which these poems were forerunners and in a sense contributing causes; none of us knew what we were about.

But not only was Lowell charitable in speech and opinion; he was a man of much practical kindness as

well, and was very ready to do anybody a good turn. There is one kind of benevolence, which an American diplomat abroad has many opportunities of exercising. He is often called upon to help his countrymen who need financial assistance, and Lowell did more of this than his limited means justified.

One cause of his youthfulness was no doubt physical. He had rugged health and was a man of first rate physique. He had that build which is said to be one of the best for strength and endurance, deep chest and broad shoulders, set on short, stout legs. I think you see physical strength in his poetry, in the introduction to "The Vision of Sir Launfal," for instance. In a happy and hopeful period of time, take a high-minded young poet in the early enthusiasm of natural virtue and with something of the pride of that quality and in first rate physical condition, turn him loose among the lilacs, buttercups and bobolinks of the sudden, transient and brilliant Spring of Massachusetts and let him sing, and you may have poetry something like this. You see the same quality in that most vital poem "The Courtin'," a production which has the true madness and gladness of poetry and humor. It is perhaps the most like him of anything he ever wrote. As I read I can see the young poet before me, the sturdy figure and mobile features alive and vibrant with poetic rage and laughter.

And when he made Ole Hundred ring,  
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

These two poems bid fair to live as long as our language does. First rate health may also in part

explain the apparent affectation to be found in some of his prose things. He is feeling his oats. He prances about all ribbons and rosettes like a stock horse at a county fair. During the period of my service under him he was, although sixty to sixty-five years of age, a man in perfect health. He would do things you would scarcely expect of a man of that age. He did not seem to mind cold, for instance. Indeed I have heard that, when he wanted a bath, he has been known to cut a hole in the ice of the Charles River and jump in. I recall this incident. We had been at one of the balls at Buckingham Palace. The dress in which we had to attend these parties was an ordinary dress coat and waistcoat with knee breeches and silk stockings. On coming away from one of these balls at two or three o'clock in the morning, the carriage was not to be found and we walked home, a distance of perhaps a mile, having nothing on from the knee downward but silk stockings and very thin pumps. I felt as if I were standing up to my knees in cold water. Lowell, on the contrary, did not seem to feel the cold in the least but stepped along in the gayest of spirits. But within eight years from that time he was gone.

The last years of Lowell's life, those which he spent in this country after leaving London, seemed to be sadder than they should have been. In the lives of some men there is, towards the end, a season like Indian Summer; at any rate so it is said in novels and romances. I have indeed known men of whom that was true. But it did not seem to come to Lowell. I don't see why he should not have had it. Until attacked by his last illness, he had been in fairly good health. He was comfortably off, I sup-

pose. He had some private fortune, and he had other sources of income. He told me that his royalties brought him about twelve hundred dollars a year, which was a good deal to get from half a dozen volumes of poems and miscellaneous essays. He said that he could go back to his professorship whenever he wished, and do as much work, or as little, as he liked. His position before the country, moreover, was a most enviable one. From the time of his return from London till his death he was, with the possible exception of Mr. Cleveland, perhaps the most distinguished man of the country. But in spite of these advantages his last years seemed desolate. It is our misfortune here that we have no great capital, where every American may feel at home, as an Englishman does in London, or a Frenchman, or indeed any human being does, in Paris. Of course an American, who lives in his own country, must live somewhere, and any place here is dull after London or Paris. Lowell returned to London once or twice after his connection with the Legation had ceased, but he was not happy there. A gentleman with whom he stayed after his return told me that he seemed to feel the loss of his old position. When I said that I should have thought that Lowell without an official position would have been better placed there than anybody else with one, my friend said:—"So should I, but that was not his feeling." Mr. Phelps, who succeeded him, intimated the same thing, when I spoke to him about Lowell, adding,—"I never make the mistake of going back." I don't quite see why it should be a mistake to go back. It is a matter of the man's own feeling. He may still take a walk in Piccadilly and Bond Street, may



visit the tailors and haberdashers, and shop at Harrod's and the Army and Navy Stores. How nice it smells in the Groceries Department at the Army and Navy! He may still have a ride on the top of an omnibus, one of the pleasantest of London diversions, and may look down on the crowds in those old streets, as if from the deck of a ship. He may look up his old friends, and, if he will leave a few cards, will no doubt have plenty to do. But that would not have been enough for Lowell. Is it not true that people, whose lives have very nearly always been happy and prosperous, do not seem to take the disappointments which are sure to come with advancing years with the courage and endurance which men have who have been early inured to a certain amount of adverse fortune? Lowell had led a singularly happy life and he had been fairly prosperous all his days. I had another literary chief in London, an eminent and gifted man, Mr. John Lothrop Motley. Mr. Motley was a man who had always lived a prosperous life until his difference with his government in 1870, when the government asked for his resignation. With his literary fame, the high regard in which he was held at home, and the place which his personal attractions had won for him in some of the most distinguished societies in Europe, no man would have been in better position than he to reply "Here it is," and, with a shrug of the shoulders, to retire, and to say and think no more about it, and that is what almost any man who had had much experience of the ups and downs and the give and take of ordinary practical life would have done. But it was his misfortune that he did not do that.

I have said that Lowell was the youngest man I

ever knew. It is also true that I never knew any other man who had a greater dread of getting old than he. He would sometimes say to me—I was twenty-five years the younger—"Oh, you'll begin to feel it pretty soon." He wrote poems on the subject. There was a wonderful old lady in London whom we knew very well, Mrs. Procter. This incident will give you a notion of what Mrs. Procter was like. I met her in St. James's Park one morning when she was about ninety, the short sturdy figure toddling up a rather stiff hill in the park and going at a good pace. I asked her where she was going. She said,—“I'm going to London.” I said,—“Aren't you in London?”—St. James's Park being about the centre of London. “No,” she said, “I don't call this London. I call Bond Street London.” Lowell wrote her a poem beginning—“I know a girl; they say she's eighty.” The poet says that when he is in search of Youth he is acquainted with a certain doctor “who keeps the drug” “doctor,” of course rhyming with “Procter.” The last time I saw Mr. Lowell he gave me a curious and somewhat pathetic indication of his interest in this subject. I happened to be for a day in Boston at some time during the closing years of his life, and went out to see him in the teeth of a terrible March blizzard. I thought he seemed rather lonely. He told me that Hoppin had been to see him not long before. He said that he looked well and seemed to be in good health, but he noticed that when he went away he was a little awkward in getting down the front steps. When I left, he came to the door with me and stood there, evidently waiting to see how I negotiated the front steps. At the age I was then there was no reason

why there should be anything the matter with my action. But the incident was characteristic of Lowell, and of his intense interest in the subject of youth and age.

One of my London chiefs, Mr. John Welsh, Mr. Lowell's immediate predecessor, a man to whom I was greatly attached, once said to me: "You at your age think it a good thing to be a minister or something of that sort. There is not much in that. No time in your life will probably be so pleasant as where you are now." "You think not?" I asked. "Probably not," he replied. I have had many pleasant and interesting hours since. But upon the whole, perhaps, this forecast of my old friend has proved true. I had a pleasant time with him, and it was pleasant under his successor. Lately in London on a hot Sunday afternoon in September, London very empty and the air having that deadness which characterizes London hot weather, I turned southward from Albert Gate and found myself in a long parallelogram, with a narrow grass plot in the middle, surrounded by an iron fence. I did not know it at first. "What is this?" I thought. "Why, of course it is Lowndes Square, and over there is Lowell's house." The house had the silence which belongs to places we have known well in the past but have ceased to know. The bright and manly figure of the former occupant stood before me in a peculiarly winning and kindly light—a man to be liked, admired, respected and regretted.

## A VIRGINIAN JOURNEY

I BEGAN a recent journey in Virginia by a visit to some old friends in Fauquier County—an Englishman married to a Virginian wife. Their life presented a delightful contrast to that I had been leading in New York. It is a life passed with horses, dogs, and cattle, and in which men have almost as much leisure and as much time on their hands as the animals have. I found my friend's house an excellent place in which to get over the *grippe*. We had the variable weather of the season, which was the last of March. At times on very sunshiny days it was warm enough to have the doors and windows open, which, after the wintry scene I had just left in New York, was a novelty. The next day would bring a chill wind, which would close the windows. But the dogs would all gather in the smoking-room—a place littered up with guns, books, tobacco-pipes, and many odds and ends having to do with sport and animals; and, with a great wood fire and the feet on the fender, and plenty of books, chiefly about horses—in which animals' disease is nearly as attractive as health is in human beings—one rather preferred the bad weather.

It was a kind of life in which the domestic affections flourish exceedingly. There were some beautiful children. One of these, a lame child, had a delightful voice, the joyous accents of which, when he was playing in the garden, I could hear through the open windows of my bedroom. Of course, a lame child

is sure to receive a great deal of affection, and being loved was quite a matter of course to this one. One morning when he was sitting on a stone in the garden, occupied with his own thoughts, and his father and I were walking back and forth past him, the father said, as he passed—"I detest you." The child interrupted the thread of his reflections sufficiently to remark carelessly:—"On the contrary, you adore me." The youngest was about two years old. The first morning of my stay in the house, I came down late to breakfast, and my friends asked me how I had slept. This piece of good manners impressed the child, who was sitting in a high chair by his mother's side, and he put it away in his mind for future use. Accordingly the next morning when I again appeared late at breakfast, before anyone else had a chance to say anything, he called out to me from the other end of the table—"Dal, how you sleep?"

In Fauquier the horse, rather than man, is the centre of society. A good deal of the raising of horses here is done by Englishmen. They are good horsemen, but not always good men of business. At one place, at which there were several very fine imported stallions, three or four of these young men lived. I was there once and found the lazy fellows not yet out of bed; I looked through the window and saw a billiard table. There was to be a steeplechase in the neighborhood in a few days, which was expected with great interest in the house in which I was staying, because a horse belonging to the house (a very handsome and promising animal) was to run in it. One of our occupations was to go and watch the practice for the steeplechase—a rather chilly amusement, I thought, at first. The skies were usually

cloudy, although at times bright with a cold sun; it was in that dull March weather when the sod has scarcely felt the influence of the spring. The contrast of this country scene was very sharp with the urban, sedentary life I had just left,—that of a commercial community largely suffering from the influenza. These four-year-old thoroughbreds had not the *grippe*; youth was the proper possession of their riders, whose cheeks the strong air had painted with a ruddy color. It was not possible long to resist the contagion of the spectacle. Soon the hot blood which coursed in the veins of horses and riders began to stir in your own. It was such an abrupt meeting with that primal, natural life of which we have all been cheated. My mind went backward to those legendary scenes with which the imagination of mankind has filled other climes and earlier and happier ages. This was not the dull landscape of the Potomac and the Rappahannock; these young men who leaped the eager steeds over the hurdles were not the English youths I had seen about the post-office and the village stores; they were rather Centaurs, sons of Chiron, playing in the vales of Thessaly.

My friend's horse, Ascot, was said to be one of the best-looking in that part of the country; he was four years old, a fraction over sixteen hands high, and near perfection in form. The day came, and Ascot looked very splendid; the groom had made his bay coat fairly refulgent. Before the horses started his master was offered \$800 for him, but he thought he could get \$1,000 if he won the race, which it seemed likely he would do. As Ascot, with his grand stride, galloped over the course, he glittered like a horse in armor. He was coming in well at the head of

the race, when he fell at the last stone fence. From the stand we could see that he did not rise, and feared the worst. Once indeed he rose on his forelegs, his haunches still on the ground, as a dog sits; an attitude regarded as a very bad indication. Everybody hurried to the spot across the fields. The horse was lying upon the grass, his burnished coat fairly glistening in the sun, his legs trembling, but his eye showing less suffering than I should have expected, the men and ladies whispering about him as if about a human death-bed. A veterinary said his back was broken. Someone said, "He is eating grass; isn't that a good sign?" A boy of eleven standing by said, "That is nothing; I have seen them eat grass when they were dying." Ascot's master was walking about, gloomily and sadly, holding a revolver. But the ladies pleaded that there was a chance for Ascot and that he should have it.

Accordingly he was drawn home upon a wagon and "hung," as it is called, i. e., stood upon his feet and held up by belts passed under him and attached to the roof of his stable. Here he stood for a week, tended day and night, apparently in no great suffering, indeed usually stupid with the narcotics which were poured into him. He was the one theme of thought and conversation. The household, parents and children, white and colored, human and canine, were the most of the time about him. The little mulatto maid, who brought me my bath in the morning, said: "Ascot is better!" or "Ascot is not so well this morning!" But, of course, he did not get well.

Virginia has scarcely the reputation of Kentucky for raising horses, but many good horses of several kinds are raised in the State. In Fauquier and Lou-

don Counties jumpers and hunters are bred; draught horses are raised in the Valley; in the counties in the southwest, such as Wythe, Pulaski, &c., they breed saddle-horses, by which is usually meant gaited horses, that is, pacers and rackers; trotters are raised all over the State. Many of the Loudon and Fauquier horses are bred to sell to men who belong to the hunting clubs of the large Eastern cities. It is only in this part of the State that hunters and jumpers are to be found. In other parts of the State, certainly in my own native country, ability to jump is considered a vice, for the reason that higher fences are required to keep jumping horses in. Pacers, rackers, and single-footers are seen everywhere throughout Virginia. Pacing is certainly not a pretty gait, but it by no means deserves the contempt in which it is held by the English and by Americans whose fancy is based upon English taste. Of course, trotting is a better gait for riding in city parks, or for pleasure riding of any kind, because it is better-looking and gives the rider more exercise. But in Virginia a saddle-horse is very necessary for getting about. Often the only way, at any rate the best way, of going between distant points is on horseback. The good old notion of the horse as the natural means of locomotion still prevails there, and the traveller is still set forward upon his journey by "evening red and morning grey." For all day rides these gaited horses are very comfortable. You must often carry saddle-bags, and it is difficult to trot with saddle-bags. If you are riding all day under a Virginia midsummer sun, you will find it comfortable to carry an umbrella, and you can scarcely trot with an umbrella. A most useful



gait for a long distance riding is a dog-trot, fox-trot, or running walk. But this, again, is not a beautiful movement. These gaited horses, by the way, even in walking have a quick method of moving their hind legs which is ugly. A peculiarity of Virginia horses also seemed to me to be drooping hind-quarters. The head, neck, and withers, on the contrary, are often exceedingly good.

In one very beautiful part of Virginia to which I went from Fauquier, I had the use of an animal that had these characteristics. He belonged to one of the most distinguished of the Confederate cavalry leaders—the only commander, I have been told, who ever captured a gunboat with cavalry. Since the war the general had brought new lustre to a famous name by a civil career almost as distinguished as that he achieved in arms. He is a lover of horses, having been first in his class at West Point in horsemanship, has an extensive knowledge of them, and great skill in handling them. But he has now little leisure for horses, being much engaged in the important affairs related to the movement being made for the development of the South. He therefore kindly allowed me the use of this animal while I was in his neighborhood. This horse, which was five years old and had a particularly fine neck, long and well arched, was eighteen hands high. I never, when mounted, had been at such a distance from the ground before. He was scarcely bridle-wise, but had an excellent disposition, as big things are apt to have. One discovery I thought I made with him, namely, that these very big horses cannot shy badly.

This incident I thought showed great intelligence

on his part. One morning I was going along the road when I saw approaching me a boy perhaps 14 years old, carrying an empty flour barrel, who, with that ingenuity in making a nuisance of himself which belongs to a boy of that age, had let down the flour barrel over his head till it rested on his shoulders, so that even to my eyes he looked like a monster with the body of a boy and the head of a flour barrel. The horse had, of course, never seen anything like that before and, though a very sensible animal, did not like it, and he lifted his giraffe-like neck and stared at it, prancing from one side of the road to the other. As the boy came nearer, he turned and ran back about fifty yards. I made no attempt to control him, being curious to see what he would do. He turned to look at the boy, apparently more curious than afraid, and, liking the spectacle no better than before, turned again and fled. This he repeated several times, I giving him a loose rein. The boy, who had not seen or heard us, was still advancing. I presently called to him and asked him to set down the barrel beside the road, which he did, and the horse went by, giving it a wide berth. A few miles further on I came to a flour mill, in front of which there were a number of flour barrels. He had often passed these barrels before and had never taken any notice of them. But this time he stopped short and looked at them intently. I laid the rein on his neck, when he went up to one of them and studied it carefully, going all over it with his nose. Then with a toss of his head he went on, as if to say—"That which I took for the head of a boy was only a flour barrel."

It was a serious matter to get off to open a gate on

account of the difficulty of mounting. Not only had you to climb the eighteen hands, but you had to get your legs over the high cantle of a military saddle. Fortunately there was often at hand a little darkey, who would open the gate for me. There was one child about ten years old, very black and nearly naked, who once did me this service. I felt in my pocket for the usual nickel, with which coin a young darkey must have great familiarity. Not finding one, I gave him a dime. It was in the days of the real estate boom in the South, and the child had heard a great deal about the purchase and sale of land. My munificence had at first the effect of depriving him of speech, but when I had ridden about fifty feet from him, he found his voice and called after me—"Say, boss, is yuh goin' tuh buy out dis heah groun'?" He made sure I was a great real estate operator. When there was no little darkey about, my plight was serious. The horse would not be led up to a stone or a fence. Once, when I was about eight miles from home and was trying to get him up to a fence, he became very much excited and I feared he would break away from me, which would have been unpleasant, as there was a stream about two feet deep between me and my destination, which I was relying upon his long legs to get me across. There was one way, however, by which it was possible to mount from the ground. The stirrup leathers were very long. You could let out the left stirrup till it was within two feet of the ground, and then let out the right stirrup and throw it across the saddle; a kind of ladder was thus made on the left side, by means of which it was possible to walk on his back.

I breakfasted one morning with the general and his family. He told me this story which he said he had related to President Cleveland, whom it amused. A lawyer and politician of his neighborhood had as a client a farmer who would come to consult him not only about matters of law but about other matters as well. He came one day and said—"What does this newword 'mugwump' I see in the papers mean?" "A mugwump," explained the politician, "is a Republican who votes the Democratic ticket—a man who puts his ideas of right above party affiliations." "A pretty good sort of man, isn't he?" said the farmer. "Oh, a very superior man," was the reply. "Now," said the farmer, "what would you call a Democrat who voted the Republican ticket?" The politician, much astonished by this suggestion, said with great animation,—“Why, sir, I should call him a damned fool!”

The general was a man of much wit and liveliness of mind. I have heard this about him. Someone asked him why you so seldom see a dead cavalryman. The general, who was one of the most distinguished Confederate cavalry leaders, said—"Well, you see it's like this. We wait till we get within about three hundred yards of the enemy. Then we raise a great shout, and, if they don't run, we do." At the same time I doubt if it would have been wise to take the general at his word.

I may be permitted to say that I was much impressed with one person at the table—the general's mother. Virginians are much chaffed by the world-at-large regarding the claims of their old families to the possession of superior manners; but my observation is that the good families of tidewater Virginia

are quite justified in thinking highly of themselves on that score. This old lady was nearly blind and scarcely spoke a word, and she was dressed in the plainest way. But there seemed to me to be something distinctly *grande dame* about her.

One is continually brought close to nature and wild animal life in travelling in this country. In one mountain town to which my travels on the general's big colt led me I met a dark, tall, and very powerful-looking man, who was decidedly drunk; there was some kind of festival in the village. He took off his hat and made me a low bow, and on top of his head, nestling in a great shock of black hair, was a baby opossum, which he said he had found and was taking home as a present to his little girls. The marsupials are, I believe, a mammalian order much more ancient than other existing mammals. I have been told that the female marsupial has in the breast a compressor muscle by means of which milk is ejected into the mouth of the young. The little marsupial may not know enough "to come in when it rains," but he does know enough to open its mouth. But I have never seen a creature more wide-awake or up to the times than this one. He appeared to have grown quite used to his queer habitation, and to be keenly on the alert to see what the rest of the world was like.

At a railway station in Rockbridge County I stopped to get one of those luncheons of bread and chicken which the negroes offer on the arrival of the train, and which are the best food to be found in that country. The dogs of the town, all of which come down to the depot to see the train come in, surrounded me and begged in an embarrassing man-

ner. But I offered the remains of my lunch to a little bear cub tied behind the hotel. He had been caught a few weeks before by some men who were coming down the mountain on a hand-car. They saw him scurrying away among the bushes and ran after him and caught him. He did not object to be captured and appeared rather willing to see the world. When I offered him my luncheon, he raised himself on his hind-legs, and walked about it delicately, and smelt of it, and fingered it in that peculiarly *chic* way which it is so impossible for a human touch to imitate, and declined with thanks. I asked the bar-tender what he would take, and he said that "if I had any lemon drops, he would like them." But I had no lemon drops.

One evening I was going along a road which overlooked one of the more considerable villages in this part of Virginia, when a boy passed me. As appears to be the habit of these rustics, he turned after he had gone a few feet and spoke to me, saying, "Mister, don't you want to see a monkey that nurses a kitten?" "Do you mean to say that the monkey suckles the kitten?" "No, it just holds it in this way" (imitating the action with his arms). "Is the monkey fond of the kitten?" "Not very; it will nurse anything else the same way—a rabbit or a guinea-pig." The boy pointed me out the house where he lived, which was not far off, and I promised to come in an hour's time. It was, although not yet sundown, late in the afternoon, at the hour when the new moon renovates with the fresh arc of her slender circlet the decline of the propitious day. Odd that such a wakeful novelty should be introduced into the heavens at the time when nature is preparing

for repose. It was night when I turned to go, and the sides of the Alleghenies still had some faint hues, worn, no doubt, at that moment by every fading mountain line from the Shenandoah to the Greenbrier.

I presently found the house which the boy had pointed out. There was indeed the monkey. The kitten was put into the monkey's box, and the monkey then proceeded to do as the boy had said. She seized it in her arms, kissed it, hugged it, and dandled it. The kitten's fore-legs were by its position forced round the neck of the monkey. The kitten's figure was the more humorous of the two. It showed an amusing familiarity with the situation and yet a strong dissent from it, evidently objecting to be thus effaced, and with many cries and grimaces stoutly asserting its feline and non-simian character. It would now and then scratch its foster-mother, who would slap it, and then embrace it still more fondly than before. The monkey's behavior showed that desperate, indiscriminate maternal feeling to be observed in certain childless women.

The young naturalist and demonstrator squatted upon his heels, with his little bare feet in the mud, and pointing to the cage, rehearsed the peculiarities of the pair, as he had daily observed them. The commercial idea, however, was evidently stronger in his mind than the scientific one, as he showed by the careful manner in which he scanned, under the moonlight, the coin I gave him.

The new Virginia is a very different place indeed from that I knew as a boy. In that day I have often ridden over green fields upon which the city of Roanoke now stands. There have been great material

changes; but it is in the spirit of the people rather than in these alterations that the change is to be observed, and this spirit is preparing far greater material changes in the future. The new spirit of enterprise is very surprising to anyone who has known the country in antebellum days, and I cannot say that the new order of things is altogether agreeable.

Of a considerable part of the country lying upon the Roanoke I must, as an idle boy in the old days of slavery, have ridden over almost every foot. As the train struck the bank of the river which I had not seen in thirty years—there was no railway in those days—a boyish memory of the Roanoke came into my mind. It was of old Ben, a brown horse that used to carry me upon the sides of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies, and across the river heads of that well-watered country. I did not mind the sun in those days, not even a Virginian sun, but I think the old horse was never so well contented as when I stopped him in the shade upon a mountain side, and from his back picked the fox grapes or the chicken grapes from the sweet gums that overhung the road, while the Peaks of Otter were glittering forty miles away. The old horse was a rather wearisome creature. Familiarity with him had bred contempt. I had nursed him through the scratches and the distemper, and altogether had found him tiresome. I was sitting on him once when the old quadruped stood up to his belly in the current of the Roanoke, somewhat apart from the loud and violent channels of the river, his nose neglecting the stream which breasted us with strong pulses, his eyes winking under the keen blue of the unclouded sky. We



were standing there, our ears stunned with the thunder and the reverberation of the lonely place, when suddenly, his wits perhaps affected by the sounding and moving waters and the solitude of the spot, he relaxed his limbs and rolled luxuriously in the limpid current, leaving me to get ashore as best I could—an action revealing an unsuspected independence of the mind.

It had been years since I had seen that country, but I found it still there. The blue splinters of the Peaks of Otter have not ceased from performing their noonday pranks; Twelve-o'clock Knob will still astonish you with some manifestation of his immortal and infinitely varied life; the desert places of Roanoke and Rockbridge are still vocal with the wailing of many waters.

I stopped for a few hours at a little town on the Roanoke, in which I once lived. I remembered it as a very still place; it had now been awakened by a boom. One memory that came back to me seemed most irreconcilable with the bustling modern activity of this little town of boom times, the main street of which now looked a good deal like a town in Pennsylvania. I have seen standing on the auction block which was formerly in front of that Court House a grinning negro boy, eighteen or twenty years of age, stout-built and very black, much elated with the encomiums of the auctioneer and with the notice of the crowd, while the bidders would come, one by one, and run their hands up and down his legs and feel his chest and arms. I do not remember what he brought. But the boom existed mainly in the principal street, and did not seem to have affected the lanes and by-ways. Along one of these lanes I

walked at a late hour of the morning. The season was the end of May, the landscape wonderfully green, and sweet odors were flowing from the pores of the loosened, heated earth. There was lavish sun everywhere, and yet it was not hot. Above me was the white edifice of the sunlit air, scintillating with prismatic hues, replete with warmth to the point of saturation, replete also with the incense of roses, and of the flowers of the late blossoming fruit trees, and alive with a reckless tumult from the throbbing songs of birds. And yet with all this activity there was satiety, and Nature was contented. Walking towards that part of the place in which a college is standing, I found an old garden, quite shut out from the rest of the village, in which the grass was thick and high, and there were quantities of roses in full bloom. A long path led from the gate to the house. Here I remained for a little while, wondering at the seclusion of the spot. Presently the gate opened, and an old man with books under his arm walked up the path, in whom I recognized with some difficulty an old preceptor. I remembered him as a man in the prime of life; he would now have sat for a representation of conventional old age. He did not recognize me, and perhaps scarcely remembered me. We spoke of the change in the South. But there was no change in the spot on which we stood. That green enclosure, stirred only by the airs of the early summer, did not seem to be aware of the boom which was boiling in the main street of the village. The top of Twelve-o'clock Knob and the belfry of the adjacent college were the only objects which could see into it. There was a faint murmur of learning from beyond the neighboring lilac hedge, the only com-

pany suitable to the blowing grasses and severe roses of the peaceful garden. I asked about the fortunes of the little university. Of course, it was sadly in need of money for its "fund" for the purchase of chemical apparatus and for its other "fund" for the completion of the "Hall of Science," and it had just selected one of that new sort of college presidents, a young man chosen for his "executive ability," which means that he understands how to get this money. One's impression was, however: "I know that you are not very pecunious. But I dare say learning may be pursued as well under the protection of your somewhat straitened muses, and within call of the bell in yonder cupola, as if you had a million or two from some great railroad man or operator in stocks; and that there are books enough upon the cool and silent shelves—not too well filled—of your rustic library to teach all the philosophy one requires, if one would only appropriate it and take it to heart, as I know you have done."

When I admired his roses, the old man said: "Yes, it is a good selection; it was made by my wife; she died two years ago." He mentioned certain persons who could talk to me of former days; to this I suggested that the renewal of these acquaintanceships, although a pleasure, was, perhaps, a melancholy one. "It would be so if it were not for the hope of meeting in a better world," said the old man, still standing among his roses. He seemed to wish to talk, but a painful expression crossed his face and he began to cough. He said: "I have been suffering a good deal from the asthma of late; it is troubling me to-day," and expressing a wish to serve me, he disappeared into the house. So like old age, with one eye fixed

feebly upon the highest spiritual ideas, and the other, and apparently the stronger one, upon the infirmities of the body.

From this old home on the Roanoke I went to a still older one, my native village on the Greenbrier. This is a hundred miles to the west, on the summit of the Alleghenies. In making this journey, you cross the water-shed which divides the streams which flow directly into the Atlantic from those which flow into the Mississippi. The Greenbrier and the Cow-pasture Rivers are west of this water-shed. It was almost sundown when the train went along the banks of the Cow-pasture. To me it is not a pleasant thought that these mountain waters are to find their way into the strange and muddy Mississippi. In that remote and doleful scene, do they remember, I wonder, the hour when they lay so much nearer the sky, in their rock-strewn, plashy bed on the roof of the Alleghenies, amid the dreaming valleys of the Cow-pasture River, under the brooding mountains, and shone on by the evening star's yellow light?

My native village is 2,500 feet above the sea, and has mountains about it which are 4,000 feet. The verdure of the country is very strong; the cause of this is probably the blue-grass, which is an indigenous and natural growth, and does not have to be planted. It is only necessary to ring the forest anywhere, and it will spring up. It is found all the way up the sides and on the tops of the highest mountains. And yet it cannot be altogether the blue-grass which gives the country its verdure, for the trees have the same strong hues as the grass. Perhaps it is the character of the soil which gives to both this strength; the fields and farms, as you walk among them, show

such a living green, so fresh and gay, with a Southern wealth, yet free and clear as the North, and sound as new milk. The trees crowd the sides of the mountains, from the exquisite curves into which the slopes dip near their bases to where their summits encounter the morning blue.

The village, which has 1,000 people, and which up to the time of the war was the leading one within fifty miles, lies in a depression, and is on this account sometimes called "the saucer village." The street is an ellipse which descends from one hill top and rises to another, the two hills being about a mile apart and the greater part of the village in the middle at the bottom. The place does not look as if it had a future or much of a present, but it has obviously had a past. There is plenty of dilapidation, which you see to some extent in the brick houses, which are yet too substantially built to be injured by neglect, and still more plainly in the wooden houses. And yet a number of the houses show thrift and comfort, have broad, two-story piazzas and nice gardens.

The village has the verdure common to that country, but perhaps that of the village is made all the stronger by contrast with the red brick houses and red roses. At any rate, I have a feeling there of being encompassed by greenness. I don't know whether it is greener in wet or dry weather, although I should be inclined to say on wet days. Late on a wet afternoon the street on the east end of the town takes a dip downward upon a mixture of brick and wooden houses and green sod and rose gardens, half concealed among oaks, elms, and blossoming locusts,—the air, by the way, very strong with the powerfully sweet smell of the locust flowers. There

are, I may add, certain smells, which, wherever I have known them, have always brought me back to this place. I thought I should try and find out what they were. One is locust. There is also the smell of boxwood. Then there is the acid smell of sour grass, and there are other smells which one is not able to grasp or name before they are gone. One, which I had supposed to be recondite and mysterious, I find to be simply that of the breath of cows. But this you find mostly in the back streets, of which there are two, running parallel with the main street, one on either side of it, and which are perfectly green and covered with close-cropped sod. On one of these back lanes there is still standing a stable, which lay at the extreme corner of a most familiar garden. In former and more prosperous days, of which the old "black mammy," Harriet, was the historian, it had had three or four horses; at the time of which I am speaking it had nothing but fleas. It was alive with them. I soon learned to give it a wide berth, even in the road passing it on the other side; as it lay remote under the sun in the corner of the garden, shunned even by the hardy currants and sunflowers, it seemed, to the sensitive imagination and cuticle of childhood, fairly to tingle.

The village is pretty far to the south, and the weather in midsummer is usually clear, and is hot also. The vegetation has a semi-tropical profusion. This is evident in the way the roses grow. A brick house about two miles from the town, with which I have been familiar from a child, has a two-story verandah in front, of which an old rose bush covers both stories. I asked a cousin—a middle-aged woman, in whom a girlish face of former days looked

out from such irrelevant accessories as gray hair and lines on the forehead and about the eyes—when it was planted. She had been born in this house and lived there all her life, yet it had been there as long as she could remember. These bushes are visited by humming birds, although I think they are more apt to be seen on the porches covered with honeysuckles. But it is the hum of that sleeping projectile, the bumble bee, which is the voice of these rose trees—a much lustier creature than the Northern one, twice the size perhaps, with a much broader expanse of cloth of gold upon his back, and conducting himself with a swagger and a saturnine dignity like a bull's; formidable and with a look of momentum about him; scarcely conscious of that reserved armory of offense you are careful not to awaken, and yet expecting like emperors and other dangerous things to be got out of the way of, he hangs amid the sun-laden atmosphere of his fragrant den near the thorn, the canker-worm, and the blossom. The village is full of these rose trees. At night especially the air is very strong with the smell of them. The spreading branches of the oaks and evergreens keep to earth the fragrance of the gardens, which amid summer sights and odors seem to await the moon-rise; and presently, preceded by upward streaming roseate lights and vapors, the edge of the moon, peering above the rim of the illumined hill, in an instant gilds the vast scene.

My village is a place that few people have ever heard of, and which has a humble opinion of itself. It nevertheless receives within its modest horizon visitors of some note. The brilliant Venus, subject of forgotten poets, looks down upon our lanes and

gardens; and I have seen the little Presbyterian steeple keep the sky, as twin occupant, with Saturn, worshipped on Chaldean plains as the "highest star in Heaven," before the Man of Ur went to found a nation in Canaan. It is, in my judgment, a beautiful village. Even in the morning, when the strong sun brings to light the shabbiness of the shops and houses, and renders faint and dull the green of the hills, and makes still whiter the white limestone rocks of the hill-sides, it is pleasant to see. But as the afternoon advances the beauty of the place begins to surprise you. If, at a late hour of the afternoon, especially after a shower, you are looking down upon it from one of the surrounding hills, the appearance of the village, with its glancing lights and its brilliant red and emerald hues, is like that sudden, vivid expression of an infant, when alone he turns his bright smile upon his mother and reveals to her wondering eye his incredible beauty of mind. Then comes the sunset, and a little later a planet or two appear on high. Next the light of a lamp is seen at a door or window, and the household lights then begin to move about. Perhaps there is something interesting about these first wandering lights of the village. It is as if the human heart would answer to those unregarding planets, which in their sapphire depths stand with such strength and youth from their ancient journeys, the faint, far glimmering ray of a gentle but tranquil hope.

There are three or four churches in the village. There is a brick church, which was the property of the Methodists, but which during the war was given to the negroes. A hole in the wall of this building, made by a cannon-ball which passed through it,



is still to be seen; the negroes have utilized the aperture by running out of it a stove-pipe with an elbow. The whites, thus ejected from their own church, have built a small frame one not far away. Another is the Episcopalian, but, as it is not rich enough to have a clergyman, it is for the most part closed, and seems in its significant quiet to invite a query from the other meeting houses, whether its god is asleep or gone upon a journey. But the leading faith of the country is the Presbyterian. This is mainly due to the fact that the people are nearly all of Scotch-Irish descent. The Presbyterian church, a stone one, very clean and substantial, was built about 1790. The village graveyard surrounds it. This might really be called the State church of the community, which from the adjacent valleys for many miles around comes to the Sunday morning service. The young minister is a very good preacher. The choir is composed mostly of young ladies, the young men having left for more thriving parts. The Presbyterians, I believe, make much of their hymnology, perhaps because their service is in other respects devoid of effort to please or attract. Yet I am not sure that there is not something striking and picturesque in the severity of this ritual, as perhaps there is also in the definite and uncompromising creed of this denomination, its aggressive tone and its executive form of church government. People holding this creed might be expected to express themselves with some joyfulness, which they do in their vigorous hymnology. One gets an impression of joyful energy in listening to the choir of a dozen young women in the stone church on a Sunday morning, where under a midsummer sky of unclouded

blue, amid cleanly rocks, bordered by rills of purest limestone water, and in an atmosphere scented by the white blossoms of the rude and simple blackberry vines, they asseverate, with really tuneful voices and a good volume of bold sound, that "God will their strength and refuge prove," or admonish the "trembling saints" to "fresh courage," or approach Deity with some such confident and familiar strain as "Come, thou Almighty King."

It is curious in this country to see the compromise between the thrift and vigor of the Scotch-Irish stock on the one side and the results of slavery on the other. The energy of the people was, of course, affected by slavery; even in their most prosperous days they had not the vigor of free populations; the war ruined them and they have not recovered from the poverty in which it left them. You see the effects of this poverty in the graveyard which surrounds the Presbyterian church, which is indeed the Greenbrier burying ground. People have died, and their relatives have meant to mark the graves, but the money which might have gone to build monuments has been needed from day to day and week to week. The pious intentions cool with time and with the unremitting pressure of everyday affairs; and it is by-and-by thought that the dead can better afford to wait than the living. The result is that the graves remain unmarked save by the unbought magnificence of the roses, with which, from end to end, the churchyard is filled abundantly. These wave throughout the livelong summer's day, as if in atonement for the narrow circumstances or the sordid forgetfulness of the survivors; while the people go about their quiet occupations, the roses, in their

unnoticed enclosure on the edge of the village, still wave and toss to the blue sky, as if importunately calling the living to the recollection and commemoration of the dead.

The only industry of this country was the raising of sheep, cattle, and horses. It had at one time extremely good horses. General Lee's favorite horse "Traveller" was from Greenbrier, being the colt of a thoroughbred horse out of a common mare of the country; General Curtis Lee told me he had four white feet, a defect, if it be one, which he shares with many famous horses. General Lee, I believe, tried to find the dam of "Traveller" in Greenbrier, but did not succeed. The Greenbrier region is too mountainous for agriculture on a large scale, and no mines have ever been opened there; the modern boom has not affected it. The people go on raising very fair stock. In the future, as their fortunes improve, which they are pretty sure to do, a better strain of horses will be introduced. It is, indeed, somewhat difficult to see how it can pay to bring good horses into the country for breeding, when not more than \$10 can be charged for service; and certainly a farmer cannot pay more than this who has to keep a colt for three or four years and then sell him for \$100. But better prices will come with improved stock; the people should at least have as good horses as they once had, and their horses were formerly very good. My own earliest equine recollections are connected with this country, and with a certain "Dusty Miller," an old dun horse, of infinite patience and paternal feeling. He was at that time well on in the twenties, the period of his birth and youth being, of course, lost in the dimmest antiquity. The name,

as applied to a dun horse, probably had reference to the yellowish color of meal, with which a Virginian miller would be likely to be covered. I inquired about him of the cousin above mentioned: she exclaimed, surprised and pleased, "Why, do you remember 'Dusty Miller'?" I did indeed. My uncle, her father, was not one of those who thought anything was good enough for little boys. He always had for us a nice sheepskin, which he had dyed black so that it might not look dirty (or did he save the black sheepskins?) and a surcingle to go round it—a most comfortable seat. If anyone, it may be added, wishes a monument, perhaps not more enduring than brass, but almost as good as a shiny white tombstone, such as that which now marks the good colonel's grave in the Greenbrier Churchyard, and which in a few decades will be overrun with strong grasses and obliterated by tangled wild roses, let him do intelligent kindnesses to children.

A horse is a necessity in this country. Fortunately it is not expensive to have one. One hundred and fifty dollars will buy a good horse, and you can keep him for \$2 a week. But you must ride in the mornings and evenings. An excellent arrangement of the day would be this. Rise early, for this country is pretty far to the south, and the sun soon gets hot. Ride for an hour or two and come back to a bath and breakfast. Read or write in the morning. The prospects from your window are pleasing. It is very still; you hear nothing but the busy song of birds and the wind among the leaves; the village streets are almost as quiet as the gardens. There is no distraction, except when a bumble bee comes in at the open window, in which case you are, perhaps, for a while

constrained by the presence of this splendid personage, and secretly wish your oppressively distinguished company would exercise the royal privilege of bringing the interview to a close. I never found any place where I could read with more advantage than here. You dine at two, and in the afternoon sleep a good deal, or sit about the village stores and taverns, or walk in some neighboring wood. You ride again at six and get back at eight, when it is dark, to tea, which should be a substantial one. The food of the country will do very well: fried chicken, excellent salads and raw tomatoes, strawberries, raspberries and peaches with cream, and various kinds of cake, in the preparation of which the people have great skill. For an hour or two in the evening the best thing to do is to sit about the odorous verandahs of which mention has been made, in the company of some good-looking young people. With this schedule in view, I know of no better place to spend the summers in than my native village.

No doubt the most interesting peculiarity of Virginia and of Southern society is the black population. The perplexing nature of the race problem lends an interest to that society which is wanting to the garish and commonplace prosperity of the North. The problem is, no doubt, a tragic one. How are the races to live together separate and yet in accord? Or are they to be for ever separate? What will be the solution of the remote future? And yet, from my observation, I should say that the concern which is commonly expressed on this subject is rather of the nature of borrowing trouble. The relations of the races are fairly comfortable and grow more comfortable. The negroes—or, as they prefer to be called,

the colored people—are getting to have more self-respect than they had formerly. They are clever enough to be educated, as anyone may see by attending the schools. The education given them is, perhaps, rather imitative, and, it may be, does not sufficiently take account of race characteristics. I went to one high school in Virginia, and was present at a class of English literature, taught by the principal, an intelligent mulatto. The young men and women were parsing and criticising, of all subjects under the sun, Pope's "Rape of the Lock!" The amusing feature of the exercise was that neither teacher nor pupil, so far as I could see, were within a thousand miles of it. But, on the other hand, what could be more remote from the simple and saccharine characteristics of the negro nature than the elegant artificiality and the refined exaggeration of this work? But I dare say the colored people are quite capable of receiving suitable literary education.

The black population, of course, profoundly distinguishes Southern society from that of the North. Among the peculiarities to be observed in that society which are due to the presence of the blacks, I will mention one which is important. The common notion, and it was my own, is that the aristocratic quality of Southern society disappeared with the abolition of slavery. My Virginian journey gave me a different notion. The fact of the presence of a great class, separated from the rest of the community by the color of their skin, and ready to do menial labor, will, it appears to me, always give an aristocratic quality to the society of the South which other parts of the Union will not have. The circumstances of life in the North compel a democratic tone. Every-

body there postpones being a gentleman: the poor man will be a gentleman when he is rich, the rich man when he has the leisure. Owing, however, to the presence of the negroes, it is easy in the South for even a poor man to have this feeling. There is always a member of that race at hand to look after his horse, or carry his bag, or black his boots. This condition of life in the South must have its effect upon the tone of society at large. It is, perhaps, owing to this peculiarity as well as to the advantages of climate, soil, and scenery which the State has, that Virginia is so favorite a place for the English. There are great numbers of English in Virginia, and those of them who have the qualities which give success in other parts of the world get on well there, and, I believe, usually like the country.

## CONTRASTS OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SCENERY

HAVING lately visited England after a long absence, my mind, both there and since my return, has been busy with the subject of the relations between our scenery and that of the Old World. I visited a dull part of Hampshire; on leaving the house where I was staying, it was necessary to get up to an early breakfast to catch a train. Two young soldiers, very pleasant and friendly fellows, who went away at the same time, were in the cab with me. Reference was made to the scenery, and one of them, who had been in America, said, "You Americans may not always *say* you admire England, but in your hearts you know there is nothing like it." I looked out of the cab window at the flat and very rolled-out landscape, cut up into squares and plots by iron fences, which, however, with its sparse oaks standing here and there, was not without a classic grace, and thought of the fresh and magic outlines of the Virginian mountains. But the hour was much too early and too drowsy to allow of any expression of dissent. It is an old question, that between the scenery of the two worlds. It is a simple one, however, with an obvious answer. Here it is primeval and virgin nature; there, nature affected by man and art.

The difference between European and American trees and woodlands is significant of this. Early in September an acquaintance took me to look at a



remarkable oak on his place in Essex, which he said had been thought by some persons to be a relic of the ancient British forest. This oak, which was not very high, threw its powerful arms straight out in all directions over a wide space of ground. Certainly such a tree could not have stood in an aboriginal forest. There would not have been sufficient sun to produce so great an amount of leafage, and there would have been no room for such a vast lateral extension. It so happened that only a few months before, in June perhaps, I had seen in Tennessee a good deal of a forest which was almost virgin. The trees went straight upward to a great height, the boles being clean of branches a long distance from the ground, and the leafage scant except at the top, where it received the sun. I rode into the middle of this forest. The trees were often so close together that it would have been hard for a horse to go between them, and my horse followed the bed of a stream which was so shallow that it scarcely more than wet his fetlocks, the rhododendrons being very thick on each side of me. Halting in the midst of the level floor of the forest, it was an impressive scene which I found. The pale and lofty trunks stood everywhere parallel, and with a stately decorum and regularity, except where, halfway up the adjacent mountain-side, some tumbling trees, leaning at angles against their surrounding fellows, which had arrested them in falling, varied the universal propriety with a noble confusion, the gray trunks looking like mighty fallen pillars of a ruined temple. The serried columns seemed to await the deep-toned adoration of some procession of chanting Druids. The scene around me was without a voice—such

faint, occasional twitter of bird life as there was serving only to deepen the stillness. Where was the voice of the place? There was continuous twilight, touched here and there by some stray sunbeam which a rift overhead had let through. At the foot of some vast column I found the morning-glory, surprised in such a place to come upon this ornament of the domestic sill, and companion of the bright face of childhood. But the hue of its glistening cup was as fresh and dewy amid these religious shadows as if in some sunlighted and human garden spot; the flower, however, not without a sense of exile, and conscious, as it seemed to me, of the absence of those welcome voices and shining faces of the cottage door.

It is true that our scenery is not rich in its associations of human history. This source of interest we have here only to a slight degree. But the landscape has its own history. Is it not well to consider that history? Is not scenery made more impressive by the study of those sublime changes which have prepared the world which we see, and may not the disclosures of men of science, so far as the unlearned are capable of comprehending them, be brought to the service of the sense of natural beauty? There are, indeed, times when one fancies that the historic facts linger on the face of nature. Chautauqua Lake, in the southwestern part of the State of New York, not many miles south of Lake Erie, is a fine sheet of clear water, a few miles long, and perhaps a mile wide. One perfectly clear evening I sat in a boat on the lake, the quiet surface of which was encompassed by a crimson stain possessing the entire circle of the horizon, with the pale azure of the sky

above without a cloud. The red hues were in the air and upon the bosom of the lake. The only other occupant of the boat was a young girl, whose youthful coloring was blended with, and was a part of, that in the air and upon the waters. We spoke of the mighty change of which this still lake had once been the scene. The lake's outlet was at one time northward into Lake Erie, and through the St. Lawrence to the ocean. But the Ice Age came, and dumped a lot of debris to the north of Chautauqua, which forced the waters of the lake southward into the Ohio, so that they now seek the Atlantic through the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. A reminiscence of those boreal ages lingered on the chill shores and in the crystal heavens, a sense of the pole and of arctic scenes. Of this mighty event we talked, two waifs or motes floating in the atmosphere of the roseate evening, as transient as the diaphanous vapors which surrounded us.

Another contrast there may be in the scenery of the two lands. There is this to be said of English scenery: it is suitable to the luxury and comfort of English country life. It is appropriate to the English flesh-pots. There are plenty of country-houses throughout England in which material comforts are of the best, and which at certain seasons contain much agreeable company of both sexes. I had some experience of such a house in Surrey. The library was excellent; for a wonder the weather was good, the ephemeral British sunshine remaining all day on the southern walls, and really lavish among those flowers of the garden you do not perhaps know by name. Easily detained by such an existence you are not inclined to anything more active than some

kind of pleasant reading, and are likely to lose your place at that, while your gaze rests upon the hills to the west. To such a life and such a state of mind the vague, soft aspect of the Surrey hills was most suitable—two impalpable ranges of hills, alluring to the eyes. Essences they seemed, rather than substance or matter, and unreal, save in their gentle, emerald coloring; and they were always lying there, quivering as in a dream—a mirage which did not go away.

If there is an agreement between luxury and English scenery, my sentiment is that, on the contrary, luxury does not suit our scenery. An iron foundry, strange to say, does no harm; a forge, a factory by the side of a pond filled with water-lilies (I have now in mind the New England landscape)—these are not unsuitable. But a fine house in some way is. Architecture, both private and public, should be such as is suited to the local requirements and history. A white spire, for instance, marking such a church as New England farmers have built for generations, what an eloquent object in a wide and undulating view! The manner of life should be simple also. An eight o'clock dinner and champagne are out of place. People should dine in the middle of the day. The evening meal, however, should be late, for it is a serious mistake to take the hour of sunset, for which the twenty-four have been a preparation, as one in which to eat something. In our semi-tropical summer people should adopt the tropical habit of rising early; it will do, however, if they are out of doors, say, within an hour after sunrise, for it is not till then that the dawn becomes "incense-breathing"; this quality the air has not acquired when the sun first appears. And yet it seems a great pity

that the sunrise, that most auspicious of nature's facts, should not be noticed, at any rate from one's bedroom window. Its advent is never so benign as in a sky without a cloud; the orb, as it emerges, kindling the rim of the verdant meadow with cheerful promise—irresistible sign of life and friend of man.

## CUMBERLAND GAP

SUNRISE on four States. I have been seeing that for a month past. Virginia and Kentucky divide the mountain-top on which stands my shanty; I can almost throw a stone into Tennessee; and, across Tennessee, can see North Carolina.

I have seldom seen the sun rise, and am therefore getting up a new subject. The air at sunrise is languid. The moon has more to do with dawn than I supposed. I have seen it almost in the zenith, full and splendid amid the borrowed crimson hues which encompass it; secure and serene, like old dynasties just before their hour of dissolution. The sun has just risen, clear and modest; and you wonder by what gradations the full orb, which remains above with such promise of permanence, is to get out of the way with decency. That happens in this manner; it contrives to be forgotten. Later you think to look for the moon, and you discover, far down in the west, an unreal, silvered sphere or spheroid, which imitates the complexion of the sky, escaping among the tops of the Cumberland Mountains.

But the moon's hour will return. To-night she will be at her old station, hearkening to all the noises, the cries of the insect sexes, with which the land of Tennessee is audible.

There were days when I saw the sunrise through the window from my cot. But a sapling obscured my view of it, and I asked permission to cut the tree down. I was told that I might do that if it was on the Virginia side, but not if it was on the Kentucky

side. It was on the Virginia side, and I went, like Boone himself, ax in hand, and felled the sapling. It was a sassafras tree. Perhaps, by the way, I ought not to have cut down sassafras; I know it is considered bad luck in this country to burn that wood. There are many mountaineers of this region who would not burn sassafras on any account.

It is, of course, the line of the water-shed which constitutes the State boundary. Now an elevation of a few inches will often turn water. So on this mountain top, it is possible for so humble an individual as myself, with a spade, in the course of a few minutes to affect the confines of empire.

And now the strengthening sun dispels the mist over Tennessee plain and Kentucky vale, and quickens the atmosphere with wholesome force, and evokes from the soil and shrubbery of our mountain their morning fragrance. But I go to the shed, where breakfast is being cooked by the man and the boy who are my only companions, and inhale rather the odors of the stew and the coffee. What luck to have found a good cook on this mountain!

I have already fed my horse. There is no stable and no feed, and I am obliged every evening to bring up his oats in saddle-bags from the boom town in the Valley, a distance of five miles. The start down the mountain is early. The descent among the sun-flecked shadows of that forest road will be pleasant. On the way to the town I turn to the left over Cumberland Gap to give my horse a drink in the immense spring of sweetest and purest freestone water, which issues from a cave in the mountain side. I am almost as much pleased as he is, when he dips his nose into that crystal pool.

## TYPES OF KENTUCKY SADDLE-HORSES

I SPENT two months in Kentucky in the '90s with the view of seeing the Kentucky saddle-horse in his own country, and the present paper gives the result of my observations. By the term "Kentucky saddle-horse" is usually meant the Denmark horse (the descendant of the famous Denmark, a thoroughbred foaled in 1839, and of many of his progeny that have borne the same name), and that horse still holds a very important place among Kentucky horses. It is, however, I think, not widely understood to how great a degree the horse now trained for saddle use in Kentucky is a mixture of various strains of blood with the Denmark stock, and especially how much he usually has of trotting blood. Most of the horses I shall here refer to are a mixture of the Denmark strain with trotting stock.

Of the Denmark horse there has been started within a few years an official register. This horse has great merits and some faults. The faults of the animal are due to the fact that in the breeding of him the Kentuckians have gone in for beauty, which they have believed to be the same thing as smoothness. The result is that they have bred the withers off of many of the horses. I know that they will deny this; they will tell you that the withers do not show because Kentucky horses are fat; that if their horses were as thin as horses elsewhere are they would show the same frame. I cannot, however, agree with this opinion. You see a great many



withers that are unquestionably flat and thick. With withers of this kind there frequently go a straight shoulder, and a neck, often short, that runs out and then up like that of a goose. With the straight shoulder there is usually combined a want of knee action. The beautiful Black Squirrel, a very favorite Kentucky stallion, is a type of the best of these horses. Kentuckians think this type very beautiful; they hold, indeed, that this is the most beautiful of all horses. You who prefer the straight lines of an English hunter, and to whom that softness, that look of a gelatine roller, which many Kentucky horses have, is not pleasant, may not agree with them. But you have not seen the Kentucky horse under the right conditions. When the animal is brought from the stall into the paddock, held on to by the colored attendant, soft and pampered with high feeding, brilliant with the best of care and grooming, and rank with life and fine blood, it is impossible to deny that he is handsome. As for those soft outlines which you dislike, a thoroughbred when fat has the same.

The Kentuckians have bred for beauty and charm, and they have got them. There is a charm about the Kentucky horse that perhaps no other American horse has. No other animals I have met in the country exist in the memory with quite the fascination of certain horses I have seen in Kentucky. There was, for instance, a few miles from Lexington, a roan gelding that had this fascination to a high degree. He had the graceful Kentucky characteristics—and yet with a difference. His beauty appeared particularly in the shape of the rump and in the carriage of the tail. There was an exquisite

trick in the conformation of the quarters. "Charming and very Kentucky," you said, as you looked at them, and yet you felt you had never seen quite that before. It was perhaps a bold fight nearer the Kentucky ideal than you had seen. This quality of the figure was certainly due to an infusion of the Denmark grace. The tail was the other chief beauty. There was an airy grace in the carriage of it which reminded you of the fortunate work of some architect of genius. "What have you done to him?" I said, referring to the graceful lightness with which the tail was held. "Nothing," said the farmer; "as you drive out of the gate you will see his old dam in the pasture to the left, and you will see that she carries just the same tail that he does." I did look at the mare on the way out, and it was so. This carriage of the tail is also a Denmark characteristic. It is said, by the way, that this tail has been transmitted to the Kentucky horses from the Arab progenitor of the English thoroughbred, and that the trait is due to the fact that the hair was not allowed to grow upon the tail of an Arab till he was five years old; the custom of keeping the tail shaved, observed through many generations, made it thus light and easily held up.

The finest animal I saw in the State was in Bourbon County (Kentuckians call it "Burbon"). One rather chilly April afternoon, at the Bourbon House in Paris, Kentucky, I was sitting by the stove, and got into conversation with a modest and trustworthy looking farmer. He said he lived some fifteen miles back in the country, that he had some horses, and that his neighbors had some good ones. I might, he said, drive out with him and spend the night and see his

horses, and he would then take me to see those of his neighbors. A Kentuckian is always ready to do this. This accommodating spirit is very characteristic of the country. I have been in regions outside of Kentucky where the people were not so willing to give their neighbors a chance to compete with themselves. But a Kentuckian who has shown you his horses will almost certainly say, "If you don't fancy what I have, my neighbor has a brown gelding that is very nice; and Tom Saunders, who lives five miles south of here, has a very good mare." Not only will he do this, but he will hitch up and take you to see these horses. On the road he will think of others, or will learn about them. A neighbor is met on the turnpike driving a pacing stallion, a famous performer, of which you are given an interesting account. Of this neighbor he asks, "Has Saunders sold his mare?" "I don't know," is the answer; "but Jim Rogers has a bay that is mighty near a good actor." Then a détour of two miles to the left to see Jim Rogers. These wanderings are very pleasant.

Accordingly, I got with my new acquaintance into his cart—one of those two-wheeled vehicles which you enter from behind, and which are much easier to get into than out of. The road lay through a fine region of rolling pasture-lands, and among frequent plantations of oak and hickory, which were also pasture, the stems of the leafless trees standing rather sparsely in the blue-grass, which had got bright with the first really effective heats of April, and spread all round us a carpet of novel verdure. Until one has got used to it, being driven about in this way affects one with a torpor which is not disagreeable; and in such a state of mind I heard from my

companion a series of discourses upon certain horses and horsemen of the neighborhood. Our road brought us to a country which had a very attractive air of quiet and seclusion, and of separation from the noisy places of the world. It was not a new country; on the contrary, it was an old country and village—an old neighborhood, indeed, but a remote and peaceful one. At the post-office I was introduced to a young man who told me that he had a good horse. As I was going to return to Paris by the stage the next morning, it was arranged that he should meet me with the horse at a certain point on the road.

The next morning at seven the stage started—the day very sunshiny, and the air fresh and balmy. (By the way, how easy it is to get up early if other people do, and what an amount of freshness there is in bright sunlight, the fragrant air, and the long shadows! Thus half past six is the common hour for breakfast at taverns in Kentucky, and a man who has had this meal in New York at eight or nine will find himself in Kentucky coming down at 6.30 and complaining that breakfast is late; it takes less than a week to effect this transformation.) On this morning I was the only occupant of the stage. On the way I met children going to school, the boys and girls often riding the Shetland ponies which in these parts are kept to carry the children to school. They appeared a singularly thriving, healthy, and happy young population. At the bottom of a little green glade I met a boy on one of these ponies, with his slate and books swung over his shoulder by a strap—a very sturdy figure of a boy. With his ruddy and jolly countenance, I thought he could give points to the “shining morning face” of the poet which we all

remember. That boy crept "unwillingly" to school; but this one forged ahead on his vigorous little climber of hills as if he were eager to get there and was expecting a lot of fun, greeting me as he passed with a shout of irrepressible joviality. The driver presently stopped at a cross-roads, saying, "Here's where Mr. Jones was to meet you with his horse." Just at that moment there appeared on the brow of the hill, fifty yards away, what seemed to me the most beautiful horse I had ever seen. The rider was trying to get him past a pile of stones, and the animated attitude of the horse, as he appeared on the crest of the hill, showed off his figure to advantage. He was in a moment by the side of the stage, and grew finer the more he was looked at. If he had a fault it was in the color, which was a strawberry roan; and yet this rather florid and decorative hue seemed to suit the animal's splendor of form. You saw at once a fine eye, a mettlesome attitude, very high-strung and sensitive nerves, and a look of invincible hauteur, which impressed you with a sense that it was an indignity to bridle and saddle such a creature. He was about the right height and weight. The graceful form was associated with plenty of strength and substance—very round and smooth, but without the extreme Kentucky softness. When he moved I thought him still more beautiful, his action was so stately and splendid—no educated action, but the real thing. He had luckily been taught no Kentucky gaits. I got on him and put him into a slow trot, when my delight was greater than ever. His step was very square and deliberate, and he moved with a pomp and dignity which had a most lively effect upon the mind. The beautiful

head I saw before me and its spirited carriage were no doubt part of the effect. This horse was afterwards brought to New York and took a prize at the Horse Show. When I saw him there he had changed somewhat in outline, as will sometimes happen at his age (he was four when I saw him in Kentucky). He was still fine, of course, but had lost something of the sumptuous fulness which he had when I first looked at him. That may have been because he was not in his finest form. Then it should be said that I did not see him in New York with the accompaniments of early morning balm and sunlight and the first awakening of the shrubbery in the springtime—conditions which will have their influence upon the most sober judgment. He fetched a great price, and the purchaser cut off his tail. I have not time now to speak of the subject of long and short tails; but it will be admitted, even by those who dock cobs and hackneys, that the horse of poetry—such a horse as this, for instance, which, it seemed to me, might have been some Thessalian courser of the Vale of Tempe—should not have a docked tail.

There are certain horses in Kentucky that are as well known to the community as the public men of the State. The qualities of a bay horse in Versailles, of which I saw a good deal, were known far and wide. When they speak in Kentucky of the “qualities” of a horse, they mean good temper, kindness, and the like. This horse had had the advantage of a good education. There is a grocer in that pretty little town who has great skill in training horses, who makes a very careful selection of the horses he is to educate, has never more than two at a time, and on these bestows an infinity of pains. These horses he

succeeds in making very human. The first thing I heard of the little bay that attracted me was that he would come upstairs and look out of the window. This horse had four white stockings up to his knees, which will prejudice him with some persons; but these stockings added an inch to his apparent height, and his spirited carriage of the head gave him another inch. He had been taught all the gaits; but this had been done without in the least spoiling the squareness of his trot. I sent him to a friend in New York. In the trot his feet strike the ground in perfect time and with steps like clockwork; his movement is like the throbbing of a rich and strong heart; as you rise and fall it warms the blood with a delightful glow. You really share his youth and life. There is, indeed, when you are mounted upon a horse that has vitality and heat enough for himself and you too, a kind of transfusion of blood—a truth which has perhaps afforded the basis for the beautiful idea of the centaur. This bay came from Woodford County, of which Versailles is the county-seat, and which is a home of good horses. Perhaps no part of the State has the characteristic Kentucky charms and beauties to quite the same degree as Woodford County. At a delightful house near Versailles where I stayed my hostess told me that Henry Clay used often to visit them, and that he used to say that if the blue-grass region of Kentucky was the garden spot of the world, Woodford County was the asparagus-bed of this garden. So when later I met a young lady in Lexington and asked her where she was from and she answered:—"I'm from the asparagus-bed," I knew what she meant.

A word may be said upon the color of Kentucky

horses. The eye is much impressed with the prevalence of bay in that region. There has been a good deal of breeding for it. I think there is too much bay; in time one gets rather tired of it. But you will see now and then, on some animal otherwise very fine, a shade of bay which strikes you as not at all the same thing as the tame hue so common in the country—a solid mass of deep and glorious red, worn usually by some large animal that can show a lot of it. You say, "This is not a bay horse; I never saw this before." The animal is best seen in the stable-yard on a spring morning, when the sun with his creative heat has warmed him and the stable-boys and the fleas into new life. And he should be unclipped. The long fresh coat of a deep wine-color then looks like some rich fur. There are a good many black horses. Black, they say, is not a color at all. That may be the view of science, but it is not the testimony of the eye. To the eye no bay horse is so red nor white horse so white as a black horse is black. This is particularly so if you get him of that dull charcoal, so rich and sooty, from which every reflection or suggestion of light has been lost, and which is indeed the color of primeval blackness. The various shades of chestnut exist there in about the same proportions as elsewhere. But of gray, on the other hand, a color which I may be allowed to say I am fond of, you see perhaps less in Kentucky than elsewhere. An effort has been made by breeders to avoid it. I was told some curious things about gray horses by Major T——, an old gentleman who is one of the first breeders of thoroughbreds in the State. He thinks the time is coming when there will be no more gray horses left in the world. He says



that you can get a bay, black, or chestnut from parents of any color, but that a gray colt must always have a gray sire or dam. He argues that it follows that gray, once lost, could never be regained. It is true, I believe, that among thoroughbreds gray has been nearly bred out. The major's forecast impressed me as a sad one.

Both the bay and the strawberry roan were in part trotting-bred horses. I may here say that there is more beauty than formerly among Kentucky trotters and more variety. You see trotters of all kinds. There are trotters of a very thoroughbred look. There are also, as offshoots of this stock, varieties of a kind you do not expect to find in Kentucky. I saw, for instance, in Lexington, an admirable pattern of a hunter. Being a few weeks afterwards in the southern part of the State, I chanced to meet the people who had raised him, and they told me that he was of nearly pure trotting blood. There are other unexpected types to be met with. You do not, for instance, expect to find cobs in Kentucky; but as good patterns of these scarce animals are to be found there as anywhere, although of course there are not so many of them as there are in Canada and the West. And when you do find a cob in Kentucky, you are apt to find along with him that speed and "get-away" which is a Kentucky virtue, and which is so hard to find in animals of this class, and without which no perfection of shape is of much account. The Kentucky cobs are mostly of trotting blood. It is from these varieties of the improved trotter that many of the best Kentucky saddle-horses come, and trotting blood enters largely into nearly all of them.

One great advantage of this infusion of trotting blood is that it gives manners and sweetness of temper, that most necessary of all qualities in a saddle-horse. There is no doubt of the superior docility and companionability of the trotter. One chief reason for this is, I suppose, that trotters are more handled than other horses. It is association with man that gives a horse that humanized expression, such as a good dog has; and for this reason you are especially apt to find it in trotters. There are certain characteristics, I may add, which the human horses are apt to have. A horse with this sort of disposition, I have observed, is likely to show in his face an expression of melancholy; and in high-bred horses this expression becomes very refined. I think you will also feel, when you come to know such a horse well, that his mind is very transparent, is less opaque than that of other horses.

Perhaps I cannot better illustrate what has been said about recent tendencies and results in breeding horses in Kentucky than by a reference to Lou Chief, in recent years perhaps the most celebrated Kentucky horse of her class. She is of mixed saddle and trotting blood, her sire being Harrison Chief, and her dam a Denmark horse. She does all the gaits perfectly. She will rack in one direction, and will turn round and trot in the other as square as can be. She has trotted in 2.36. She has a fine and high action. I have seen her in the Kentucky pasture, stepping round the meadow with a grand, elastic movement, head up and mane waving to the wind. As is usual with the modern Kentucky animal, she is a combination horse, and is as fine in harness as under the saddle. She is a very interesting horse to drive. The driver has this

advantage over the rider: if he does not feel the horse as much, he sees him more. If you are not in the mood for the saddle, or do not feel strong enough for it, if you are in a state of mind receptive rather than active, it is a real pleasure, of the passive kind, to hold the reins behind such a horse as Lou Chief—to mark the fine action and the abundant power of the animal, to sit with your eye riveted upon the wide flat loin, which, with its calm strength, is the image of all that you at such a moment feel yourself not to be. Lou Chief has inherited from her sire that measured movement, like clockwork, which belongs to our trotters—the quarters carried steadily, the stroke of the hind feet telling off spaces of even length with a mechanical regularity which suggests that this sustained action need not come to an end at all. Lou Chief took the first prize in her class at the New York Horse Show. She had before this brought \$2500 in Kentucky, notwithstanding the fact that she has a Roman nose and scarcely a first-rate tail—a good price for a horse to fetch without regard to pedigree or record, but simply on what she could look and “do”—to use this little verb in its peculiar Kentucky signification. I say she has not a first-rate tail. Her tail has been nicked, and although you may get the right kind of an arch by that treatment, a nicked tail has never, I think, quite that aerial grace to be noticed in such a miracle of nature’s architecture as the tail of the incomparable roan gelding before mentioned. The tail, however, has since been taken off. That she should have fetched such a price in spite of these disadvantages shows that a fine horse is still a valuable piece of property. It takes but little acquaintance with the

regions in which horses are bred to convince one that this is so. From my travels in Kentucky, Virginia, Canada, and other horse-growing countries, I am well aware that it is much more difficult to find good horses than it is to get purchasers for them after they have been found.

But there is a great deal in this country besides the horses. There is no country that I know that has more marked and special characteristics than Kentucky. This is certainly true of scenery. The local literary men speak of it as "fat," a word that is perfectly accurate; I have never seen a country that gave such an impression of fatness. The groves, bare of undergrowth, standing here and there in the broad landscapes are noble and stately, and the spacious pastures of the open country have a fertile and propitious look to be seen scarcely anywhere else. In the early spring the black trunks of the leafless trees, standing here and there in the undulating meadows, look like truffles stuck into the bosom of a pudding. And when, towards the end of June, the stain upon the blue-grass is deepest and the grain fields shine with a brighter and paler verdure, how glad is the thank offering of the earth's first fruits lifted at noonday to the blue sky, in which there hangs, piled high and perfectly motionless, one white cumulus cloud.

I have said enough about the horses. The men and women share the size and bone which the blue-grass and limestone give the horses, and they have the good looks which an outdoor life confers. There was old Bayless, of Bourbon, a powerful figure of a man; what a chest and shoulders he had, and what rugged health and what sense and humor and what

an expression of mingled kindness and shrewdness there was in the strongly marked features. And there was young Clay, also of Bourbon, his cheek covered with the light down of early manhood and colored with the mixed blue and red of daily contact with the open air—the natural result of a life with horses—this hue now and then heightened with a sensitive shyness and with the unconscious dignity of a gentleman. These men seemed to me worthy descendants of the heroes of the “dark and bloody ground.” It was significant and natural, by the way, that the Indians should have made a fight for this fine country, such as they perhaps made for no other.

## TEXAN SCENERY

ON the cold spring morning on which, years ago, I started by stage from Abilene to San Angelo, it had been raining all night. One of the fierce storms peculiar to those latitudes had attacked the country, and left it in a damaged condition. A chill and mournful wind, which fortunately was on our backs and not in our faces, was blowing from the north. The stage had a high seat outside for the driver, which on this occasion I did not venture to share with him. Inside it was a kind of covered carryall, with two seats facing each other, and had, for curtains, flaps which could be rolled up in good weather, but were of course now down. I was the only occupant, although I should rather have liked a passenger or two, my sense of the loneliness of the journey being increased by the fact that the stage had been robbed some seven times within the past two months. I half rolled up one of the blinds so that I could see out. The journey got more and more monotonous as the stage advanced. The cold wind that blew from the north was monotonous, as was the leaden sky which everywhere overhung the vast landscape. The country was slightly rolling, and I think you get an impression of greater vastness from a slightly rolling than from a perfectly flat country. The wide tops of the knolls, to which the immense pastures ascend with a slight swell and a long, resistless sweep like that of the sea, are points by which to measure the country. The few horses

and cattle which you see grazing far and near (the distant ones, for some reason, appear to be of unusual height) serve the same purpose. The characteristics of the scenery are monotonous. You pass wide spaces in which there is scarcely anything but grass and cactus. The only tree is the mesquite which is, to speak roughly, about as big as a large peach-tree. You pass miles and miles of these, every sixth or seventh tree containing among its branches a dark-green sphere of mistletoe about a foot in diameter. The pastures, filled with the mesquite-trees, look not unlike peach-orchards. The country thus has an appearance of cultivation, and this fact, taken together with your knowledge that it lies just as it has done for thousands of years, heightens your sense of its aboriginal wildness.

There is infinite monotony in the profusion of yellow, pink, and blue flowers which underlie the mesquites, and which tinge the prairies to their remotest limits. The odor of these flowers is sweet but powerful, and the monotony of the smell is added to that of the wind and the sky, and the endless flowers, and the other incessantly recurring peculiarities of the face of nature. The smell soon becomes somewhat nauseating, although it is perhaps rather the constancy of the odor than its potency which affects you. Everything else is equally incessant. It seems to be the same killdeer, with the same cry, which alights upon the same cactus, or by the side of a wet gully or pathway of stones where a stream has been flowing. It is the same scissor-bird which, with the two long feathers of its tail, flutters before you and settles downward with a weak, uncertain movement. But the greatest im-

pression of monotony you receive from the prairie-dogs. The towns of these creatures line your road, with very short intervals, all day long. They bark from the edges of their holes in just the same way, and sit erect with just the same tricks of manner, and wiggle their tails in just the same way, communicating thereto a shiver of great rapidity, and flop down into their holes at your approach with the same rudeness and abruptness. They did this all the way through Taylor and Runnels counties. These animals have a strong effect upon you. You are alone and your mind is in a very susceptible condition. Your imagination has been taken possession of by the wind and sky, and the eternal flower-tinted waste, and the universal and nauseating perfumes. On top of these come the rude and monotonous manners of the prairie-dogs. They are very clannish and exclusive things. They seem to be saying to you that you may be all very well where you come from, but that you have no kind of status in a prairie-dog town, and are not wanted there. You see them a few hundred feet ahead of you, chasing one another about with the familiarity of intimate acquaintance. But you are no sooner caught sight of than each flies to his hole, and sits there upon his hind legs, wiggling his tail, and uttering a bark which seems to say: "Who is this? Something very suspicious, no doubt." And down he flops. This iteration and identity of sentiment and behavior soon begins to tell upon you. These ten hours of incessant exclusiveness all about you on both sides of the road, the journeying through I know not how many leagues of insult and suspicion,—which, by the way, you must support alone,—in time powerfully affect



your cheerfulness and self-esteem, and you sink backward in a profound dejection.

As the afternoon advanced, the sky grew brighter, and by and by the sun appeared, and I left the inside of the stage, and, for company and a better view, got up with the driver. As you approach the Colorado River, you pass a great extent of country which is entirely bare of trees. A peculiarity of travel in Texas, by the way, is that there are no roads, only ruts and tracks which have been made in previous trips. To these the driver pays no attention. The road is anywhere he chooses to drive, the four horses, however, always going at a good trot. The solitary vehicle traversed the immense plain like a ship at sea. The scene had now become much more cheerful, but was still very vast and solemn. We moved for some hours through a region having no other covering than the endless flower-embroidered grasses, much overrun by growths of no greater height than the cactus, and populous with many forms of animal life. At the hour when the day was just approaching its conclusion, an old gray fox, much astonished and discomposed by our advent, ran out of a rut before us, and, going some thirty yards to our right, stood between us and the sun, which just rested on the rim of the horizon, looking at us, having upon his features an expression of wild and dull wonder. The poets have made the fox and the fox's den the symbol of desolation. As the body of this animal was projected against the red disk of the setting sun, with whose lonely effulgence the vast tinted and perfumed scene was brightened, he looked indeed the type of solitude.

Texas was unlike what I had expected. I had a

notion of a flat plain covered in May with wild flowers; but I had not at all apprehended the realities of the Texan landscape. I did not see the cactus or the interminable mesquites looking like orchards. I knew there were flowers, but I did not see the endless stretches of blue and yellow, or smell the universal odors which would be too powerful if they were not so essential to the country and so impossible to escape. There are a good many hills. It is true that there is a great deal of flat country in Texas, but there is also a great deal of rolling and broken country. Then, there is also much pretty scenery. Tom Green and Concho counties are full of charming scenery. There are no forests, it is true. Beyond the mesquites which cover the country, there are only the dark-green clumps of live-oaks and pecans scattered about at wide intervals.

But the country has its own indigenous beauties. Many of the streams are clear. The Brazos and Trinity are muddy rivers, but the Concho is as clear as a mountain brook. The landscape becomes gay and brilliant, as the afternoon advances and a bold and ample light is shed over it and the profuse grasses are swept by the winds of May. The verdure with which the late spring enriches the horizon rests upon it like a mirage. This verdure is peculiar. It is of a bright emerald hue, and has a sheen upon it which is like that upon the rind of green fruit, but much stronger. This appearance is very rank, and looks as though it would come off on your hands. Into this the colors of the sunset infuse many fresh and delicate stains. I have never seen a country upon which the sunset has a more softening and transforming effect than it has upon this.

These remarks relate only to the earth; you have not as yet looked above you. Owing, perhaps, to the absence of trees or of tall objects of any kind, the sky seems very high and remote. During the day's closing moments the heavens have been preparing for the reception of the stars, and have taken on a soft, deep bloom like that of purple flowers. No light has yet appeared in those lofty spaces, but while you have not been looking, a star has wandered hither with timid and hesitating step, and taken its modest station in the spotless and profoundly purple expanse. Soon a bolder and a larger one, remote from the first, hangs, a yellow spot, above the scene, and contributes its golden infusion to the vast chromatic pageant. Now for some moments the face of nature is gentle and pensive. Gilded by his attendant planet, the Concho flows with a perfectly clear current, between ramparts as smooth and sedately verdant as those of the Thames. Faster and faster the stars are projected from their elastic depths, the glint of their fine points at first faint and pale, but strengthening with approaching darkness. Now go within doors for an hour, and return, and you are astonished at the thick array of bright objects that crowd and jostle each other in the wide domain on high. You look upward, and behold them where they glow with ever-increasing energy, and shine with simple and vainglorious magnificence, and silently triumph with an ostentation and a splendor of self-assertion unknown elsewhere. The stars occupy a larger place in the mind of the young Texan than in yours or mine. He views nightly the exalted throng, and remembers that the same glittering roof covers himself and distant friends.

From the day of your arrival in Texas until you leave, you are very close to nature. You have had a good night's rest, and have got rid of the motion of the cars, when a journey is proposed to a ranch fifteen miles away. The object of the expedition is a business one, but nevertheless guns are put in the wagon, in the certainty of plenty of shooting. The Texan does not ride when he can drive, and they all get into a covered wagon. You yourself, however, if you prefer it, are given a saddle-pony. It is one of the earliest of the really warm days of the season, and the spring is in full tide. The sun is strong, but there is wonderful life and freshness in the air. After an hour or two the backs of your hands begin to blacken. You have your first elate sense that you have really found the wilderness, when a hawk—not the bird known to us in the East, but a bulky creature—rises from her nest on a near mesquite, and urges her level flight along the ground with a heavy motion of the wing. Presently a long-legged and long-eared animal goes springing by, which at first you do not know what to make of, but which you discover to be the jack-rabbit. Somebody shoots, and it turns several somersaults, and lies upon its side, its large pop-eye expressing the acutest pain, and its body struggling and bleeding copiously, like some wild, coarse weed which has been cut asunder and from which the red sap is flowing. The white tufts of little cottontails are flashing in every direction, and flocks of plovers settle all about you. You are surprised at the amount of live things there are everywhere. Animal life exists on these prairies with an almost metropolitan profusion. The prairie is the city of the jack-rabbit.

Old soldiers who went through Texas to Mexico fifty years ago, at the time of the war, have told me how great this profusion was then. The antelope even, unused to men, and expecting no harm, would not run from them. There is not now, of course, the quantity of wild life there was at that time. But there is a great deal left, and the animals of civilized communities, cattle, sheep, and horses, are everywhere. The Texan bull is perhaps the most dignified occupant of the prairie. He does not turn and run as you approach, as the steers, calves, and cows do, but stands there, knee-deep in the long grass that borders the watercourses, composed and unregardful of you; authority and majestic tyranny graven deeply in the wrinkles of his grand head. There is a sad fate in reserve for this fine creature. When he is old and feeble, the young bulls will get round him and gore him to death. That struggle for existence which with human beings is softened, in appearance at least, he must encounter in its simple and original form. There are, in his case, none of those ineffectual but well-intended consolations which the young address to the old: "Cheer up, my dear fellow; you're in the heyday of your youth and beauty." It is not thus the young bulls comport themselves to the old one. He sees round him in a circle their utterly candid and hateful faces, as, with a cry of anguish, rage, and broken pride, he sinks amid the solitude of the prairie.

On the morning of the round-up, everybody was in the saddle by five o'clock, and the bunches of cattle were soon in motion. The proprietor and half a dozen boys rode in the rear and on the sides. I was allowed to try my skill in an occasional chase

after a stray calf. But the scene was so charming that one did not need this excitement. The morning air of that mountain plain of western Texas is fresh and sweet. The country is here a table-land three thousand feet above the sea. We soon encountered many other herds, which were on their way to the common centre, where each ranchman of the neighborhood was to "cut out," or select, his own cattle by the brand. Before long, in all directions, cattle appeared. They were moving, under a sky of perfect blue, through a boundless plain of bright verdure, variegated by the narrow lines of the darker timber which marked the concealed watercourses, their speckled backs, as far as the eye could reach,—red, white, black, and brown,—shining in the sun. The herds, not in thick masses, but loose and scattered, were swept onward in a wide and gaily colored stream. What a brilliant, flashing scene! It looked as if it were nature's holiday, and all the animal life of that part of the world were hurrying to some great fair.

If the impression which I have given here of the country may seem somewhat rose-colored, I should explain that I was there at what is everywhere the most beautiful time of the year—late spring and early summer. I remained, however, long enough to know what Texas heat is like. In June it became too hot to be much out in the open country; but I found amusement and occupation in the neighborhood of the ranch-house. A ranch-house is one of the best places I ever found for reading. There was a shelf of books. Among the books there were the works of Dr. Johnson and Lord Chesterfield, and, somewhat oddly, it seemed to me, Miss Emma

Lazarus's translations from Heine. Miss Lazarus's translations struck me as among the best of any kind I had ever read. They render the wayward eloquence of the poet with great beauty and the closest sympathy. The gift of making translations such as hers is rarer than that of writing good original verse, and perhaps of more value to the world. Her own verse was full of thought and feeling. But Miss Lazarus had a combination of feminine sympathy with a sure intellectual and critical discrimination which especially fitted her for the delineation of great literary minds. Had she lived, and chosen to exercise her almost unsurpassed genius in this direction, it is my belief that she would have placed the English-speaking world under great and lasting obligations. The volume brought also to my mind a fresh sense of the wide void left when we missed from among us so rare and kind a spirit. It was great good fortune to find among these books "Rasselas" and "The Lives of the Poets" and "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son." I think I never so well appreciated the weighty thought and sentiment of the author of "Rasselas," or the sincerity and acuteness of Chesterfield's masterpiece. I read that profoundly sympathetic work, the "Life of Savage," and at a distance of a hundred years, and amid the quiet of the Texan pastures, could hear the large heart of Johnson beating like some engine which shakes with its pulsations the tenement in which it is housed.

When I tired of reading, I could watch the education of four young mocking-birds, packed like sardines in a nest, on the lowest branch of a mesquite, a rod or two from the kitchen door, to the great con-

cern of the mother, who was fluttering and crying about my ears. Or I would take a line, and bob in the stream for what they call in Texas trout, which are really bass, or for catfish. The source of this stream was a big spring near at hand, in which I took great delight. This was in what is called a motte. A motte is a striking peculiarity of Texan scenery. It is a clump of good-sized forest-trees, usually either live-oaks or pecans. In a region as bare of forests as Texas, a motte is a most grateful object, and one conspicuous throughout a great extent of country. The spring I speak of runs out freely from under a rock in a good mass, say six feet wide and two or three feet deep, protected by a thick clump of lofty pecans. The bottom is smooth and bright, and the water, which is perfectly clear and fresh, comes out from the bosom of the rock with a slant impulse, which does not change or weaken throughout the day, while far and wide upon the whole extent of the landscape without the sun's heat descends with the force of a hammer. Throughout the summer months the proprietor takes his bath here at sunrise. There could not be a more delightful one, but the bather must not mind feeling now and then against him the athletic stroke of the bass or the gar as he rushes from the shadow of the cavern into the sunlight.

Early in June I had an opportunity of seeing what was perhaps the most extraordinary spectacle I saw in that country—a Texas thunder-cloud. They have in Texas what gives every promise of being a far more dreadful thunder-storm and rain-storm than one would ever see in the East. This, however, has no result in the form of rain, and is accompanied by



very little noise. But evening after evening, toward sun-down, the cloud would nevertheless appear at about the same point of the horizon, and would remain on exhibition for an hour or so, while I watched it from a seat on the fence inclosing the kitchen yard, as if from a chair in the dress-circle. This cloud is a structure of great volume, and reaching to an immense height, which unfolds and is rolled and piled upward slowly, but with such facility of progress that you think the whole heavens are about to be seized upon. The edifice stands in front of you, from its base to its rolling turret pierced with fine needles of lightning, the dark mass filled throughout with electricity which seems hung upon a hair-trigger. The earth is in shadow, and the wind blows mystically. It is very terrific, and you wonder what it is going to do to you, and the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field. It does nothing, however; but from its depths sketches upon the fume of its purple surface hieroglyphic after hieroglyphic of the utmost elaboration and perfection, drawn with a pencil of infinite fineness, strength, and distinctness.

## LINCOLN AND STANTON

**I** AM indebted to a friend, who was not one of Lincoln's admirers, for the following:—

When the last call for troops was made and a conscription ordered, the proportion assigned to the city of New York was some thousands in excess of what some people believed to be our legal liability, and our committee on volunteering were certain they could prove this, if they could have access to the books of the War Department. The Committee: Orison Blunt, John Fox, Smith Ely, and William M. Tweed went to Washington and asked Secretary Stanton's permission to examine the records, which was brusquely refused on the pretext that the books were in constant use. The Committee then went to the White House and saw Lincoln in his private office. After asking them to be seated, he resumed his chair in which he sat partly on his back, with his heels literally on the mantle-piece. His linen bosom was unbuttoned, exposing his red flannel shirt. He was told that we had furnished, in excess of previous calls, more than enough to exempt us from the present call, which we would prove, if we could have access to the records for any two hours during the night, when they were not in use. He was also assured that in no event would a conscription be needed in New York, as we were getting fifty volunteers daily, and a short postponement of the draft would enable us to supply all the demands, just or unjust. He listened with an expression of

profound sadness, and said he thought the request a reasonable one, but he feared, if the order for a draft was postponed, volunteering would cease. He said a similar committee from Cincinnati had applied to him for a postponement of the draft, as they were getting twenty volunteers a day. It was done, and the day following not a single volunteer appeared. "That," said Lincoln, "is human nature. When you think death is after you, you run, but as soon as death stops, you stop." At this he sprang from his chair, throwing his arms about, and laughed loudly at his own dismal joke.

Lincoln gave the New York Committee a note to Stanton, substantially as follows:—

Dear Secretary:—These gentlemen from New York ask only what I think is right. They wish access to the records, with two accountants for two hours at any time to-night. I have told them that they may have double that time.

Yours,

A. LINCOLN.

They took the note to Stanton, who handed it to Frye. The latter glanced at it and, saying, "Take seats," left the office. In a few minutes he returned and said curtly, "The order is annulled; you can't see the books." The Committee withdrew and returned to New York the next forenoon. The clerk of the Committee, Eugene Durbin, said that late in the evening an army officer with two orderlies called at the Committee's rooms and presented the chairman with a note, which read as follows: "The Secretary of War expects to be informed that the Committee on Volunteering from the County of New York have left Washington prior to noon to-

morrow." The Committee after their return said it was Stanton and not Lincoln, who was President of the United States.

The gentleman to whom I am indebted for this, the late Mr. Smith Ely, a former mayor of New York and member of Congress, was a democratic political leader of war times and, although one of the most amiable and kind-hearted of men, had of course to some degree the feelings regarding Lincoln shared by the men who in those days frequented the Manhattan Club. He does not see much point in Lincoln's remark about death and the draft. To me the point seems clear enough. "When the Devil was sick, the Devil a saint would be," etc. Nor will the reader conclude with the Committee that Stanton was President and not Lincoln. Stanton was a man of great administrative ability, a kind of human dynamo, such as you could hardly duplicate in the country, a patriot and honest man besides. He was almost indispensable and had to be got on with. As long as the issue was one of no great importance (which seems to have been the case in this instance) Lincoln let him have his way. Stanton was a kind of official bouncer for the Government, and it is possible that the astute Lincoln appreciated the comfort of having work of this kind taken off his hands. I must say that his action in this case does not appear unreasonable. It surely would not have done to have every town in the country, upon which a requisition was made for troops, pulling over the records of the War Department. And if New York, why not any other place?

Stanton was probably the greatest man in civil life produced by the war, of course, after Lincoln.

My earliest recollection of him is seeing him at the trial of Sickles for the murder of Key, which took place when I was a boy at school in Washington. He was one of Sickles' counsel. The acquaintance which Sickles formed at that time with Stanton was in part the cause of Sickles' success as a soldier in the Civil War. Stanton advanced and supported him. I remember at the trial a thick set man with a heavy beard, who sat behind the other lawyers, and who would occasionally interpolate a remark in a gruff voice. He had that physical build which is said to be one of the best for strength, very broad shoulders and deep chest, a large body set on short, stout legs. He had Herculean powers of labor. I have spoken of him as "honest." I suppose he was honest, although there were those who said that he was not. I do not suppose that he was an overscrupulous man. He would have been out of place as war minister if he had been. When someone complained to him about General Meigs, who was one of his subordinates, he said: "Now don't say anything against Meigs; he's the best man I have; he is a soldier, and can do things, which I, as a lawyer, find it hard to do." One wonders what the things were that Stanton wouldn't do.

I am able to make only one original contribution to the history of Stanton. A young girl once told me this incident about him. The reader of course knows Coleridge's poem beginning:—

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
    Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
Are but the ministers of love,  
    And feed his sacred flame.

Her father was a client and a great friend of Stanton's and she used to make long visits to Stanton's family during the Civil War. She was a pretty girl and a belle of those days. She said that Stanton worked all the time and that the only relaxation he allowed himself was that on Sunday afternoon for an hour or so he would read poetry to her, and she told me that the poem he read oftenest and with the greatest pleasure was "All thoughts, all passions, all delights."

## WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

WE are fortunate to have had in our short career two such characters as Washington and Lincoln. England has had only one, Alfred. Washington was, of course, a man of much less salient characteristics than Lincoln. The young Chastaleux found his distinction to be in "the harmonious blending of his characteristics rather than in the existence of marked special qualities." So Washington has always seemed to his countrymen, but he probably had more pronounced qualities than we have supposed. For instance, it is doubtful whether the sugar and water expression in the Gilbert Stuart picture was true. His habitual look was, I am sure, sterner than that. Latrobe thought he looked stern, and the pencil sketch he made of him looks so. Albert Gallatin said that "of all the inaccessible people he ever knew, Washington was the most inaccessible." Gallatin, however, knew him as a young man. That could not have been the opinion of the farmer Burns, a neighbor of Washington, who once said to him,—"Where would you have been, if the widow Custis hadn't married you?"

There grew up an idea that Washington was colorless. Carlyle, for instance, said of him that—"George was just Oliver with the juice left out." That is, of course, untrue. He is not so visible as Lincoln, has not Lincoln's gift of familiarity. In order to get a clear idea of him, we should have to follow him more closely than it would be necessary

to do with Lincoln. But as we did so, we should, of course, find him a man of marked qualities. I have always found that men are more individual than they are thought to be. As you look at them closely, marked traits begin to define themselves. It would be so in the case of this great man. I am sure also, that as we followed him closely, we should grow very fond of him. We should perhaps find him pleasanter company than Lincoln. For one thing he was handsome; he had a person worthy to be the tenement of a mind and character as great as his. I daresay he was not unaware of this. He seems to have had a natural allowance of vanity, which is a cheerful quality. Of that quality Lincoln does not seem to have had a bit. He would have been the happier for a little of it. Washington, however, had not at all a great opinion of himself. He does not seem to have set even a fair estimate upon his own powers. Says one who has made a study of him:—"There seems to be no doubt that to the day of his death he was the most determined sceptic as to his fitness for the positions to which he was called in succession." That we know was not Lincoln's feeling. Lincoln probably knew perfectly well what he was.

He had not in the least Lincoln's humor. One of his foibles, by the way, was a disposition to shine as a wit, a disposition which was a source of disturbance to his admirers, some of whom had come over seas to set eyes upon the most illustrious man of his age. His worshipping contemporaries heartily wished he would curb this propensity. But you and I will find this and his other foibles pleasant, because they bring him nearer to us.



He was himself of a happy disposition. He appreciated the good things of this world. He was a mundane person, and there is something cheerful in that. Thackeray hinted that in his marriage he was not insensible to the fact that the widow Custis had a hundred thousand dollars, a great sum in those days. People here were indignant at the suggestion when it was made. I am indignant myself, and yet the promptitude with which his heart declared itself when he saw the widow, taken in connection with the fact that the other lady for whom he entertained a tender sentiment, Miss Phillipse, was also an heirless, does look as if he had his wits about him. But why object to this? It was in character. Why object to what is in character, and why hesitate to recognize it?

The time was also cheerful; at any rate it looks so from this distance. It has the pleasantness which belongs to the beginnings of things, to youth and spring. The sun has risen upon our virgin shores and shines upon the little community lying between the slopes of the Alleghenies and the white coast line. Behind, all the way to the Pacific, is the vast wilderness to be filled one day with a mighty state. Above this scene there appears in the sky the countenance and figure of the hero. How beautiful across the wide Atlantic that figure must have seemed to minds filled with the ideas of the time of human perfectibility. Contrast the peace, the dignity, the triumph of temperate reason that sits upon those classic features and those reverend locks with the orgies enacted in France. With what serenity that countenance invites the world to the true ways of freedom. You would think that there were to be no more

wars or rumors of wars; no more selfish passions; no political strife between sections, or social strife between classes. You would almost think that the ills incident to flesh and blood are about to disappear.

Both Washington and Lincoln are men from the farm and the country; both are physically strong men. Washington was six feet three. Lafayette said of him that his hands were the largest he ever saw. He was a skillful horseman. People said that scarcely anyone had such a grip with his knees as he had. He could ride anything; all that he asked of a horse was that he should go forward. He had a passion for horses, of which the following is an illustration. Like most men who have accomplished much, he believed there was a right and a wrong way of doing things, and he had a strong feeling that they should be done the right way. A tradition which I have had from a lady connected with Washington's family, and which I have not seen in print, is that he would go into the stable and pass a silk handkerchief over the coats of the horses; if he found dust on the handkerchief, the groom would catch it.

Both Washington and Lincoln were prudent men in money matters. In Washington's case this story may be related as an instance. I have seen several versions of it. The following will do as well as any: Young Mr. Lewis was dining at Mount Vernon. Washington said he was looking for a pair of horses. Someone said that Mr. Lewis had a fine pair. Lewis said, "Yes, I have a good pair, but they will cost something, and General Washington will never pay anything." At that a clock on the mantelpiece struck. It was a cuckoo clock, the gift perhaps of some European admirer. (This story will illustrate

as well Washington's propensity to make bad jokes.) The cuckoo came out and crowed the hour. Washington said: "Ah, Lewis, you're a funny fellow; that bird is laughing at you." That is one of those poor stories, which I prefer to good ones, for the reason that they are more likely to be true. Nobody would have been at the trouble to invent anything of that sort.

There is one difference between Washington and Lincoln, which is characteristic and important. Washington was an aristocrat, an up-right, down-right English gentleman, much resembling the Englishmen of the revolution of 1688, which was a Protestant gentlemen's revolution. He was an aristocrat, but with a difference. A fine gentleman of that day would probably have thought him a countryman. I saw lately that Josiah Quincy, who had known him, said that he gave the impression of a man who had not been much in society. I should think that that was true. One has an impression that he was in a noble way a rustic. He was an English country gentleman, but he was much more than that. On this basis there was superposed something of Leatherstocking, and something of Cincinnatus. With his life of the wilderness, and his interests as a patriot leader and protector of the little society to which he belonged against the savage on the one side and the European oppressor on the other, how far was he removed from the limited ideas and narrow experience of an eighteenth-century English squire.

But he was essentially an aristocrat. Read his letters, and you will see that the tone of them is unmistakably aristocratic. He belonged to a world of classes, a world in which the existence of classes

was the natural and inevitable order of things. But a new society was about to grow up, and it was right that this society should have its great man. In the older society the feeling of the upper class was one of marked separation from the common people. The feeling of that class was, consciously or unconsciously, that it was the business of the poor to be unhappy. A great man of the old time could not altogether escape this feeling. There had been plenty of good and kind rulers in the past, but their feeling in regard to the common people could not be the same as if they had themselves been of that class. Lincoln, on the other hand, was of that class. In him we have a great man, unlike the good rulers of the past; not a Haroun Al Raschid, mixing with his people, nor an Alfred burning the cakes, but the real thing. The fact that he was from that class, that he belonged to it not only by birth and experience but by nature (for birth would not have been sufficient, if it had not been that in his heart and in his profound sympathies he was a democrat to the core), was an important element of his fame. Without it, he could not have the place he now has.

Of course, it is his power of sympathy that attracts men. But that would not of itself have been enough. What endears him especially to men is the union of sympathy with faith and great strength. It is very unusual to find these qualities united. In the list of English and American worthies I can think of but one other who was like him in this respect. And you must go to literature to find him. I mean Dr. Johnson. Scott had this union of qualities, although in a less degree, and I have sometimes had a fancy, if there be not a certain temerity in the sug-

gestion, that you might descry some such association of characteristics in the vast and vague personality that lies remote and in shadow behind the writings of Shakespeare. But in Lincoln and Johnson it is clear and marked, and it is the reason of their great power of winning affection. Men wish to attach themselves to such characters. The thought of each man is:—"He would have been my friend."

No great public man has had such strong human intuitions. Certainly no man in our history is his equal in that respect. Take Webster, for instance; I presume that scarcely any of our great men have been his intellectual equals. And he was much besides an intellect. He was a broad and generous kind of man. No man could have been further removed from that hard and narrow conceit of the intellectual athlete, who thinks, because his head is a good one, it is adequate to anything, and that there is nothing in Heaven and Earth outside of or beyond his philosophy. He was moreover a poet, witness the many fine things he had to say about the Sun. And he was human, too, what you would call a good fellow. But he had not Lincoln's close human intuitions, his eyes and heart for men and human life.

It appears from the recent life of John Hay that it took Lincoln's secretaries a year or more to find out that their chief was a great man and that they found it out before other people did. In talking with people who knew Lincoln before the war, nearly all of whom are now gone, it has always been easy for me to see that they thought the modern notion of him extravagant. They may have had some jealousy of him, or may have felt something of pique and

vexation that they had not been clever enough to find out all this for themselves, but that was what they thought. Of course they were too prudent to say that, but you could see it in their faces. The devotion of the people of this country to Lincoln is, however, not merely a matter of opinion. He has got hold of their hearts as no other American ever did, not even Washington, and he has held them for fifty years, and there is no indication that this sentiment is on the wane.

## LINCOLN AND FORESIGHT

IT is strange that Lincoln with his thoughtfulness should not have foreseen in some degree the approach of secession and war. He had been in Congress and must have known the southern people fairly well. He was undoubtedly a foreseeing kind of man. No one saw more clearly than he did that the country could not continue to exist half free and half slave. Indeed he was one of the two or three who were the first to perceive that. It seems strange, therefore, that he had not some notion of what was coming. But who does foresee what is ahead? Benjamin Franklin was a foreseeing kind of man, I should have thought. He spent a number of years in France before the Revolution, knew the country well and was on intimate terms with the leading people of France. He remained there till 1785. In eight years from that time the King's head was off, and yet the wise, observant, thoughtful and presumably far-sighted Franklin seems never in the least to have suspected what was coming. The French Revolution would indeed have been very difficult to foresee, as perhaps our Civil War was in a less degree. But there are other things not so difficult to know beforehand, which are not foreseen. I was in the House of Commons one night during the Franco-Prussian War, when Vernon Harcourt, who was at that time unconnected with the government, accused the government of shortsightedness in not foreseeing the war, implying that he had foreseen it.

Robert Lowe, an extremely clever man, got up to answer for the government, and said: "Because the gentleman foresaw this war, he thinks that everybody else should have been as clever as he was. I am free to say, however, that the whole thing was a complete surprise to me." Perhaps he should have had some notion that it was coming. If the English government had taken the trouble to fish out from the pigeonholes of Foreign Offices, the reports of their diplomatic agents on the continent they might have seen it coming, But they did not; men are always too busy with present matters to bother with what is problematical. How little we believed, for instance, in the coming of the present war. A half a dozen nations had each been holding for forty years a loaded pistol with the finger on a hair trigger, and yet how surprised we were when in the lapse of time one of the pistols went off. Much had been said about the next "war," but have we not put the prophecies regarding it in much the same category as that of the destruction of the world by fire. People scarcely ever make any account of prophecies. In their deep attentive study of human nature, the ancients said that the gods gave Cassandra the gift of prophecy, but coupled the gift with the condition that her prophecies should not be believed. Is that not so of all prophets? They are usually regarded as bores or cranks. The heedlessness and incuriousness about the future which men show regarding public matters, and even to a considerable degree about their own private affairs, is so marked as almost to indicate an intention on the part of nature that they shall not much concern themselves with what is ahead of them.



There were, however, some prescient souls who did foresee our struggle. Webster no doubt had some prevision of the contest in which his only son was to die. "When my eyes turn to behold for the last time the Sun in his coming," etc. Mr. S. J. Tilden said to John Bigelow some years before the war—"If Mr. Bryant and those who think as he does succeed in what they are about, the streets of this city will run red with blood." They did run red during the draft riots, much redder than is commonly understood. Mr. Loyall Farragut tells me that his father, Admiral Farragut (then Captain Farragut), and he were on the balcony of the old Metropolitan Hotel in Broadway one night in 1858 and were looking at a Republican torchlight procession, when his father said—"I don't like these marching men. It looks to me like war." There were many who must have foreseen it. It seems to me that I ought to have foreseen it myself. My father had a friend, John Heart, who was a Federal office holder at Washington under Buchanan. He was from South Carolina and had been editor of the "Charleston Mercury," the paper which the morning after the passage of the ordinance of Secession by South Carolina printed the news from the North under the heading of "Foreign Intelligence." He came to pay us a visit in Brooklyn in the summer of 1860. He had just been in Charleston and from what he told us we could have no doubt that South Carolina would secede if Lincoln were elected. I had been lately much in the South and, although only seventeen years old, knew enough of the temper and characteristics of the southern people to be aware that secession once started, it would be very

difficult to prevent the spread of it. But youth is sanguine and precipitate. I wanted to see the power of slavery curtailed, and was willing to take the chances, and no doubt other boys and young men felt as I did.

Calhoun, perhaps the most prescient of American statesmen, foresaw the struggle and wanted to bring on the war before the strength of the rapidly growing North should prove too great to be withstood by the South. The scheme of the North should have been to put off the struggle as long as possible for the same reason. If Calhoun saw what was for the interest of the South, it should not have required superhuman intelligence on the part of the North to see where its interests lay. No one, however, in the North seemed to see this point quite as sharply as Calhoun did. But there were those in the North who saw that great danger, perhaps disunion and war, would follow anti-slavery agitation, and who wished to adhere to the *status quo*, preferring the chances of the future to the present probability of secession and war, and thinking that it was better that the slaves should remain for a while longer in bondage than that the people of the country should be cutting one another's throats. The men who were of this opinion, the Websters, the Everetts, the Rufus Choates and the Tildens, with their larger and calmer intelligence and their greater knowledge of the real conditions of the country, were, I cannot help thinking, the true statesmen of that day.

But how would it have been possible after the repeal of the Missouri Compromise to put off the war? If Douglas, the marplot or demagogue or egotist, or whatever he was, could have been sup-

pressed, it might have been possible to postpone the war for four or eight years or even longer. But the repeal once passed, and Pandora's box open, and the newspapers and all the poets and orators hounding the country on to war, was it possible to do it? You cannot teach tact and discretion to twenty millions of people. One night in Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, a few weeks before John Brown's execution,—so a friend told me who was there—Wendell Phillips, a Massachusetts man, said—"The state proclamations of Massachusetts conclude with the words—'God save the commonwealth of Massachusetts,' but if Massachusetts allows John Brown to be hanged, I say, 'God damn the commonwealth of Massachusetts.'" The effect of this spoken with the utmost passion to a vast, excited and sympathetic audience by a perfectly honest fanatic, who was at the same time an incomparable orator, may be easily conceived. When such incidents were possible, could war be far off? If the war was to come, Lincoln was the perfect and apparently Heaven appointed leader, and it was perhaps fortunate that he was no wiser than he was. He might have lined up as a Democrat, and the country would have lost him. It is often said that horses are unintelligent, but if a horse knew a little more than he does, he would not let you ride him at all; and it is possible that Providence, or Fate, in its large designs, may make use of the ignorance of horses and of great statesmen in about the same way.

## VIRGINIA WOMEN

THE peculiar characteristics which marked the women of our southern states were due in part to the fact that the southern people had more leisure than any other people in the country. They had the slaves to do the hard work. The men were thus subject to that "love in idleness," which the poet, in a passage of incomparable delicacy, suggests as an extremely virulent variety of the disorder. The women were admired and worshipped, as were no other women I have ever known. This fact gave them a peculiar force and courage. They behaved with that natural grace and spoke with that eloquence, which are the results of perfect liberty, and this liberty was again the result of the sympathy and kindness with which they were regarded. Their voices were better than those of most northern women, although there was a wildness and rusticity in their speech, which was a good deal like that of the negroes, with whom they were brought up. I had always supposed that this speech was caught by the whites from the negroes. But the late Edward Eggleston, who was an authority on American Colonial history, assured me that it was copied by the negroes from the whites, and was like the speech used in England during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. I should, however, doubt the truth of this explanation. Their voices were very saccharine, in this respect resembling the drug of that name which is said to have forty times the strength of sugar. I have in mind one of these

ladies who was a friend of mine, and who was a celebrated Virginia belle. She was very handsome, but she was much more than a pretty woman, for she had strong sense and a great deal of humor. She took me once in a southern city to an evening party, where the average of feminine good looks, it seemed to me, was as high as in a London drawing room in the day of the professional beauties. The rooms were crowded and she went ahead of me, introducing me to people as we passed. I could not but be struck, as I followed her, with the movements, at once energetic and graceful, of the strongly made figure. Among other people she introduced me to a man whom I had heard make a brilliant speech in Congress in antebellum days. I had told her that I had heard him make this speech. She introduced me to him, and then pulled me away from him before I had time to say anything. She explained afterwards: "I was awfully afraid you'd tell him you had heard him speak in Congress when you were a boy before the war. He thinks himself a great beau and flirt. I don't know what he would have done to you." I had not known her as a girl, but I could understand how irresistible she must have been at that time. Irresistible, indeed, she still was. Then she was, as southern women are apt to be, through and through a woman. She was of a vigorous physique and had strong health. Possessed of such qualities as I have indicated and richly endowed, as she was, with the force and the attractions of sex, and speaking a patois that Venus might have picked up in Africa, it was easy to imagine the effect she must have produced among the idle and susceptible southern youth.

Early in the last century three southern women, who had some of the qualities here indicated, and, I dare say, the same speech, went to England, where they made great marriages. Their name was Caton, and they were called the Three-Graces. One of them was dining at Windsor Castle in William the Fourth's time, when a man at the table asked her whether she came from the part of the country where they *guess* or where they *calculate*. The King said with emphasis, "She's from neither; she's from the part of the country where they *fascinate*." These ladies were from Maryland and were much like Virginia women, as were also the women of Washington and the District of Columbia, Washington having been till the time of the war very much a southern city. I knew in London a sister of Lord Napier, who was British Minister in Washington in the late fifties, and who had retired from the service and was living in London. She asked me to dine to meet her brother, and I had some very interesting talk with him about Washington in those days. Among other interesting things, I remember he told me that at that time there were more pretty girls in Georgetown than there were in London. The well known poet, "Owen Meredith," afterwards Lord Lytton and Governor General of India, was an attaché of his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, British Minister in Washington during the early fifties and one of Lord Napier's predecessors. Lytton's biographer informs us that, while in Washington, he fell in love with some girl who did not smile upon his suit. The poor young fellow—he was scarcely more than a boy—was in the deepest dejection. I wonder if it could have been one of these Georgetown girls.

I have a boyish recollection of the most celebrated of these Washington beauties. Shortly before the war I was at school in Washington. In those days a man named Shepard had a book store on the corner of Seventh and D Streets. Shepard was a kind, brisk little man, who used to let me come on Saturdays and read all day long in his shop. One fine, balmy spring day the little place became suddenly a scene of great splendor. Mr. Robert A. Pryor, at that time a member of Congress from Virginia and an ardent advocate of Douglas's election to the presidency, entered as the convoy of the Illinois Senator and his wife. Of Mr. Douglas I remember not very much, but I have a lively recollection of the lady who accompanied him, whose beauty was very celebrated. Mrs. Douglas was indeed the most celebrated woman of society in the country. I have her before me very clearly indeed. I remember a figure, tall and majestic, gliding with conscious queenliness about the little shop, which seemed strangely honored by such a visitation. I remember a swan-like step and the rustling and swaying of a skirt, the balloon-like skirt of the period—a garment, by the way, to the contemporary eye, most expressive of discretion and dignity—which flowed after and pursued the gliding figure. I remember a demeanor lofty and gracious. From what heights she looks downward! The voice is full and stately. She speaks little, however, but looks downward and about her with a dignified recognition; amiable, condescending, kind even, yet with no thought of abating one jot of her graces and splendors, the full force of which she well comprehends—the sort of apparition very crushing to a boy of fifteen, to whom

she is not, as she would be to you or me, a woman, who has had, like another, an infancy and girlhood. To such eyes she stands absolute, unrelated to time or cause. The garments she wore were no more put on than was Diana's tunic or the cestus of Aphrodite. Such as she was, stately and beautiful presence, fine voice, flowing skirt and gliding motion, chignon, crinoline and all, such she had been created.

The wit of the women was applauded and encouraged as much as their beauty was admired and extolled. One young Richmond girl of wartime had great fame for wit. I have heard many examples of it and have seen some of them in print. The wit of them was well enough, but that was not so interesting to me as was the sweet, artless confidence they expressed in the kindness with which they would be received. I thought they were scarcely so good as the following, which was told me by her sister and must of course have been true. Her father, a distinguished southern lawyer and statesman, was a religious man and was anxious that his daughters should be religious, and he asked his pastor, an eminent Presbyterian clergyman, to speak to her upon this subject. It is perhaps not understood to what a degree the South was a religious community. It was perhaps the most religious part of the country. This may have been due to the fact that it was a conservative community. The necessity they were under to be silent about slavery put a restraint upon liberty of mind. Such mental life as the South had, and there was not much of it, thus found a safe outlet in religious interest and feeling. In one of Trollope's novels, written during our Civil War, there is a rural Dean, who was strongly Southern in



his sympathies, and who was in the habit of saying that the Southerners were Christian gentlemen and the Northerners were infidel snobs. I think the Southerners were Christian gentlemen. The clergyman, whose aid this Christian gentleman had requested, was an old man and a widower. He took the young lady for a drive in the cemetery, and they got out at the grave of the young lady's mother. The clergyman thought this a good opportunity to introduce the subject he had in mind, and he told her that there was a matter of great importance upon which he wished to speak to her. The young girl saw what was coming, and wished to head him off. So she said: "Doctor H., do you think it proper to take advantage of this opportunity, when I am standing here by the grave of my mother, to make me a declaration of love and an offer of marriage?" Of course, any serious conversation was out of the question after that. This young girl died at an early age, and the people of Richmond, who were very fond and proud of her, followed her to the grave. The shops of the town, a city of forty thousand people, were closed at this time.

At one of the Virginia springs they told me this incident: A southern girl appeared there who was very handsome, if of a somewhat bold type of beauty, and she at once had a string of men following her. She was perhaps somewhat wanting in refinement, a quality which men do not much mind, if offset by attractions sufficiently powerful. The women of course did not approve of her at all, and liked her none the better for taking their beaux away from them, and they did not scruple to ask her who she was and where she came from. She replied with

much good temper that she was the daughter of a southern planter, a planter being about the most respectable thing you can be in the South. The young girl spoke with as much truth as wit, for it turned out that her father was an undertaker.

I met an English Cavalry officer some years ago in England, I think at Aldershot, who came to me and asked me if I could tell him anything of two ladies of Richmond, whom he had formerly known. He told me this incident. He said that he was traveling in company with these ladies, then young girls, on a steamer. The steamer was crowded, and some of the passengers were obliged to sleep upon the deck. The feet of one of these young ladies were in close proximity to his head. She remarked that she reminded herself of the motto, "*Sic semper tyrannis*" in the coat-of-arms of the State of Virginia, in which Virginia is represented as a female figure with her foot on the head of a prostrate man, presumably a tyrant. He said he thought that very bright of her. This young lady came rightly by her gift of humorous fancy. There can be no harm in my saying that she was the daughter of Mr. John Y. Mason, who was our minister in Paris in the early days of the Second Empire, and who was himself a man of a somewhat whimsical, if indiscreet, humor, if we may judge from this story, which has been told me by some of the pleasant people, who were about Paris in that pleasant time. The Haitian minister in Paris at that time was an accomplished gentleman and a superior man, but was, as Haitian diplomats usually are, a negro. Mr. Mason, on being asked his opinion of his Haitian colleague, replied that he thought he was worth about a thousand dollars, that being the price

of an able-bodied colored man at that time in Virginia.

I have never seen women who had a greater gift of friendship, of friendship in which there was no admixture of any different sentiment, than the women of the South. I am speaking of the married women. Before marriage I dare say there was plenty of flirtation among them. I believe for instance that they had a habit of temporary engagements, in which, so southern ladies have assured me, men were not allowed the privileges which are usually permitted to engaged lovers. These young women were such divinities that I dare say that they could have exacted any conditions they liked from these patient admirers, and that any bluff they were minded to put up would have been successful. I believe this habit of temporary engagements was very general. I have heard that a well-known southern literary man, on being asked why he had never offered himself to a certain clever and much admired young woman, replied that she had never happened to be disengaged at the same time that he was. The gift the married women had of friendship in which there was no admixture of flirtation may have borne some relation to the fact that the standard of chastity amongst southern women was very high. A violation of the marital vows was pretty sure to result in bloodshed. The young girls had the same protection. I dare say there was also a certain protection for the white women in the relations which existed between the two races in the South.

Southern women were very decidedly persons; they were often women of a great deal of ability. The wife of a planter who had fifty or a hundred

slaves, and many of the planters had more, had a great deal to do in feeding and clothing them. Then, as almost everything they used came off the plantation, the gardens, the milk, cream and butter, and to certain extent, the stock, were in the keeping of the women of the house. There was thus a great deal of opportunity, if not of necessity, for the possession of business ability by these ladies. I may here give a brief sketch of a Virginian woman who was a great friend of mine, and who had some of the qualities I have mentioned. She was, when I knew her, a woman approaching middle age. She had been a very handsome girl, and was a comely and a fine woman still. She had been as a girl, so I have been told, a great flirt, the energy of mind and character, of which she had a great deal, being given up at that time to the subject of her relations with her admirers. Good comrade, as she was, with a very capacious heart, I dare say she loved them all. She devoted to these flirtations the same propulsive force which later, when I knew her, she gave to other employments. She married and had an only child, a daughter, and became a widow. The daughter was already grown, when I made their acquaintance. This daughter was the passion of her life, the girl returning to the full the mother's affection and devotion. To this daughter and to the care of the property which had been left her by her husband, and which she managed with energy and ability, she devoted her life.

Her love for the girl, however, did not interfere with her power of affection for other people. On the contrary, I dare say, it increased that capacity. She had great humanity, and she loved men and

women, men I should say more than women. Women were human beings, and she liked and admired certain of them with the warmth which belonged to her nature and with the intelligence of a bright and vigorous mind. Still she was rather disposed to be jealous of women. She was certainly extremely jealous of young girls, who might in any way be rivals of her daughter. That jealousy is a quality which is very common among women, who have daughters. They confront the world on their behalf with a fierceness somewhat like that of other members of the animal creation. An extreme example of the quality would be a she-grizzly with a cub, which is said to be the most terrible thing there is. This quality, as one sees it in women, should not be regarded as unpleasant or ridiculous; it has, on the contrary, a kind of sublimity; it is the reverse of the medal of maternal affection. My friend had it in a very marked degree. I doubt if it was ever quite agreeable to her to hear the praises of young women other than her daughter. The girl was very charming, of course; she had two qualities which I remember especially, fine eyes and a good voice. She had an eye, the delicate blue of which had been painted by the Divine Artist with a pencil so exquisite as almost to baffle comprehension, and certainly to elude memory and imagination. Her voice was extremely round, clear and fresh, and it had a truth such as I don't think it would be in the power of any feature of the countenance to convey. Nevertheless there were other girls with fine eyes and good voices. But they did not exist for the mother of this one.

She was active in the charities of the neighborhood, and in the work of a neighboring church, and had

been a great friend of the clergyman and his family. A new clergyman, who was rich, had succeeded him, which was a source of regret to her, as she said that she could no longer send the parsonage a mince pie or a turkey, when she was so disposed. She was religious, as southern women often are. The old families of her part of the state were as a rule Episcopalians, and she was of that faith. In colonial times, of course, that had been the established religion. An old Colonial planter in top boots once got up in the Virginia House of Burgesses and said that, while he had no prejudices against other religious denominations, still he had a feeling that the only road to Heaven for a gentleman to follow was the Episcopal. He no doubt spoke the Virginia Colonial feeling. In travelling through certain parts of Virginia if you find a church of some denomination other than the Episcopal which dates from Colonial times, it is likely to be out in the country, three or four miles from a town. This I have been told, was because the establishment in Colonial times would not consent to these churches being built in the towns. Virginia has still English eighteenth-century characteristics in religion as in other matters. The Episcopalians of that state have been usually low church, as was the established church in England, during the eighteenth century. But their religion was not so dry and dull as that of the English church usually was at that day, having been to some degree affected by the Wesleyan revival, as indeed the whole South was. I came upon an example of this lately in Virginia. I was in an Episcopal church, when the Rector gave notice of a series of revival meetings to be held in the Methodist church in town, an incident unusual

in an Episcopal church. My friend's religion was of this evangelical character. She was emotional in religion as in other matters, and set much store by her religious emotions. I remember once, when I had spoken of the absurdity of the practice in some churches of singing hymns, which are associated in everybody's mind with certain tunes, to tunes which are new and unfamiliar, she said with much feeling, "Isn't that fiendish?"

She had other traits which were southern. She was hospitable, of course, as was natural to the daughter of people who lived on isolated farms and were glad to be visited by friends, whom it cost nothing in time or expense to entertain. She managed her farm successfully, was a perfect housekeeper, had a great knowledge of food, how the best could be procured and how it should be cooked and served, and she watched every detail in the management of a large house. And yet she did all this as if it gave her no great trouble. She was of a large build, rather heavily made, but very active and nimble in her movements. I used to like to see her moving about the house with short, quick, busy steps, and with serious mien. She talked incessantly, a characteristic which seemed to be the result of her abundant force. To me it was one of her attractions. "Two is no company, and three is company of God," say the Spaniards, which I think a true proverb. Three is company of God, because, if you do not want to talk, there are two others to keep the conversation going. When there are only two, you must do your share of the talking or at any rate of the listening. But when you were left alone with this friend of mine, there was no need of a third, for the flow of her

monologue never ceased, but ran on as easily as a brook slips along over pebbles, you listening in contented indolence. Of course a very frequent theme with her was the daughter. She liked to repeat to me stories, which I liked to hear, of the childhood of the young girl, which showed her brightness of mind and the sweetness of her temper. She got a great deal of happiness out of this relation, but much anxiety also. The future of the girl was evidently a source of great concern to her, what her life would be, after she, the mother, was no longer here to protect and defend her.

She was a lady, too; with all her simplicity and candor and warm and strong feeling, and her mental and physical vigor, she was as well bred a woman as you would meet in a long journey. No women in the country excelled the best type of southern women in that way. What a mother-in-law she would have made for some fortunate young fellow, who had won her friendship and affection; he would have been pretty well spoiled. The lady I have here sketched was a Virginia woman, and was characteristic of that country.

Behind these fine characteristics of the women of Virginia there were certain physical facts which had their influence upon these women. Virginia had a good climate and, as a rule, a good soil. The people lived an out-door life, a life much like that led by English country gentlemen. They hunted the fox, they shot and fished. They had, especially those who lived in tidewater Virginia and were near the Chesapeake Bay, as good food as there was to be had in the world. That was the opinion at any rate of a certain very great Scottish gentleman, Mr.



Edward Ellice, who knew everything about food and many subjects besides, and who had spent much time in this country. He was a friend of Mr. Royal Phelps, a fine old New Yorker whom people of New York whose memories go back thirty-five years or more will recall with pleasure, and who lived in Sixteenth Street. Mr. Phelps' daughter had married Governor Carroll of Maryland, and Mr. Phelps was thus by way of getting the best of the terrapin, the canvas back duck, the fish and the oysters, and the many other excellent things that were to be had in the region of the Chesapeake Bay. Mr. Ellice was in the habit of saying that he believed that Mr. Phelps had the best food to be got anywhere in the world. This was the food which tidewater Virginia had at its doors. Then they had the negro cooks, who knew how to prepare it. They had besides the time and the leisure to eat it. It was natural that this life and this food should produce a strong race, and it did do that. It was natural also that it should produce a handsome race. The women of Virginia were the descendants of the people who had lived this life and had had these advantages.



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